JUNE, 1947

Esquire

PRICE 50¢
CANADA 55¢

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUST MARRIED
Tony Palazzo

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RICHARD JOSEPH
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C. & J. KOMAIKO
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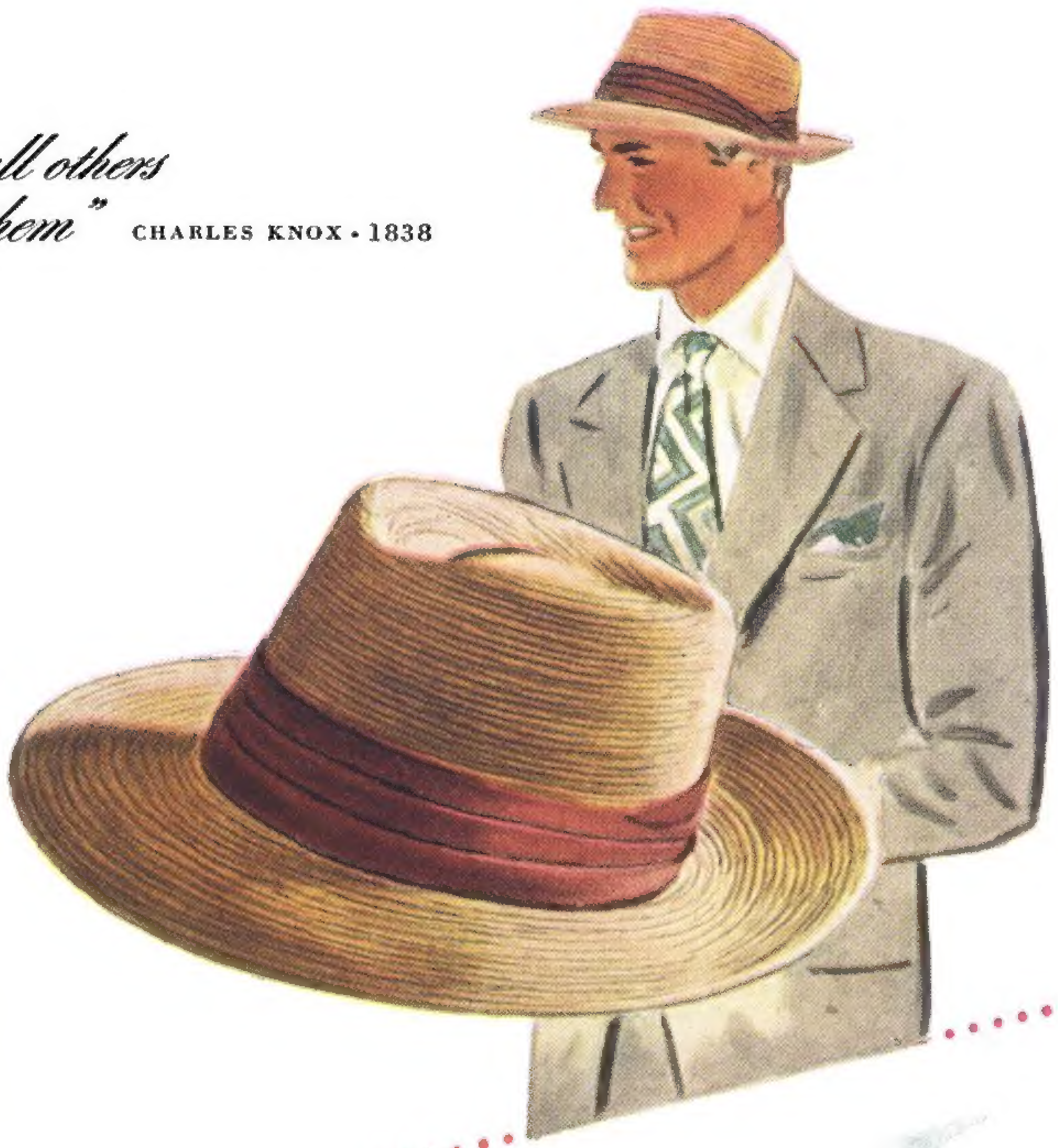
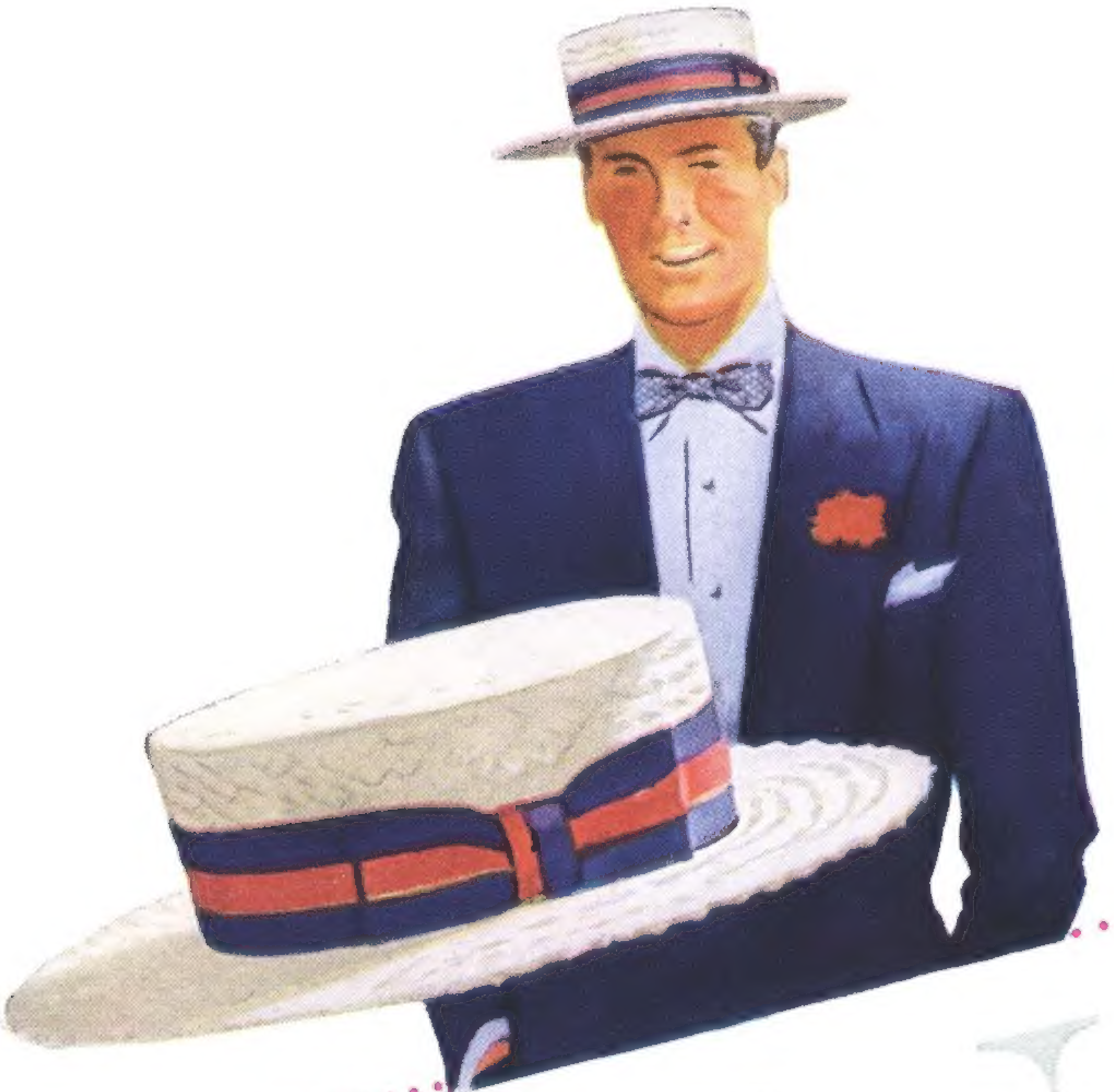
B. SHERMUND
ELDON DEDINI
GARRETT PRICE

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 242

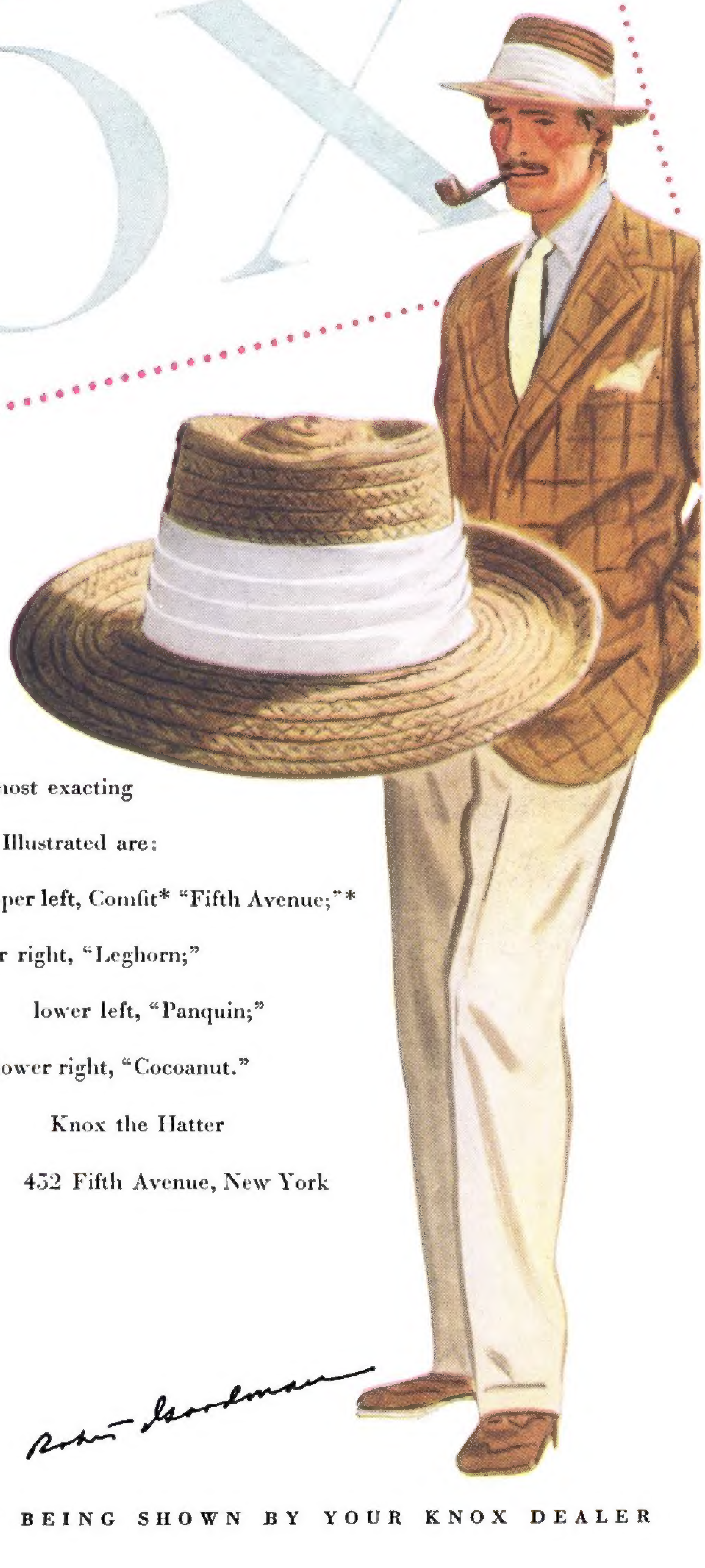
KNOX

"Hats made so fine that all others must be compared to them" CHARLES KNOX • 1838

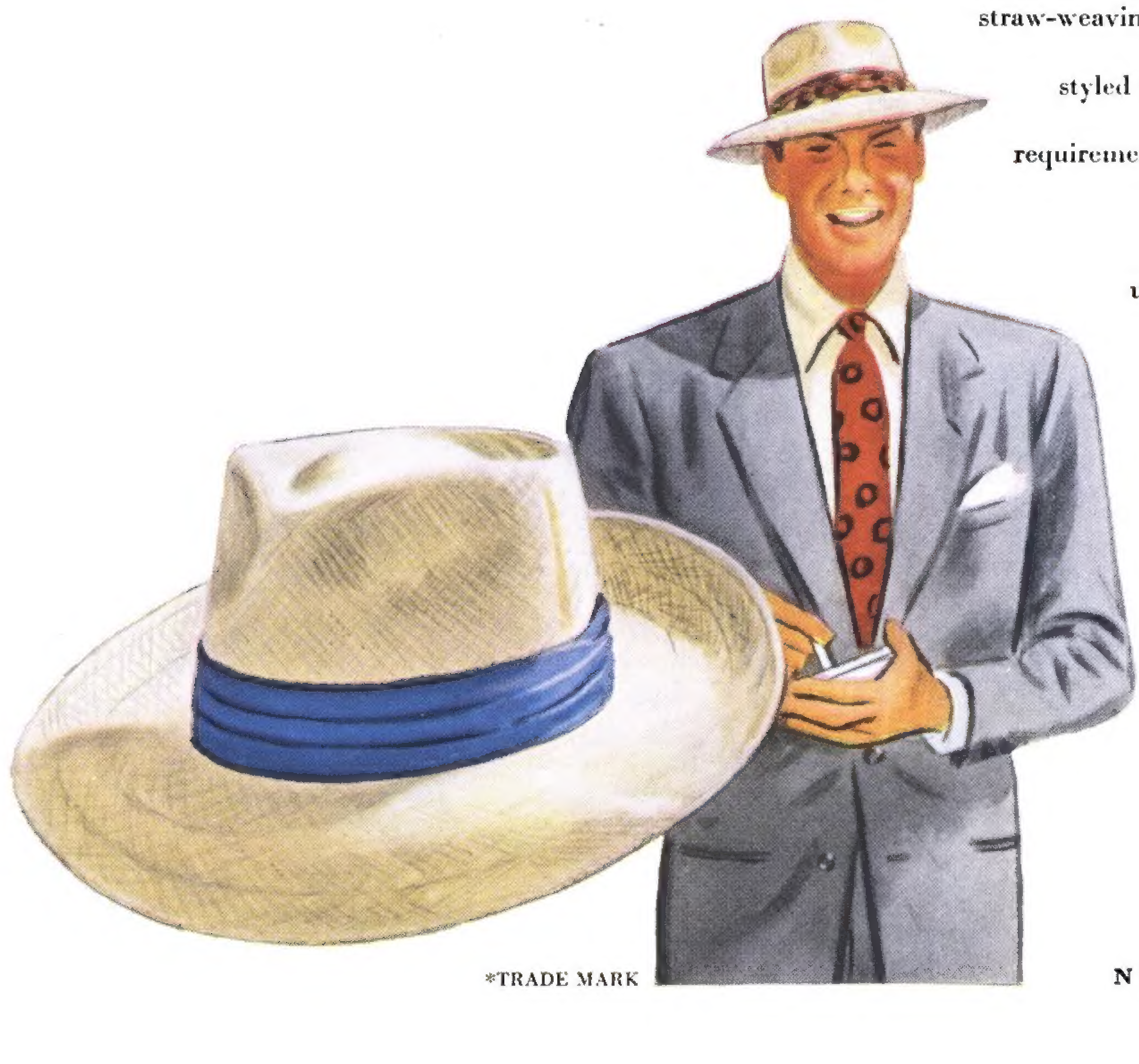




KNOX



Straw Hats by Knox offer
examples of the finest
straw-weaving
styled to most exacting
requirements. Illustrated are:
upper left, Comfit* "Fifth Avenue;"*
upper right, "Leghorn;"
lower left, "Panquin;"
lower right, "Cocoanut."
Knox the Hatter
452 Fifth Avenue, New York



Robert Goodman

*TRADE MARK

NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR KNOX DEALER

ESTABLISHED 1845
MARK
Cross Country
CROSS
TOILETRIES FOR MEN
Cross Country

Because *Father knows best . . .*

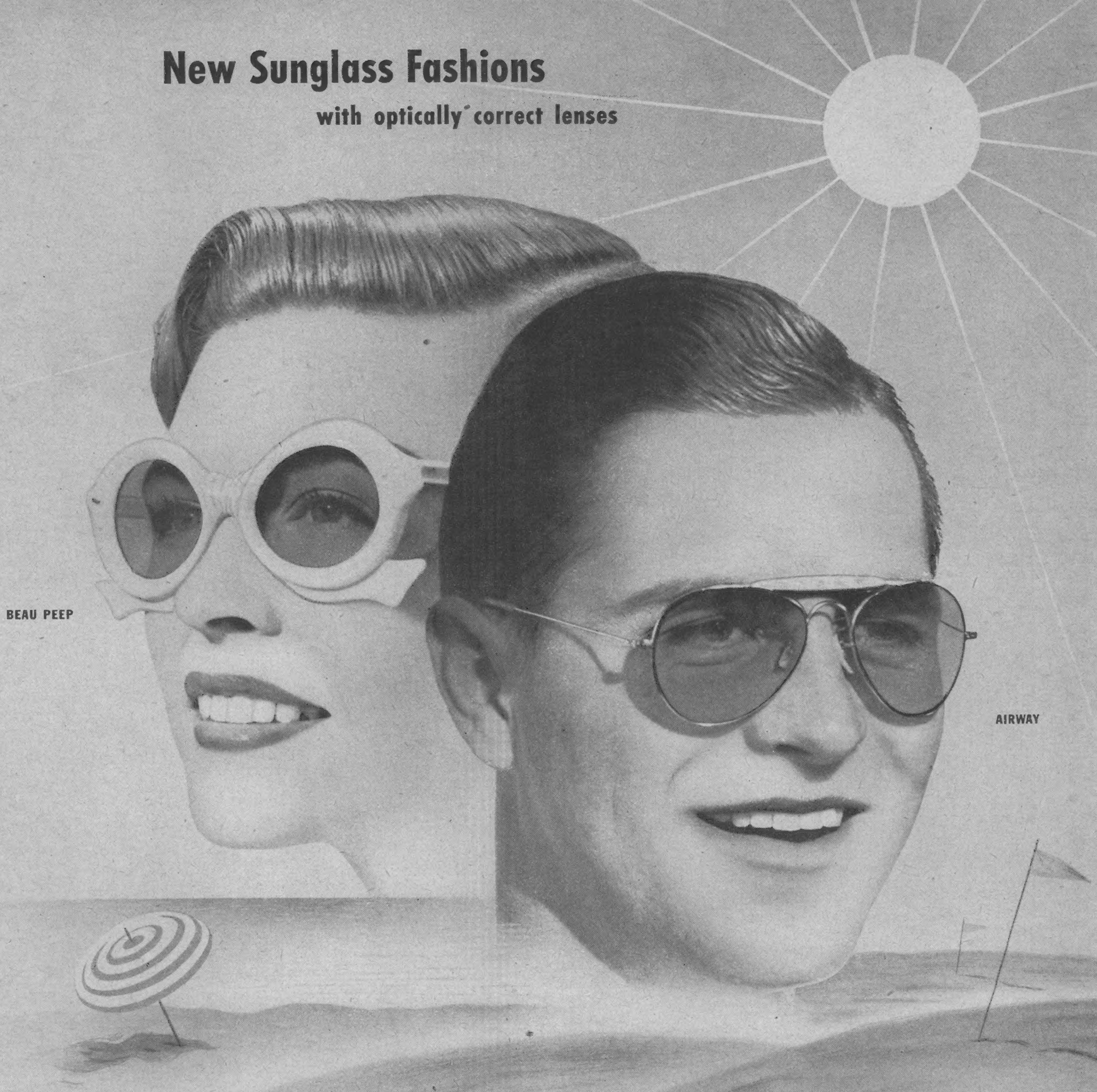
Give him the best. Give him **CROSS COUNTRY TOILETRIES** by Mark Cross . . . a gift that pays a handsome compliment to his good taste. Cross Country's sensible approach to good grooming and its brisk, invigorating scent are sure to please him. Toiletries created in the century-old Mark Cross tradition of making good things for men. At selected leading stores throughout the country. *Subject to 20% excise tax

*Gift Ensembles illustrated: **Left:** Shaving Stick, After Shave Lotion, Men's Talcum, $6*. **Right:** Men's Cologne, After Shave Cream, After Shave Lotion, in handsome English-made pigskin case, $15.**

MARK CROSS • FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

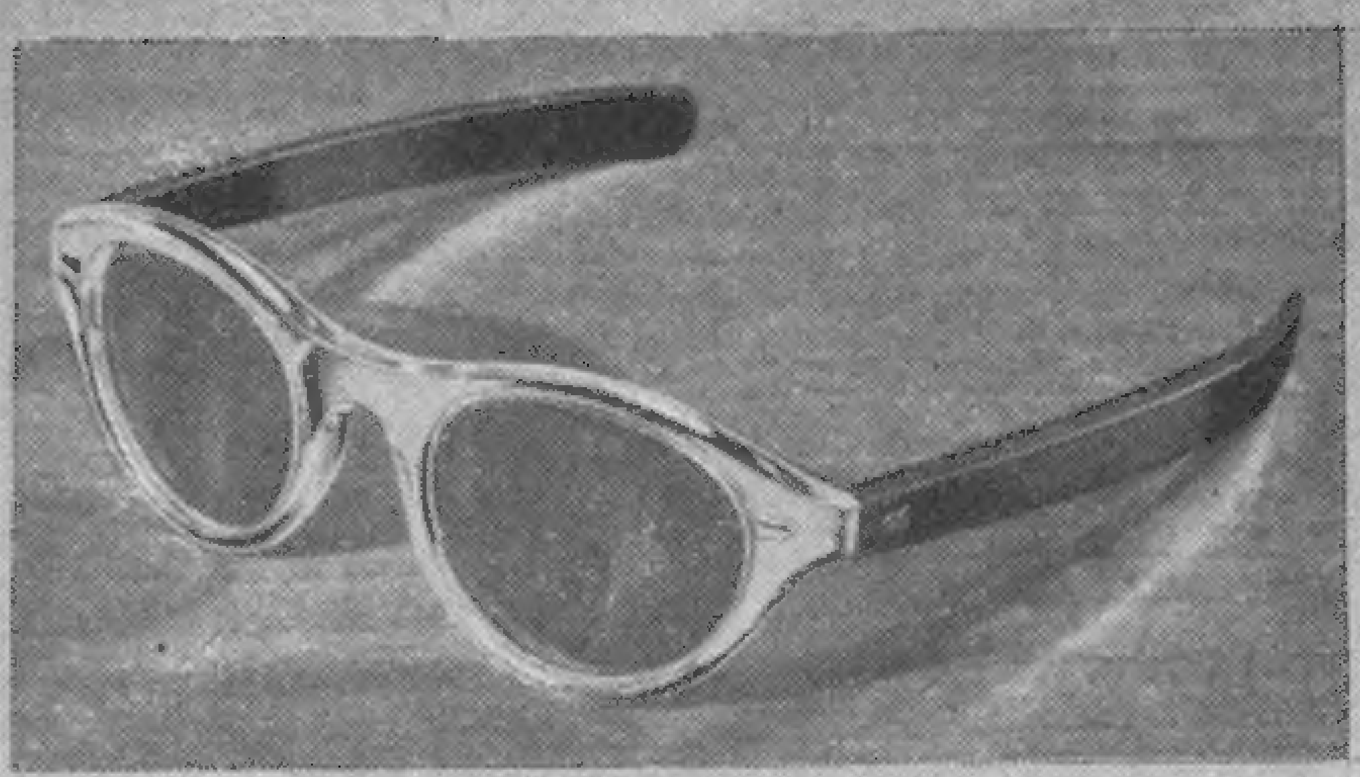
New Sunglass Fashions

with optically correct lenses

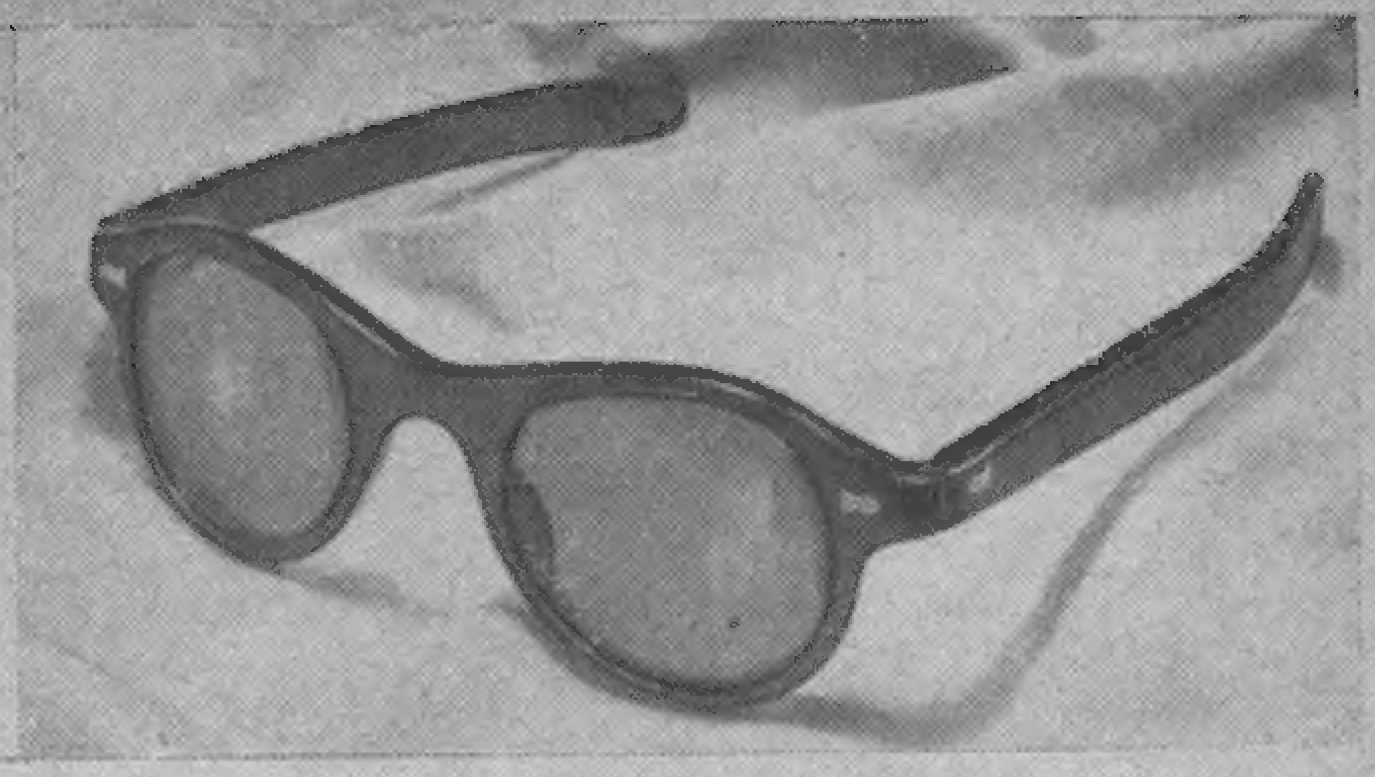


Fashion's favorite sunglasses in frames of shimmering lucite, rainbow-hued plastic and lustrous metal. Optical quality, glare absorptive lenses eliminate 97% of the ultra-violet and 94% of the infra-red rays. Optical glare protection and that fashionable appearance are yours if you wear America's finest sunglasses.

AZURINE • CERTIFEX
ABSORB-O-RAY



NUGGET—24 Karat GOLD PLATED frame with striking black temples.



CHAIRMAN—Gem-like lucite frame in pastel shades, clear or black.

American Spectacle Co., Inc.
550 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Optical Specialties Since 1872

Overseas Letter

The other day we got a letter from Singapore, signed by Corporal Frank W. Harris, attached to the R.A.F. 64 Flight.

Corporal Harris, who writes a nice letter, says some good things about Esquire that we couldn't help enjoying. But chiefly he is mourning over the battered state of his one and only copy of Esquire, an issue of April, 1946, which has been taking a going over from stem to stern that only a veteran R.A.F. unit could give it, flying at low altitudes over some of our more interesting topographical features.

Says Corporal Harris: "Please excuse me for asking you, when I request you to forward this letter to one of your American readers who could send their old editions out here before they find their way to salvage. Believe me, sir, if you could do that, it would be greatly appreciated not only by myself, but also by the whole unit."

We're happy to note the corporal's request on this page, and at the same time, sound the tocsin for all loyal Esquire readers who can appreciate the dilemma of a young man in Singapore, Siam, or Shanghai, marooned on a point in the world to which Esky has not been able to beat his way back since the war. Regularly, we have been carrying such mild and gentlemanly (and still urgent) appeals in our *The Sound and the Fury* columns, and almost as regularly our good friends have been able to leaf once more through their old Esquires and send them off to the four corners. But still the requests come in. We make them available when possible to our readers, without comment or suggestion. It's up to you, in every way. Whether you prefer to retain your Esquire, or send it along, we're mighty pleased either way.

But just in case . . . we'll be glad to send you the address of Corporal Harris or others overseas who would welcome a glimpse of Esky.

And thanks. —D.A.S.

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Editor and Publisher

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Co-Publisher

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

contents for June, 1947 Vol. XXVII. No. 6 Whole No. 163

articles

PAGE
HUNTER WITH A BRUSH: FREDRIC VÁRADY . . . Robert Ulrich Godsoe 73
CRAZY OVER FREEWHEELING . . . Tracey Perkins 80
LOLA MONTEZ . . . 85
IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED . . . Herb Graffis 87
DOWN AMONG THE LATIN YANKEES . . . Richard Joseph 90
NEW ENGLAND'S FOR JUNE . . . 91
THE FABULOUS GYPSY . . . Gilbert S. McKean 97
IT'S A WILD BUSINESS . . . Charles & Jean Komaiko 100
PASTEBOARD DARBY . . . Albert A. Ostrow 106
ARE YOU A SCREWBALL? . . . Jules Archer 110
CAMPUS PORTRAIT: UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN . . . Louis Sidran 115
SOLILOQUY IN A LONDON PHONE BOOTH . . . Byron A. Bonnheim 116

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY . . . 10
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE . . . 50
Comment: ON UNDERSTANDING THE ROOSHAN . . . Paul Gallico 55
Movies: THE PRODUCERS TAKE THEIR MIDYEARS . . . Jack Moffitt 70
Books: DOWN WITH OUT-OF-TOWN . . . A. J. Liebling 76
Fashion: ROUNDUP FOR JUNE . . . O. E. Schoeffler 117
Reviews: BOOK BRIEFS . . . 152

fiction

EVIDENCE IS HIGH PROOF . . . Jesse Stuart 56
THE SCENE OF THE CRIME . . . Gerald Kersh 61
WILLIE FEELS DANGEROUS . . . George W. Morse 67
THE NAME IS GEORGIE HARRISON . . . Charles De Mangin 74
LASH UP, FELLOW ROVER . . . Joseph E. Shaner 79
A TIGER'S HEART . . . Carl Zuckmayer 82
THE ENDLESS TEST . . . Ludwig Lewisohn 88
THE MIGHTY MITES . . . Tommy O'Shane 93
SIGNOR CANNELLONI TAKES A RIDE . . . Hans Ruesch 98
THE NERVOUS HUSBAND . . . Asher Gerecht 104

personality

SONG, DANCE AND ICEMAN . . . John Chapman 64

Esquire gallery

CONCENTRATION . . . Painting by Joe De Mers 59
DIRECTION . . . Painting by Fritz Willis 60
DANSEUSE . . . Historical Portraiture by J. Frederick Smith 84
CAMOUFLAGE . . . Painting by Al Moore 107
CARELESS . . . Painting by Ben-Hur Baz 108

pictorial features

COVER ILLUSTRATION . . . Painting by Tony Palazzo
UNVEILING ANN TODD . . . Color photograph by Keystone 67
LIFE WITH LINDSAY AND CROUSE . . . Color photograph by Floyd McCarty 68
JUNE'S CHILDREN . . . Caricatures by Alan Jedla 69
DANCER—POSTGRADUATE STYLE . . . Color photograph by Peter Fland 70
FOREVER LINDA . . . Color photograph by Gene Kornman 71
ART PORTFOLIO . . . Paintings by Fredric Várady 72
THE RETURN OF LADY WINDERMERE . . . Color photograph by William Stone 79
ELLIOT LAWRENCE: YOUNG MAN WITH A BAND . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 80
A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO . . . Drawing by Tony Palazzo 81
STARLET SPANGLED . . . Color photograph by Charles L. Sawin 82
MR. AMERICA TAKES A SWIM . . . Drawings by Van Kaufman 83
NICE WORK BY DOROTHY MCKAY . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 97
BASSO OF PROFOUND MASCULINITY . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 98
ESQUIRE'S LOOK AND COOK, RECIPE NO. 5 . . . Sketches by Herb Ackerman 99
THE FORTUNE OF HELENA BLISS . . . Color photograph by William Stone 100
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN: A PROFILE . . . Painting by Fred Eng 114
A JUDY CANOVA CLASSIC . . . Caricatoon by Alan Jedla 115
COOK'S TOUR: ARNE HANSEN ROM . . . Color photograph by Len Weissman 116

sports

WILL SCIENCE BRING A REVOLUTION IN SPORTS? . . . Georg Mann 62
THE CHAIRBORNE SPORT . . . Peter Schwed 68
UPSETTING NATURE'S BALANCE . . . S. Robert Russell 94
THE SPORTING SCENE: SHOW FOR SPORTSMEN . . . Jim Crossett 103

wearables

FOR THAT VACATION WEST . . . Drawing by A. J. Pimsler 117
TRANSATLANTIC CRUISE CAPERS . . . Drawings by Al Pimsler 118
PADDOCK PARLEY . . . Drawing by Leslie Saalburg 120
RECUERDOS DE MEXICO . . . Drawing by Karl Milroy 121
LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG . . . Drawing by Peters-Reiser 122
HEADS UP! . . . Drawing by Mal Murley 123
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD . . . 124
WEDDING BELLS AND MANNERS . . . 125

briefs

THE DEVIL AND CAESAR'S FACE . . . I. G. Mattingly & J. M. Yaffe 58
THE SIGN CUTTERS . . . Charles B. Roth 109
POLUSKY AND THE INDIAN . . . Robert S. Weiss 112

credits

ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 56, 76, 79, 94, 98, 100, 103, 104, 109, 112 . . . Courtesy Associated American Artists

T.M.REG.

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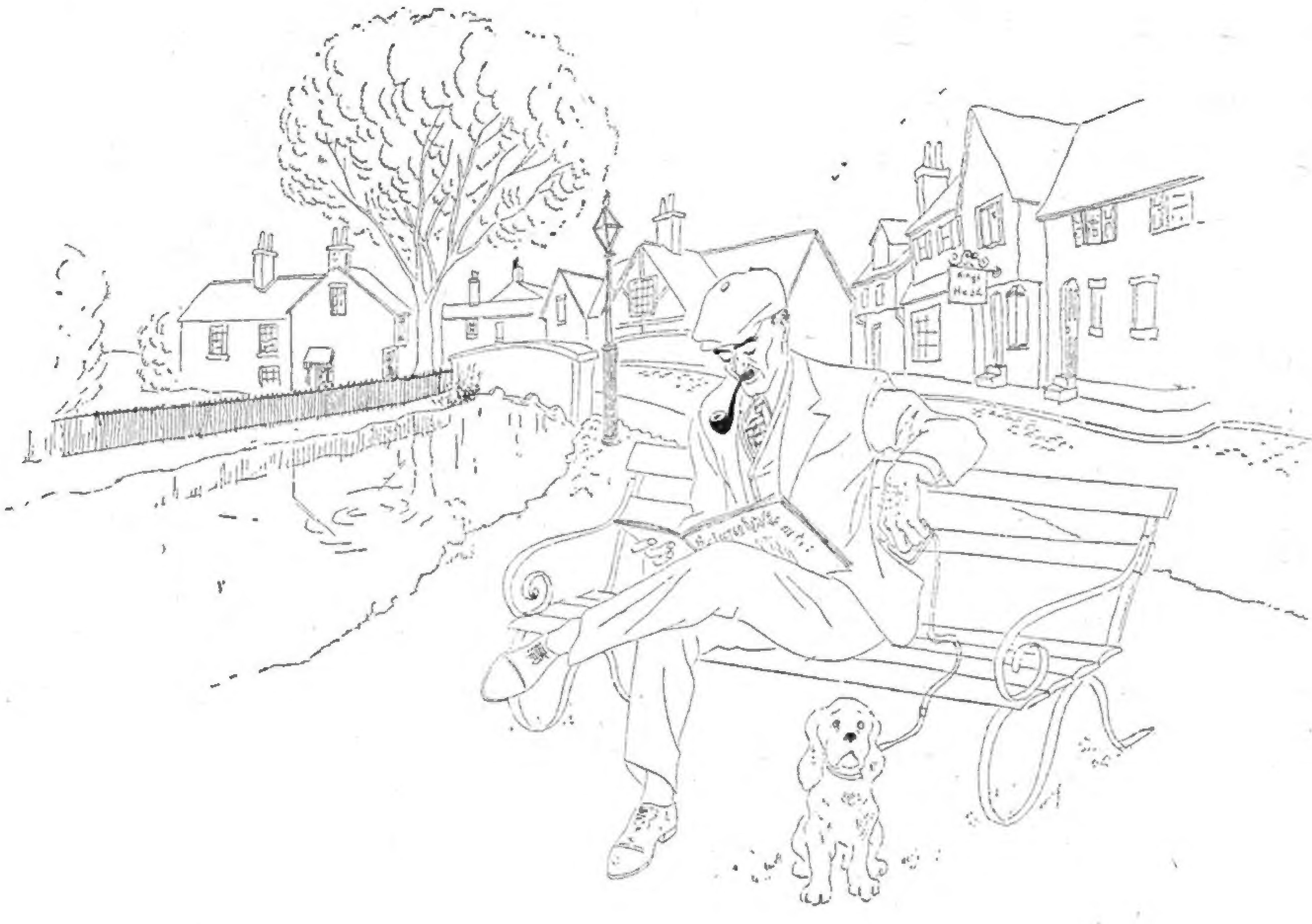
Editorial: Readers' Choice



THE *morning mail comes in.*

"Feminine virtue and Santa Claus belong in the same category," writes one bitter correspondent.

An author is piqued because of a reject.

A grandmother complains that her husband has taken to wearing wild neckties and sport coats and in general "acting like the dope he has really turned out to be." And our advice is solicited in handling gramp.

An author is pleased because of a check.

A cigarette smoker wants to know which hand is correct for holding the butt.

And from Kingston-on-Thames, England:

"I suggest to you, sir, that you are the lowest form of life, a practical joker; that you prepare for your British public an edition of Esquire containing a thousand advertisements written and illustrated by a staff of men whom you hold under threat of blackmail; that these advertisements are the fruit of your horrid imagination and bear no relation to Life in the United States.

"It is quite clear to me who live in a country with the highest standard of living in the world—*vide* any of the Conservative parliamentary candidate's speeches during the past hundred years—that there cannot be any place in the world where glamour girls, gum, watches, whiskey, cigars, caviar, armchairs and after-shaving lotion are easily available to the buying public at prices within their reach.

"It may be, of course, that the same advertising matter appears in your American issues, and you may be able to fool your own home-grown readers, except perhaps Messrs. Upton Sinclair and Harpo Marx. But you haven't fooled me.

"Don't worry. I shan't blow the gaff.

"For although I consider your conduct is inexcusable, in that you deliberately weave a net of illusion to entrap your more gullible readers and cynically create a demand for things that cannot possibly exist—I shall take out a subscription for the 1948 Esquire. I like every now and then to live in Paradise.

"Faithfully yours,
"John Coulson"

Very neatly put, sir, and your 1948 Esquire will arrive with the compliments of our gentlemen of the advertising department who, as your letter testifies, have an oddly editorial set of duties around Esquire. Not that we are exactly the same. But the advertising department, while eschewing any critical pretensions on the editorial side, is composed of some well-favored gentlemen of a thoughtful and studious cast, not at all in the mold of the golden-tongued, extrovert salesman so happily and incorrectly pictured in the movies and more spectacular novels. And they do perform one extraordinary editorial function. Their ads, our ads, have proved to be, over the course of years, one of the top-favorite classifications of reading matter in the entire magazine among our cover-to-cover readers!

No editorial department could ask for more. Gathering the cartoons, the pictorial features, and the reading matter for each issue is a pleasure when we can foresee them sliding in between the comforting and colorful advertising pages where our readers also browse for their pleasures.

Surveys have indicated this beyond a doubt, but even a casual review of our morning mail gives us a clue to the aura of gracious living contributed by Esquire's advertising. The wistful gentleman of Kingston-on-Thames has nothing on the dogged Egyptian who just last spring tired of mulling over his battered copy of a *ten-year-old* issue of Esquire, and satisfied his yearning of a decade by sending in an order to one of our advertisers. That astonished gentleman noted with understandable admiration that "even the corner of the page is worm-eaten but Esquire seems to pull, and pull, and pull."

Two days later, one of our shoe advertisers reported orders from far-flung Esquire readers in Morocco and South Africa. Another, opening his mail orders in Massachusetts, added canceled stamps to his small son's collection from Honolulu, Greenland, Alaska, the Virgin Islands, Great Britain, the Canal Zone, and from "every state in the Union and about all the provinces of Canada." His advertisement was then only about a month old. Esky, it seems, really does get around fast.

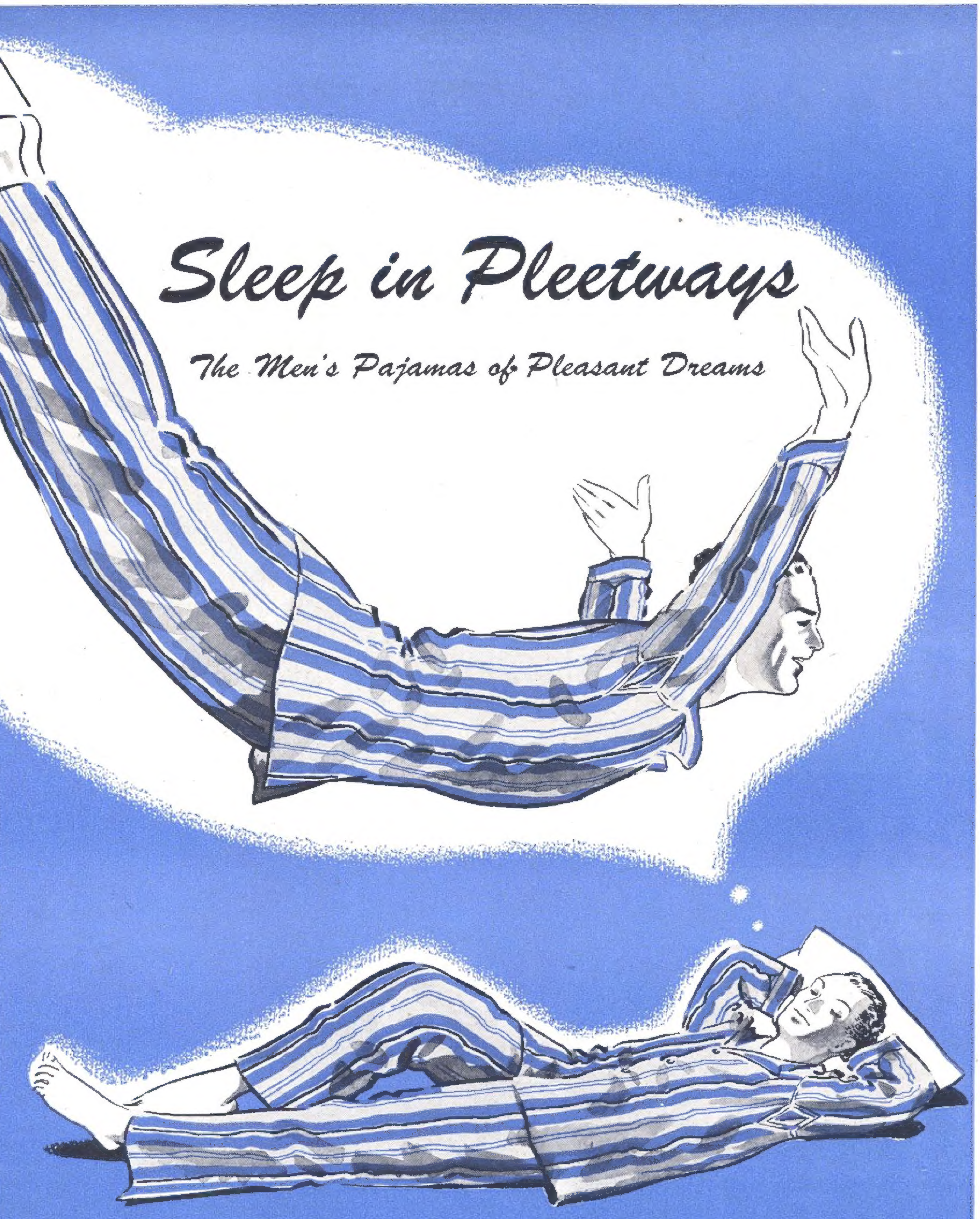
We keep quoting for fear that you might be inclined to suspect that we're making an incident out of a compliment. But our honest delight increases as we find it difficult to choose from the richness littering our desk this morning. One wondering advertiser writes, 77 days after his quarter-page advertisement ran, that he is "still getting close to 400 inquiries per day" from our Esky readers, noodling the ads again as lovingly as the cartoons and the stories.

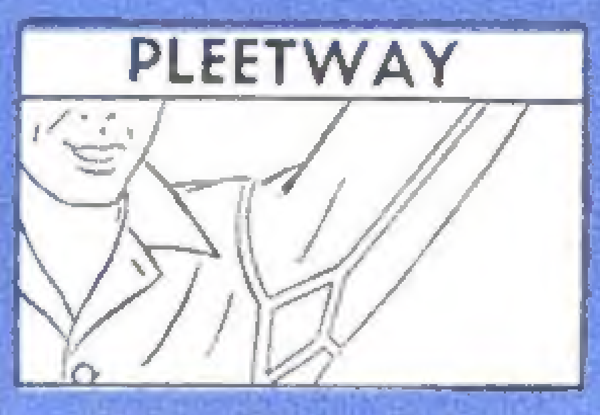
One advertiser seemingly strikes a dissenting note: "I'm sorry I advertised in Esquire," he writes. "I'm sorry because the small ad placed . . . only proved what poor judgment I used in not using four times as much copy . . . The next time you see me, please kick me in the slats . . ."

This couldn't be the entire story, of course. Advertising in Esquire is no more a series of such startling triumphs alone than an effectively made-up newspaper is a series of staggering scoops. But within the core of the serious studies made, analyzing markets and reader preferences and standards of living, exists a uniquely warm relationship between Esquire and its supporters that quite naturally can't be restricted to the editorial pages alone, because there's always been something of a family feeling about Esquire. That's one of our gifts to advertisers that we have nothing to say about, except that it's there. Every so often someone drops in "just to see what Esquire is like," and wanders through the place, frequently mistaking some of our cleverer young ladies for models of the Esquire Girl. And that feeling of personal relationship can't help but spill over a bit into our advertising columns, so that they tell us that "If it's in Esquire, it must be okay," and the like.

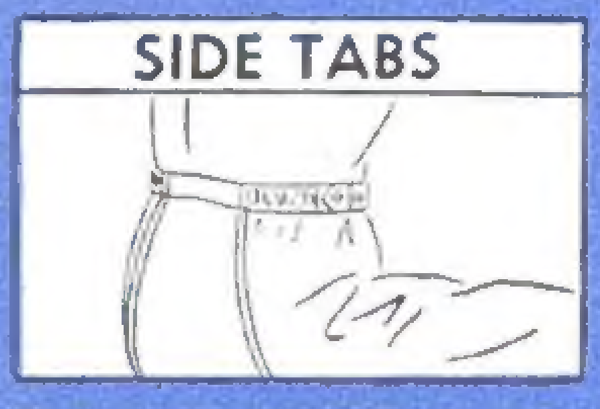
So that when our "hot" copies of next month's issue hit this desk, somewhat in advance of yours, and we hold our breath and read every word in it, praying that our proofreaders will reward us for a clean and upright life, we often catch ourselves, like you, reading the ads just for the hell of it. (Wonder how our advertisers like the stories?)

And the afternoon mail comes in. #

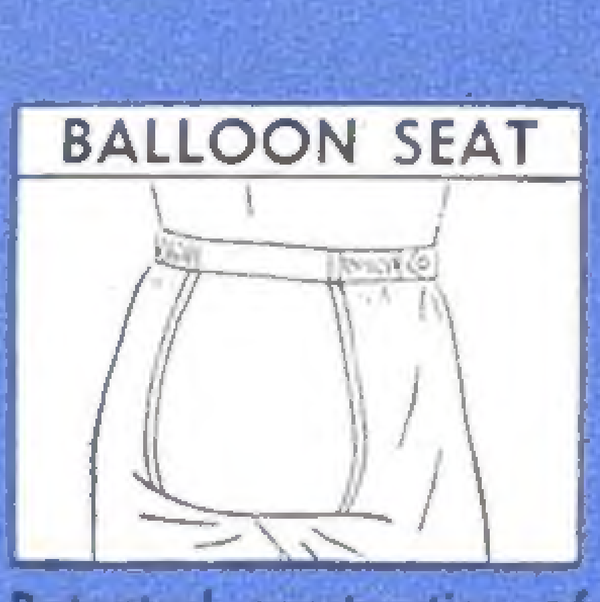

Sleep in Pleetways
The Men's Pajamas of Pleasant Dreams



The patented underarm construction that banishes all binding and bunching —and lets a man sleep!



Five size adjustments assure a perfect, permanent fit at the waist—without binding!



Patented construction of the seat eliminates the old fashioned, crotch-cutting center seam.

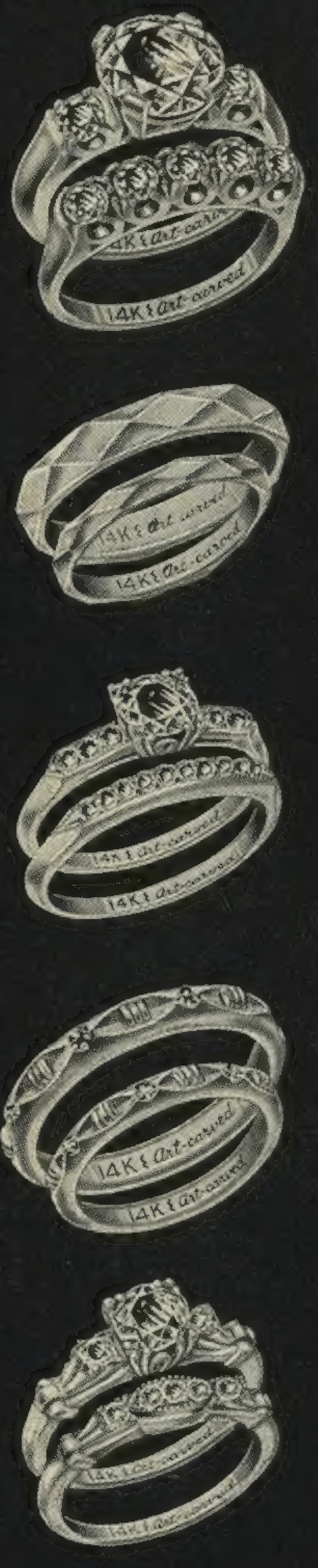
IT'S A
DAN RIVER
FABRIC

For Father's Day, a feature Pleetway of Danmaster fabric, in cluster stripes. Sturdy, soft, vat-dyed and Sanforized (No more than 1% residual shrinkage) fabrics assure long, correct wear. For Father's Day, remember Father's nights.

Of course you move in your sleep; science says that everyone does. Pleetway Pajamas let you sleep when you roll and toss naturally. No body cramping, no waist binding, no crotch cutting. Study the exclusive, patent-protected comfort system which is incorporated in every suit of smart looking Pleetway Pajamas. Try Pleetways for pleasant dreams.

PLEETWAY *World's Most Comfortable* **PAJAMAS** *for Men*

Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc. — Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C. 1 — 1501 Guilford Ave., Baltimore 2



14K Art-carved
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GOWN BY DE PINNA

It's your glimpse of the stars . . . your passport to heaven
. . . the ring he's just slipped on your finger!
For here are rings in the great tradition . . .
fine diamonds, from world diamond markets,
cut by Wood experts and polished to perfection,
fine settings in original designs by our inspired goldsmiths . . .
rings worn with pride and affection by lovely brides for almost one hundred years.
At better jewelers, ask to see a ring marked *Art-carved**
Diamond rings $75 to 5,000. Wedding rings from $9.

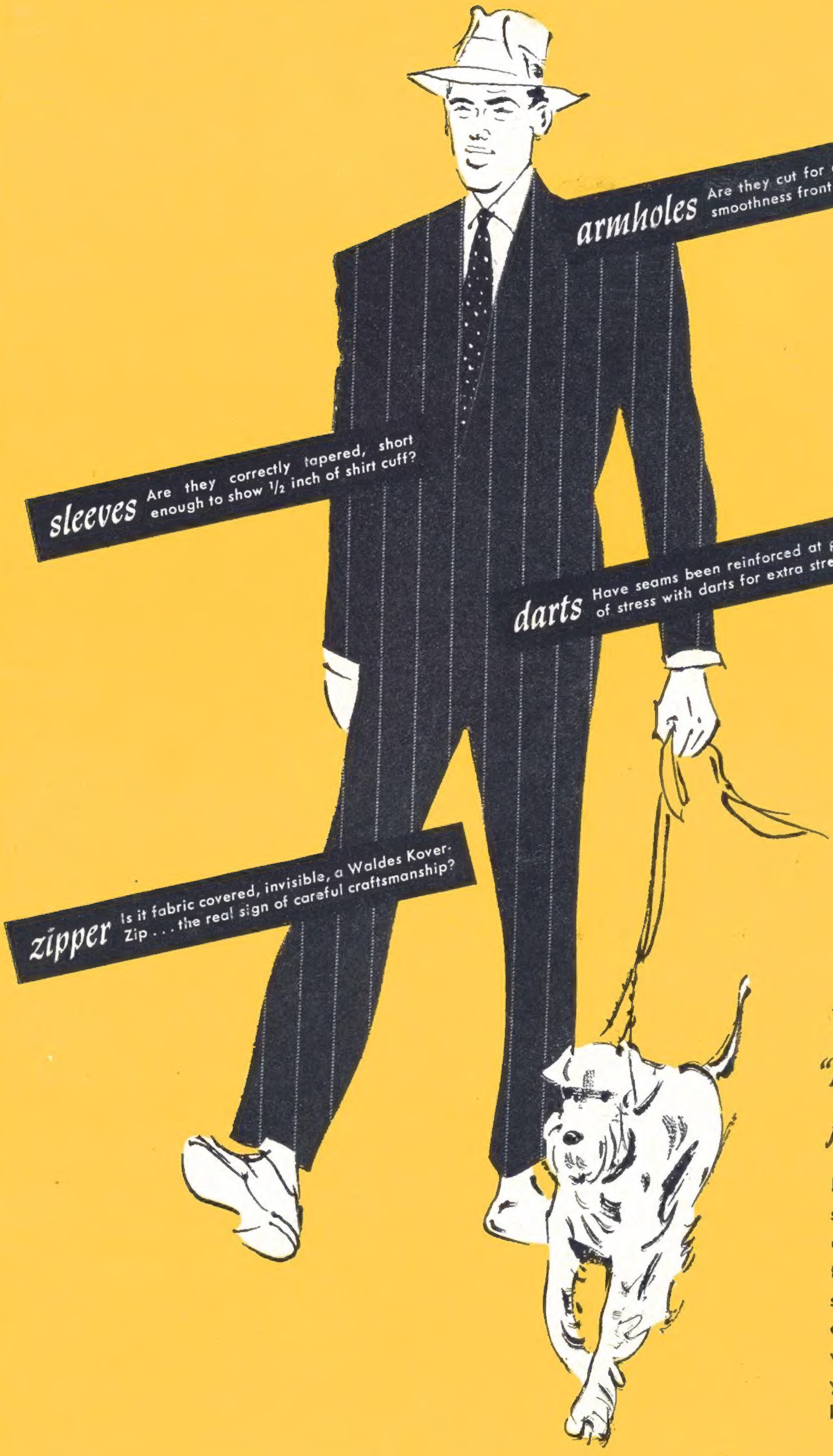
Art-carved rings by *Wood*

NEW YORK LONDON AMSTERDAM ANTWERP

BELOVED BY BRIDES FOR ALMOST A CENTURY (1850-1947)

ONLY THE FINEST RINGS are fashioned individually, from the molten gold to the final carved design, by goldsmiths working in the great tradition of Cellini. Fascinating facts about the time-honored art of ringmaking, and the four points to consider when you buy a diamond, are contained in the free booklet "Choosing Your Diamond Ring." Write today to J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. E-4, 216 E. 45 St., New York 17, N. Y.

*Trade Mark Reg.



armholes Are they cut for action? Are they shaped for smoothness front-and-back without bunching?

sleeves Are they correctly tapered, short enough to show 1/2 inch of shirt cuff?

darts Have seams been reinforced at points of stress with darts for extra strength?

zipper Is it fabric covered, invisible, a Waldes Kover-Zip . . . the real sign of careful craftsmanship?

These "hidden things" mean finer tailoring

No matter how much you pay for a suit, you can't judge quality by the price alone. Smart men, experts on the art of tailoring, tell you to look beyond the surface, look for the hidden details that are sure signs of meticulous, impeccable workmanship. If you know these signs, you'll get true value when you buy your next suit.

WALDES THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY

THE SURE SIGN OF FINER TAILORING

Waldes KOVER·ZIP

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY BY WALDES KOHINOOR, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY 1, N. Y. • WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF FASTENING DEVICES

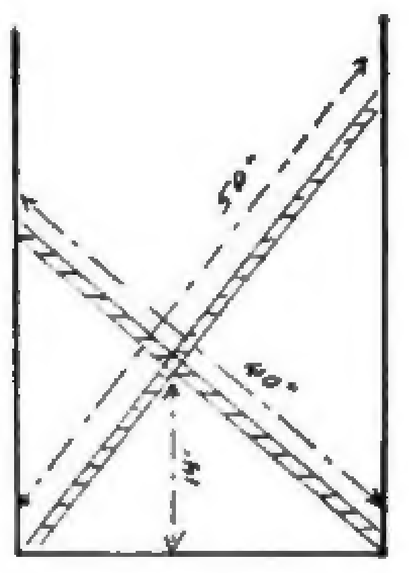
The Sound and the Fury

lady of good will

On reading the December, 1946, issue of your magazine, I noticed in the Sound and Fury a letter from Sharon Blaine of Portland, Maine, stating that she would like to write to servicemen who are in the hospital and stationed overseas who do not receive enough mail from home.

Having spent six months in the hospital, I know what it feels like to receive plenty of mail. It certainly made me feel a lot better. Perhaps I can help men in the hospital and those far from home by writing to them, so if you can grant my request I should be very grateful.

Miss Eunice Bignell
Bristol, England



Levo's ladders

Two ladders leaning against opposite walls intersect 14 feet above the ground. One ladder is 50 feet long, the other is 40 feet long. How far apart are the walls?

N. Levo
Russellton, Pa.

solved by thermodynamics

Esquire reader Simon S. Jackel (April Sound and Fury) may be interested in learning that at a good University—such as my Alma Mater, the University of Illinois—a question similar to the one he raised is considered so far beneath Ph.D. candidates that it was asked in a sophomore course in thermodynamics.

The answer to "If coffee is served at the beginning of the meal, and you don't drink it until the end of the meal, will the coffee keep warmer if you pour the cream in as soon as the coffee is served or just before drinking it?" is given by the Stefan-Boltzmann equation which, simply put, states that the heat lost from a body is proportional to the difference between the two temperatures—that of the coffee and of the surroundings—raised to the fourth power.

In other words, the coffee will keep warmer if the cream is poured in as soon as the coffee is served.

Marvin Pesses
Urbana, Ill.

stint for Paul

Having previously criticized Paul Gallico, inducing you to draw an uncomplimentary cartoon to accompany the slam in Sound and Fury . . . I am happy to say that, on his return visit to the pages of Esquire, Mr. Gallico pleased me right from the start with his justifiable potshot at Leo Durocher.

On the heels of Lippy's uncomplimentary publicity, and just before the news of Ty Cobb's domestic trouble, the papers and newsreels showed the nation pictures of the Babe going home from the hospital after his long and serious illness. It seemed to me to provide an interesting and enlightening comparison of character and, for me, it was most inspiring to see fans of all ages swarm around Ruth, long retired and out of the game, to wish him well and show him they still remembered. I do not know how Babe Ruth's personal traits stack up at close quarters; but I do know that he was one of the first great sports figures of which I become conscious as a boy. And to me he is still the top man in his field—an inspiration to boys of this generation just as when he was on the way up.

Babe played more to the kids on the sandlot than to the night-club crowd, and I think it is high time some enterprising movie company brought his life story to the screen. Gallico says he hasn't any pictures coming up for a while; and this should be a good job for him to tackle as an old-time sports writer.

In the meantime, I hope that Gallico's criticism of Durocher, Chandler and Rickey will bring to light the fact that American sports need a thorough face lifting to remove some of the tarnish that certain unsavory characters have brought to the field.

Bill Bennett
Muskegon, Mich.

simplified solution

In regard to Charles L. Graham's question about the eggs in February Sound and Fury, Simon S. Jackel's April solution is a bit off the beam. If 1½ chickens lay 1½ eggs in 1½ days, by simple multiplication 3 chickens lay 3 eggs in 3 days, or 1 chicken lays 1 egg in 1 day. Therefore, 6 chickens lay 6 eggs in 1 day and 6 chickens lay 36 eggs in 6 days.

Charles W. Rhoades
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

retort courteous

In *Triumph of a Realist*, Donald A Allan tells about having been shot down over Hungary and complains of the treatment he got. Apart from the political aspects of war, I do not think that in any part of the world it is customary to offer champagne to those who wreck your houses and kill your fellow citizens.

And, as you, dear Esky, are for fair play, I want to prove that not all Hungarians were like those Mr. Allan describes. Last January, in Budapest, decorations were presented, in the name of General D. D. Eisenhower, to fourteen citizens of Budapest for having hidden and protected American and Allied pilots from the Germans during the war.

For further reference, Mr. Allan may need Paul Giraud's *Refuge en Hongrie*, published in Paris by some French POWs, who lived in freedom, had their own schools, theatre, newspaper, etc., in Hungary, and when the German army "took over," were hidden and protected from them. The same went for some 40,000 Polish refugees, who lived in Hungary unmolested and free.

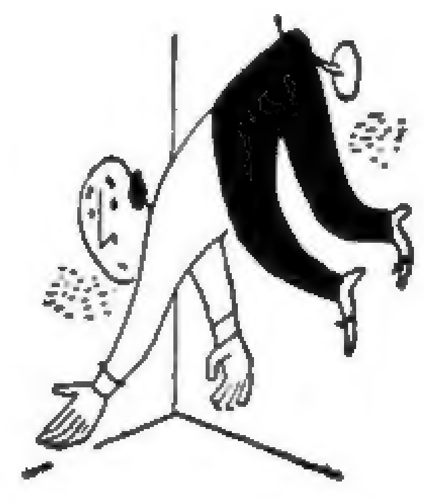
George Foldes
Schaffhausen, Switzerland

two for Gardner

Regarding Simon S. Jackel's coffee-cream question, how about sticking to your usual type of brain teasers which are possible of solution to anyone who owns pencil, paper and colossal courage.

My man and I will cast two votes for Martin Gardner.

Faye A. Strouts
Cleveland, Ohio



much ado about kanji

In the interest of exact etymology, please inform William Jacobson (*Joe Learns the Language*, March, 1947) that the literal translation of the Japanese *kanji* for "sit" is not "Please hang your body."

Instead, it is the far more intriguing "Please hang your hip."

Roy Swanfeldt
Hollywood, Calif.

call for good fellows

On board a troopship going to Java I came across the April, 1946, Esquire in which you promised an ex-serviceman to furnish the name of an Esquire reader willing to send him his back numbers. I would be very glad if I could contact anybody generous enough to send me his old copies. Having been a POW for 3½ years in Java, the very few copies of Esquire in the 11 camps I was in during that time were a very powerful stimulant indeed. As after V-J Day the peace in the Indies was seriously disturbed by the Jap-trained collaborators, I broke my back on a landmine and spent a few months in Holland. There I tried vainly to get a subscription. Now on board this ship I came across Colman's letter. If you could furnish me with an address, I would be very grateful.

W. Storm Van's Gravesande
Captain of Marines
Batavia, Java

Editor's Note: At the moment we have exhausted our list of subscribers who have generously offered to send their back issues of Esquire to people overseas. Hence we publish the above letter in the hope that Captain Gravesande and many others who, like him, are unable to obtain this magazine through the usual channels, may find friends willing to share their copies of Esquire.

jig-time baking

Mr. Pasternak seems to reduce cooking to a battle of the sexes, my own contention being that fondness for cooking, like other attributes—such as orneriness, inclination to mayhem, or secret tippling—is about evenly divided as to gender. The joy of cooking, since the average male is not forcibly impressed with it three times a day, is apt to burst on him with dazzling revelation and bewildered wonderment as to "how long has this been going on."

Most of the ecstatic articles evolved by our masculine playmates as an aftermath to their kitchen binges are blissfully blank on certain points, such as sugar rationing and budgeting.

Here's a trick any bachelor could turn. To any two-cup recipe of biscuit mix, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one each of orange juice and grated rind, then half a teaspoonful mace. From there, proceed as usual. They taste different, and it's an easy way to build a reputation.

Harriet L. Hartzell
Portland, Ore.

Wechsberg full steam ahead

Before asking that rather naïve question, "Since when do ships secured to a pier also use their 'mud hooks?' " Mr. S. F. Bresler should have made some inquiry. I'm sure that Providence will descend upon him for his poor judgment in challenging Mr. Wechsberg (February, 1947, issue).

On docking a vessel, Mr. Bresler, the Master may decide to drop "the hook" after due consideration of tides, winds, etc. The position of said vessel may be so that after her lines are ashore, her own winches may bring her alongside. With the hook down and chain being payed out slowly, she would then approach her berth under control of the bridge, and a sudden wind shift would catch our vessel with her anchor down. On undocking the vessel, the anchor would serve to bring the bow of the vessel away from the pier. Of course, we have a tug aft in both instances.

Mr. Bresler, I assume you are a Navy man. "Full Astern, sir!"

G. A. Colman
Buenos Aires, Argentina

accent on food

I am a great lover of Esquire and like to read it. We have not such a good Swedish magazine.

But in your November number, page 64, Esky presents a report on Swedish smörgåsbord, which probably startles every Swede. I have never seen a butter-table with so much as 65 different items. Perhaps Esky had too many Snapsar before he went on counting.

Korvkaka and Kroppkakor are surely not the same thing. Kroppkakor are thin, plain round things of potatoes, meal and pork, but Korvkaka is a thick pudding of meat and barley, without potatoes.

Your recipes in sketches are excellent. My wife was astonished how good the filet mignon I had cooked, tasted.

Erik Ornefeldt
Goteborg, Sweden

note to author and artist

A belated but hearty congratulation: for a quick follow-up with a Riff Charles. Let's have more The Mops and The Brushes. Certainly theirs is an element about which many, many of us know nothing, but wish we did. Vicarious knowledge and enjoyment—but both of these nevertheless.

Also you improved on the illustration with The Brush. The Mop's wasn't so good, I thought.

Jo Driskell
Moberly, Mo.

Continued on page 241

How to strike it rich

One way you *might* do it is to get yourself a prospector's outfit and head for the High Sierras.

But a way you're *sure* to do it is much simpler. Just go to your favorite bar or package store and ask for Four Roses.

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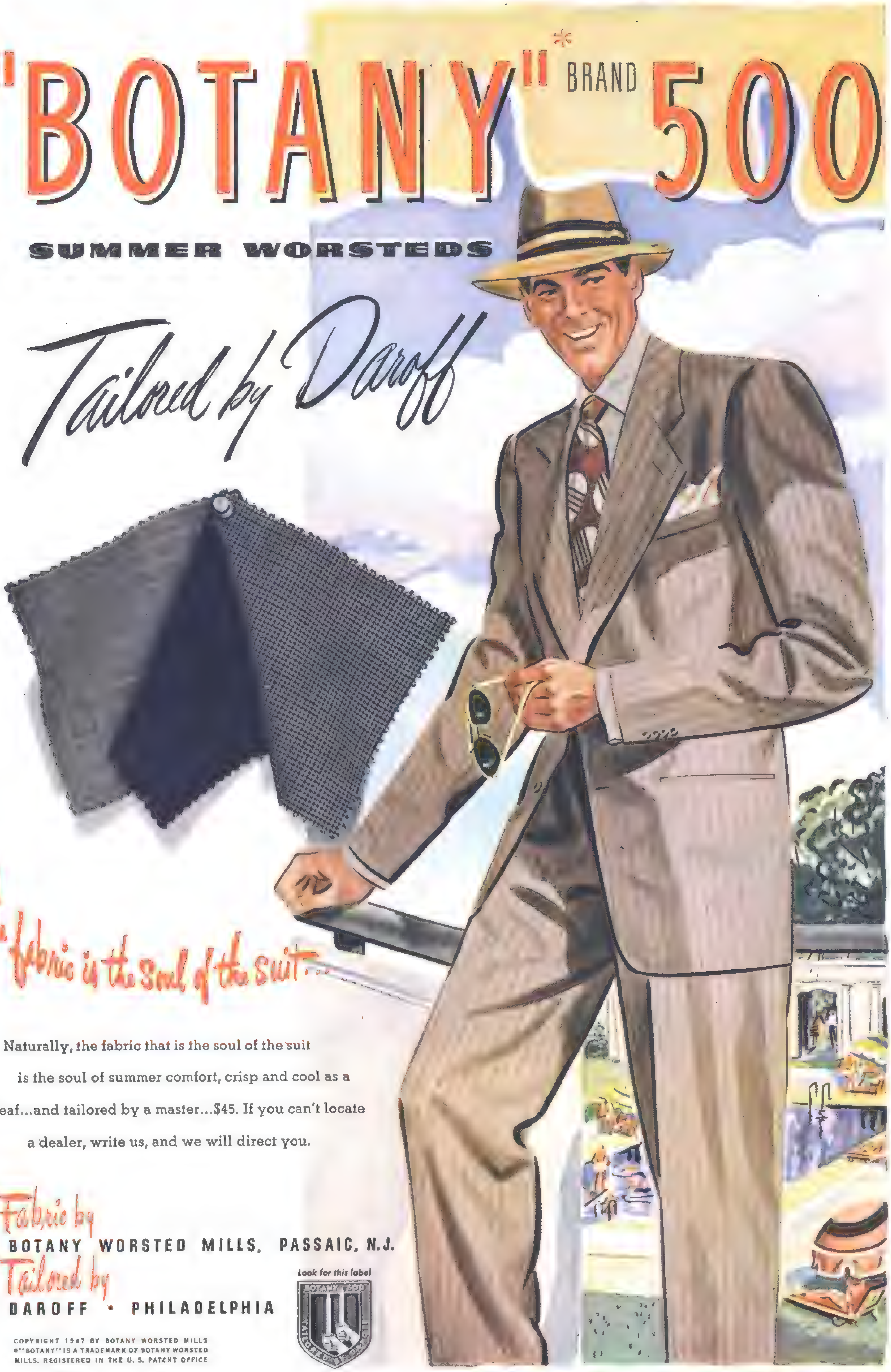
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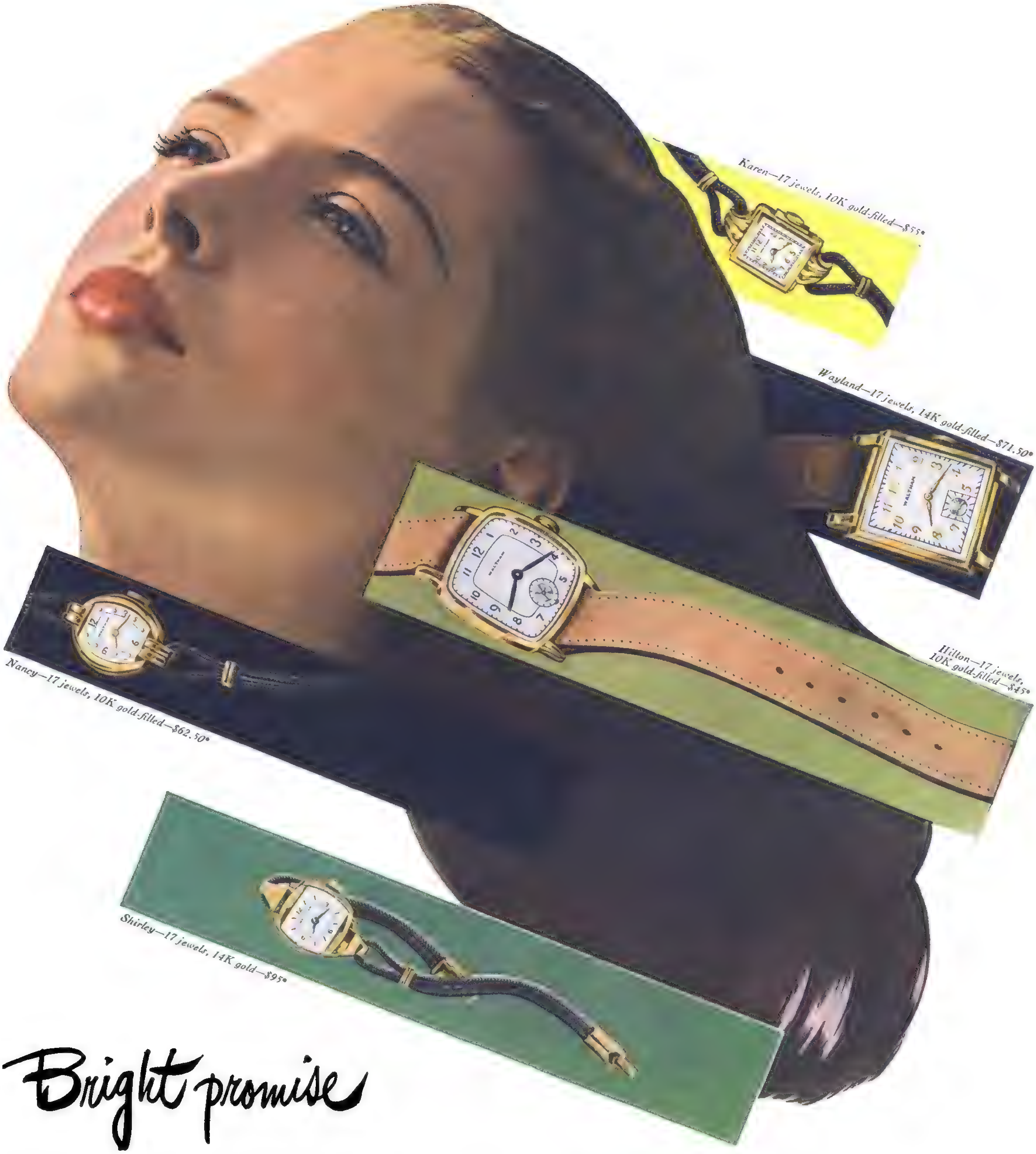
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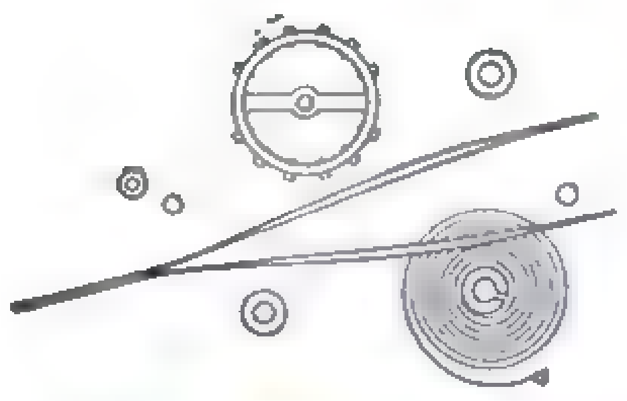

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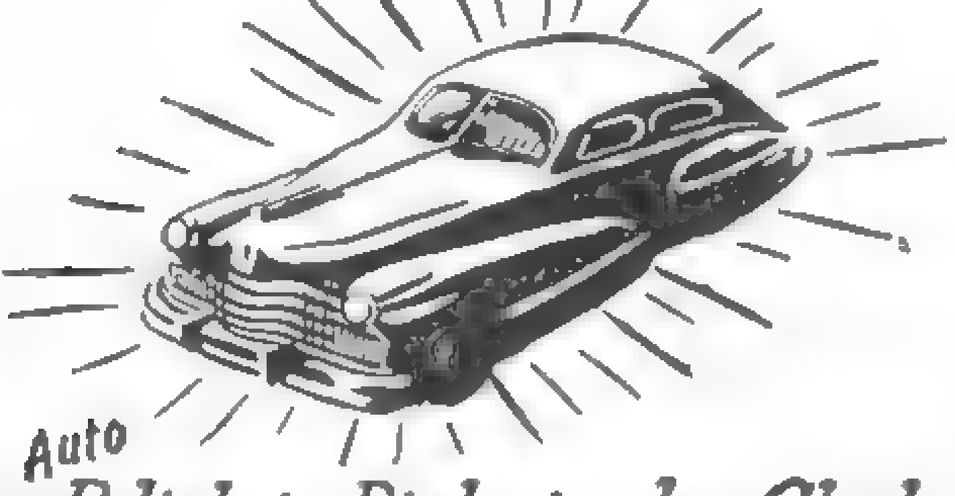

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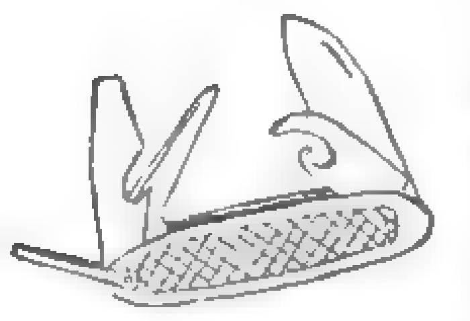
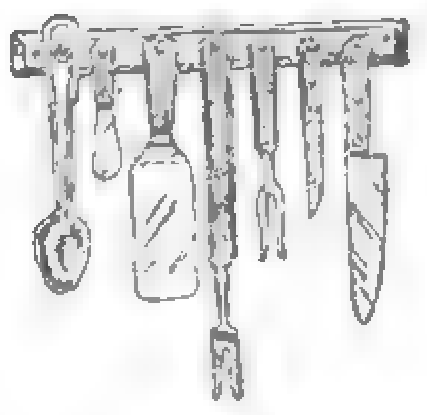
Talking Shop with Esquire

KING FOR A DAY. Father's Day is coming up, fellows . . . June 15th. And it seems fitting that "The Magazine for Men" should go all out in an effort to honor the Head of the House and to see that he gets his sentimental due . . . in concrete form, of course.

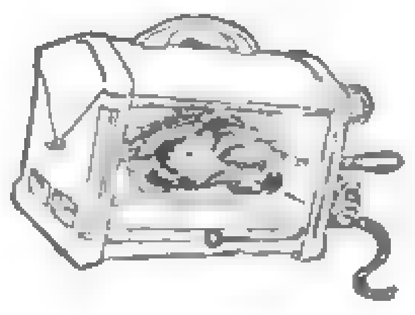
JACK OF ALL TRADES. Give a man a good pocket knife and he's as tickled as a kid. Here's an inexpensive gift which can't miss! A 4-blade knife which ably performs several functions in addition to its keen cutting blade. It's a screw driver-bottle opener, a can-opener and a reamer-punch. Knife is rust-proof, scratch-proof, has a stainless steel handle and blades of high-carbon cutlery steel. So durable, we found, that it can even be used as a hammer.



BARBECUE SET. Whether barbecue-ing is conducted indoors or out, Dad will relish a set of proper tools. A seven-piece set of implements with rosewood handles, blades of finest steel . . . a 21" fork, chef knife and fork, lifter and spreader, trimming knife and basting spoon complete with a wooden rack for hanging in orderly array. Barbecue boys should also know about a new fork, featuring triple tines that can be rotated by a small crank-type handle at the grip end of the fork. This device controls hand-roasting without danger of scorching or burning. Along with that, it has an unusual protective measure in its automatic tine-ejector, a small steel plate that ejects hot roasted food from the fork, without human handling.



IF HE LIKES TO COOK (and we've always contended that the world's best cooks wear pants) a home style rotisserie will make him sublimely happy. This triumph of chromium with glass sides, works on the principle of a barbecue revolving spit, turned by electricity. It is self-basting, self-cooking and self turning. Bring it right to the table and watch your fowl being done to a turn inside its smokeless glass cage. The spit can be removed and the shelves inserted should you want to broil steaks or grill sandwiches. Eight pieces of toast can be done at a clip. Whole rotisserie weighs but 12½ lbs. A cinch to clean.



Ranger

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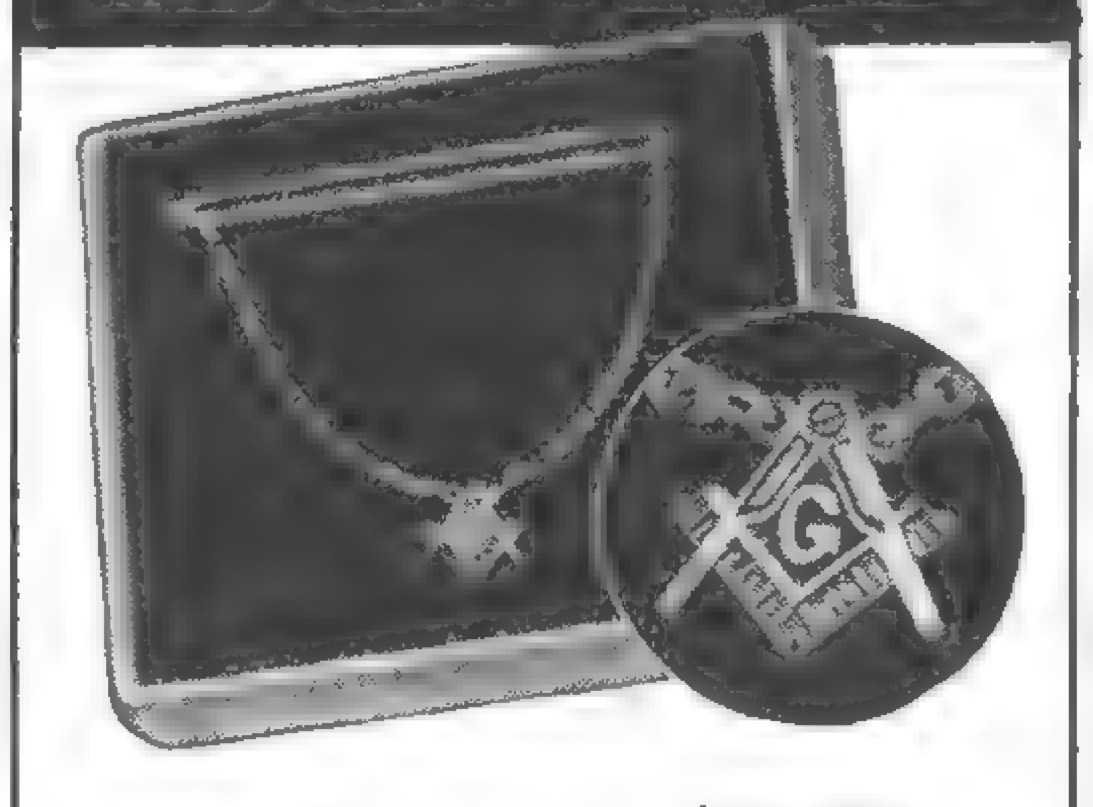
THE GIFT FOR DAD!



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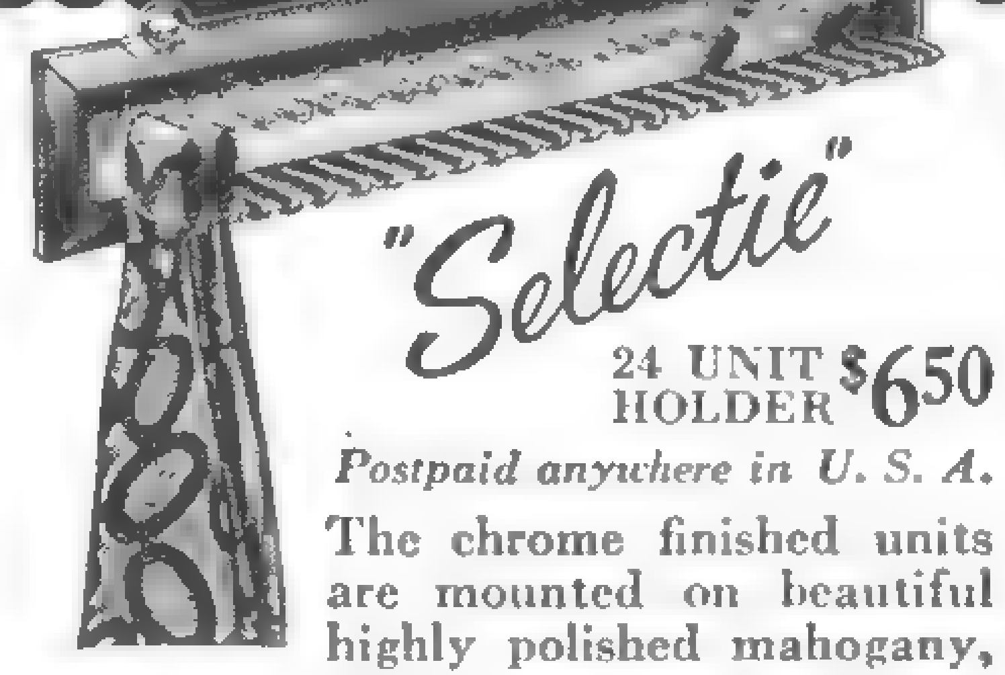

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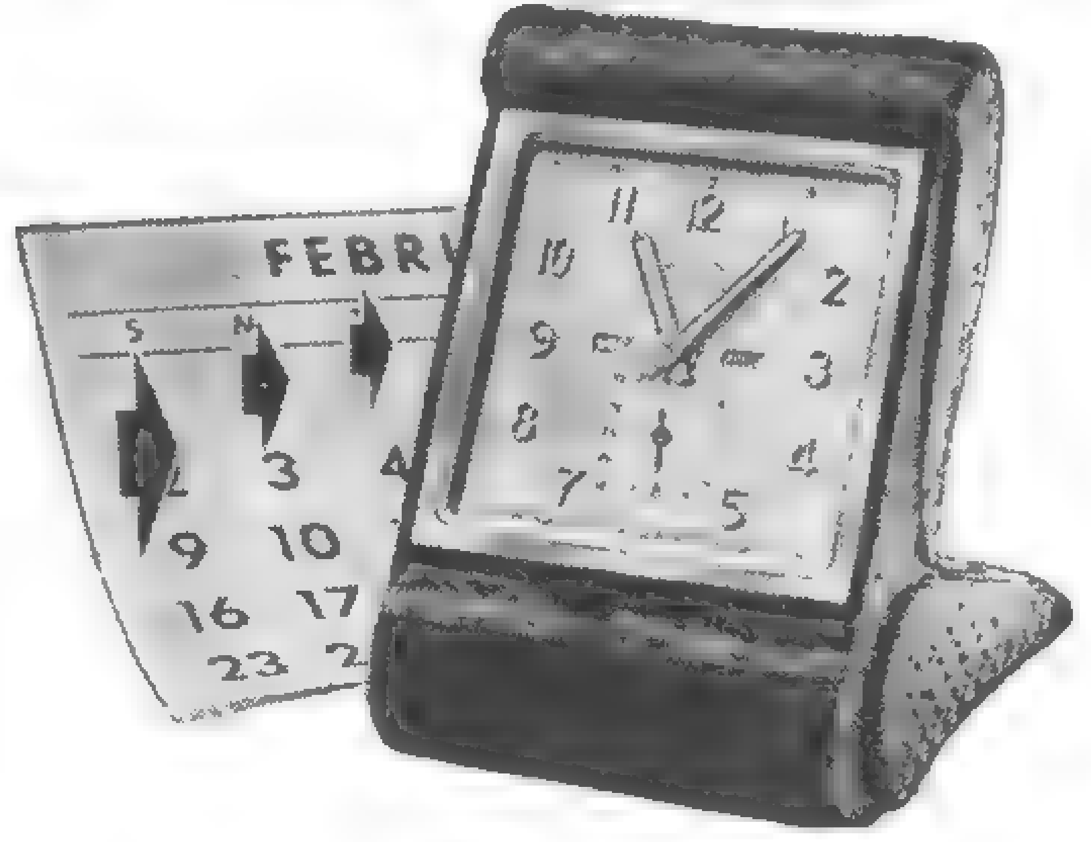

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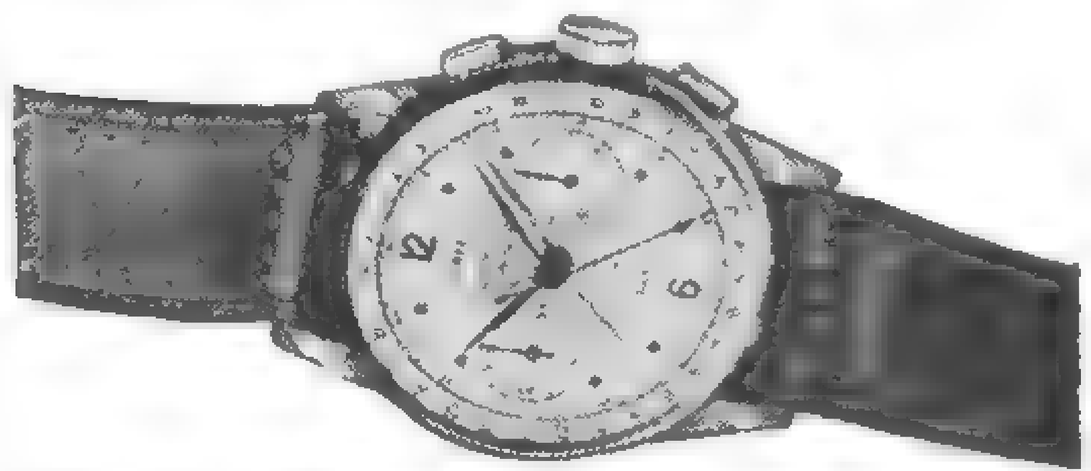

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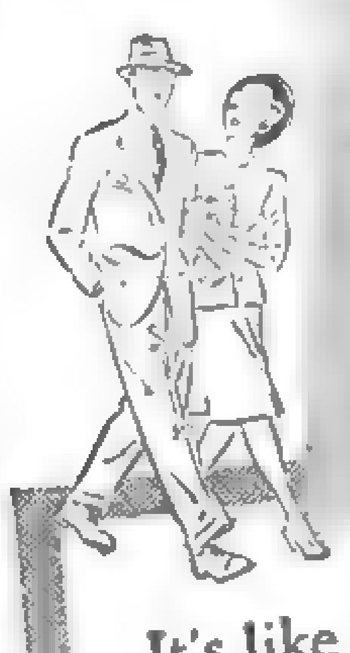

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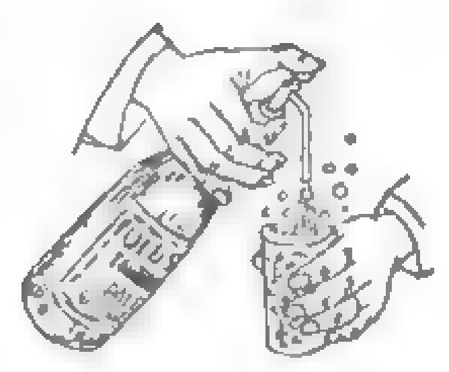
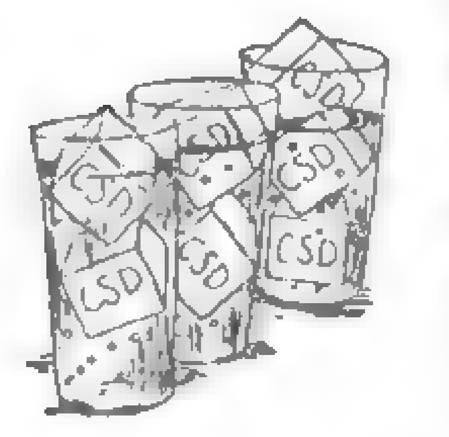
Talking Shop with Esquire

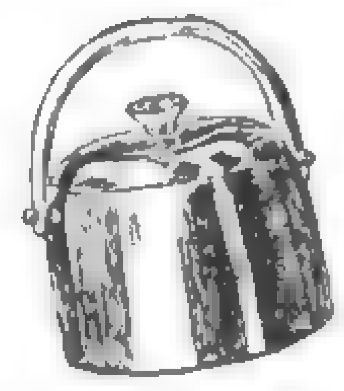
IF FATHER'S A PARTY GIVER, you'll naturally gravitate toward beverage gadgets. To wit: the chrome-plated, automatic dispenser which accurately measures out and releases a jigger of liquor per glass. No need for a jigger or measuring cup. The rubber bottom fits any liquor bottle, but there's an extra, larger rubber seal in case bottle top sizes vary. Simple to operate, no moving parts to go wrong. And how about a soda syphon to guard the bubbles and squirt the soda with fountain-like proficiency? Clap one of these chrome finish jobs on a bottle, and the sparkle should keep for days. For real dog, you can buy these with a gold finish. Another bottle top gimmick is a combination bottle cork, jigger and funnel, silver plated and shaped like "the little brown jug," complete with handle.



COLORED ICE CUBES. If Dad wants to astound his pals, give him a set of the new shatter-proof plastic ice cubes, in varied pastel colors or clear crystal. The plastic is filled with liquid, which you pop into your refrigerator until liquid is solidly frozen, then plop into your drinks. They chill without diluting the beverage—martinis maintain their pristine potency. You can even go so far as to having the cubes monogrammed!



RECIPE FOR A SUCCESSFUL PARTY . . . a streamlined ice container in high gloss aluminum, spotlighted by a sparkling lucite handle and knob. The container is decorative as well as useful, for fiberglas insulation keeps ice cubes in swell shape for hours . . . cool and collected. The container will also do right by hot dishes, soups, stews and the like emerge from bowl to plate in steaming condition.



INSULATION, 1947 STYLE. Fibreglas is a wonderful thing for parties, especially when the guest list exceeds the refrigerator's ice capacity. Now comes a fiberglas interlined beverage cooler which keeps a dozen or more bottles of chilled drinks cold for a considerable time. The cooler is made of silvery finished plastic, with zipper fastening. For further ice conservation, you can slip a fiberglas jacket over your cocktail shaker, and as a final touch, put fiberglas coasters on your highball glasses. These should keep the ice far beyond the time that guests usually dawdle over a drink.

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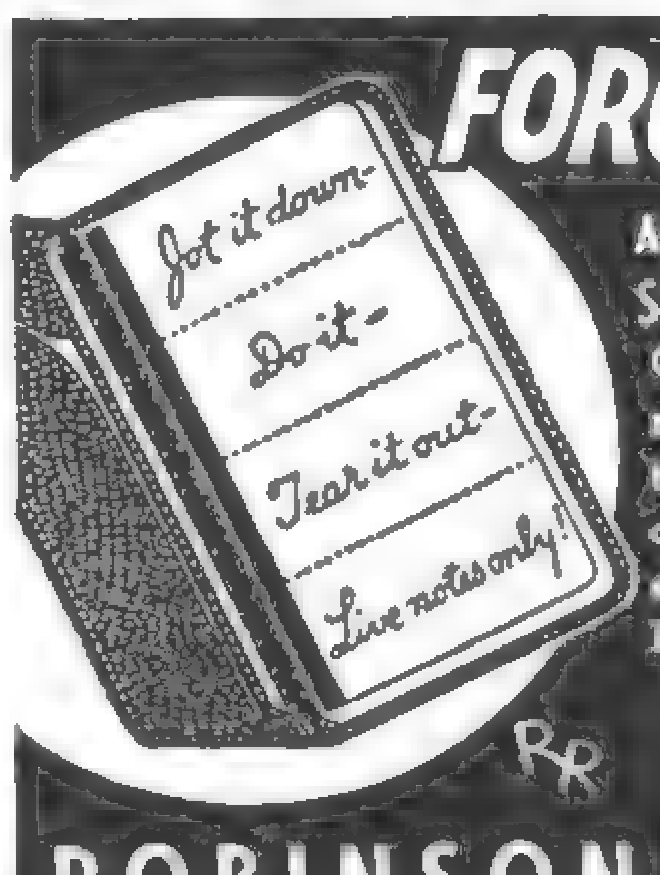

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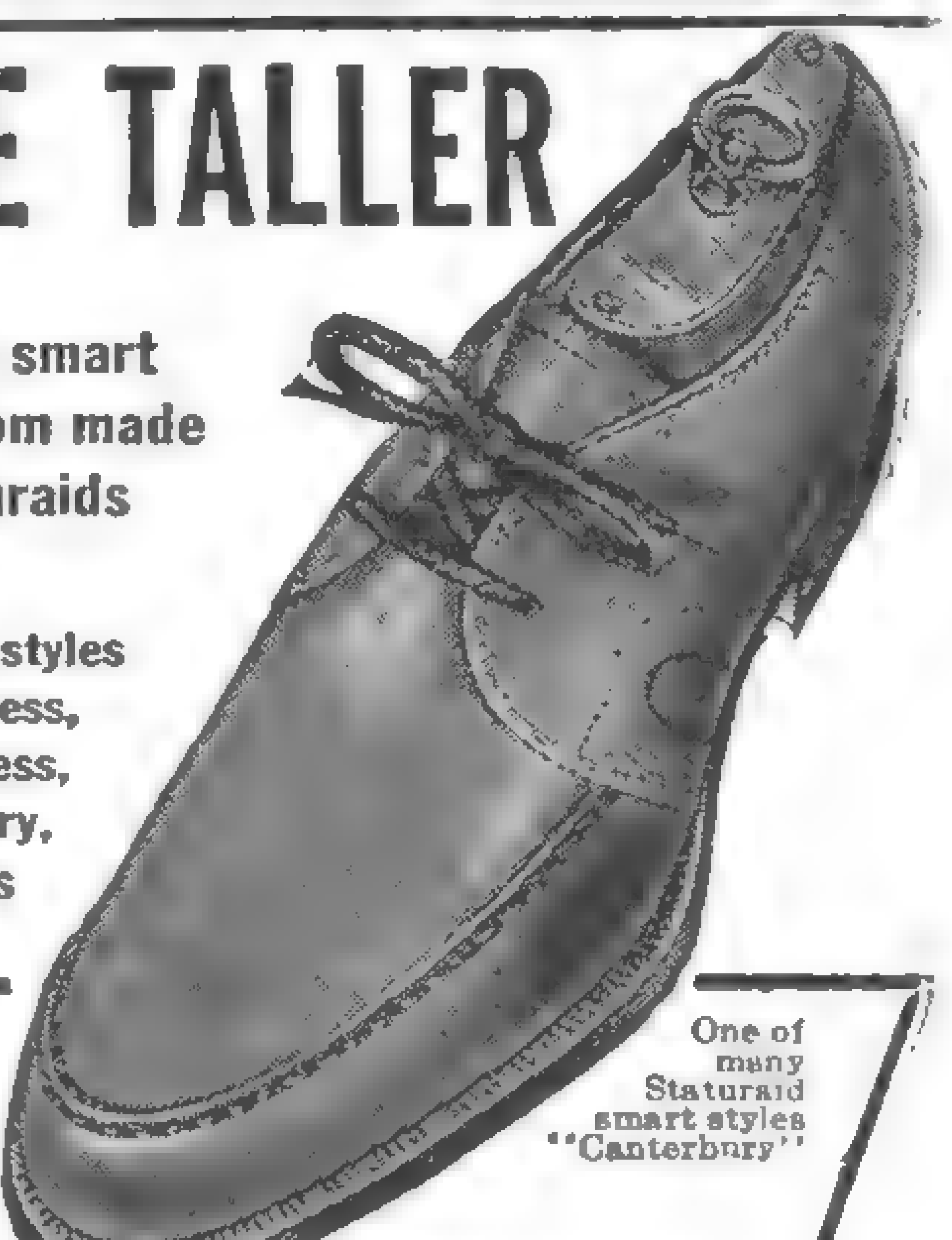

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In Spiral bottles, or Personalized with your initials.

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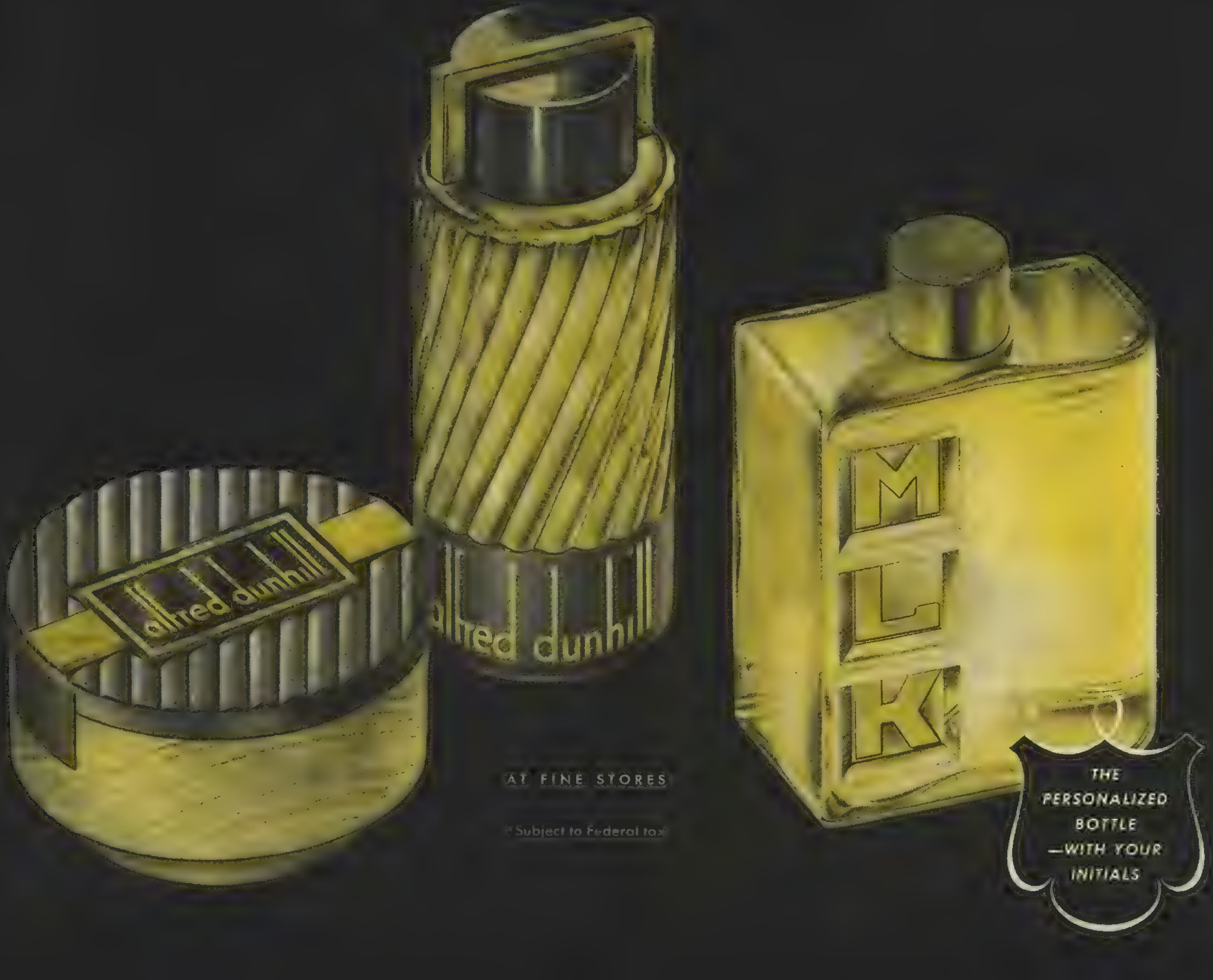
Alfred Dunhill, 660 Fifth Avenue, New York 19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MLK
THE PERSONALIZED BOTTLE —WITH YOUR INITIALS

AT FINE STORES

*Subject to Federal tax

for PIPE SMOKERS

A Practical Accessory

TAMPS YOUR PIPE AT THE FLICK OF A FINGER!

• Keeps Pipes Lit • No Flying Ashes • Precision Made • No Dirty, Burned Fingers

$1.50

TAMPING
A flick of the finger and the efficient tampor is in position.

SMOKING
No interference with draw—no flying ashes. Weighs less than ½ oz. Stem folds out of sight.

LOADING
Swings back freely for easy loading.

PAK-A-PIPE

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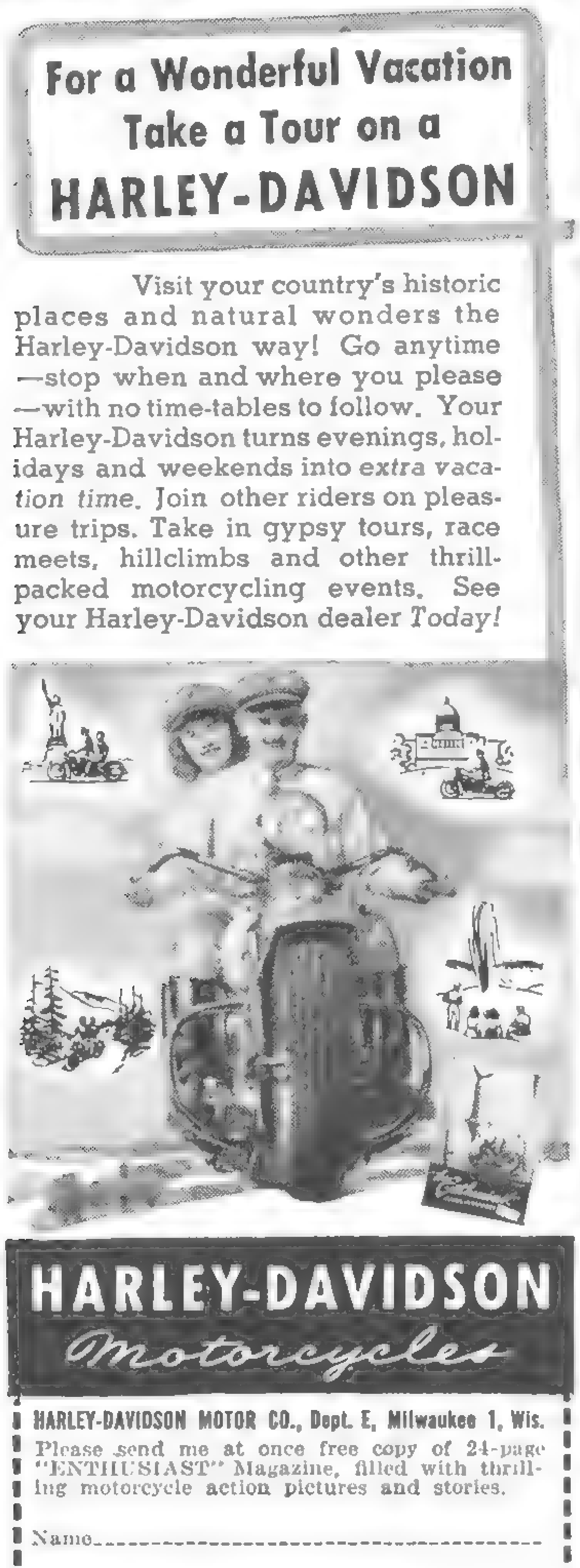
AMPCO PRODUCTS CO.
11905 NORTH VOSE ST. • NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.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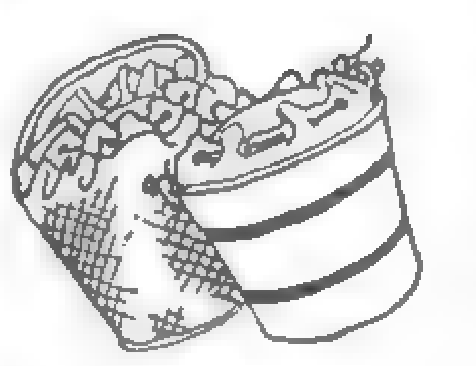
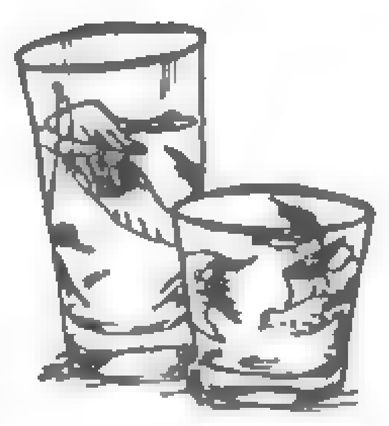
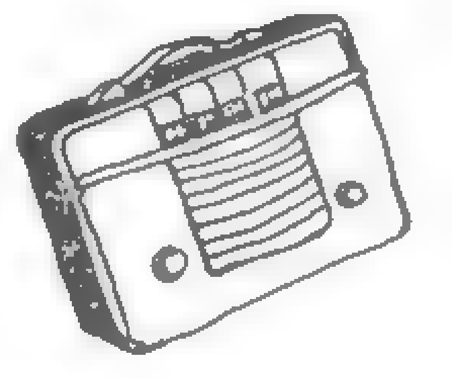
Talking Shop with Esquire



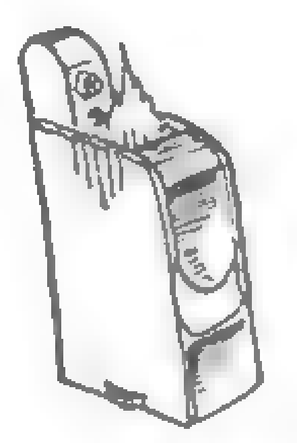
"SOME LIKE IT HOT, some like it cold." You can even get fiberglas insulated covers for large 10-quart galvanized pails. Good for frozen foods, ice cream, or for hot drinks and foods. For picnics, just chuck a casserole, as is, hot and steaming right into the pail, and see if it isn't in the same condition when you reach your destination. Last party we gave, we hoarded ice cubes (culled from neighbor's box) for some 15 hours, in our galvanized pail.



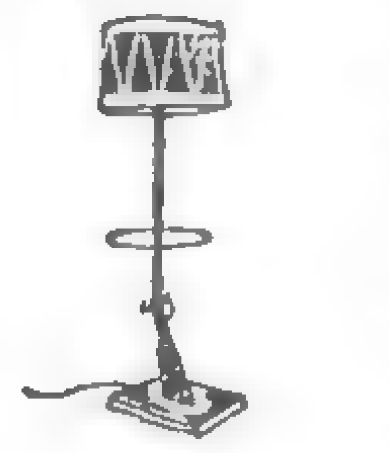
SEE THE BIRDIE. If Father is fond of hunting, as well as of a slight snort, he'll appreciate a dozen old fashioned or highball glasses decorated with water fowl and upland game birds done by that celebrated bird artist Richard Bishop. Glasses have platinum band tops and safe-edge rims.



LET HIM HAVE HIS OWN RADIO. Poor Pop never gets a chance to listen to *his* favorite programs, what with soap operas, Spike Jones, Sinatra and Mary Margaret McBride taking up most of the family time. Why not give Dad a neat little 5½ lb. 3-way portable which he can carry into the seclusion of his own room? The 3-way operates on AC, DC or a self-contained battery, and features a special rectifier which requires no warm-up period, but gives out instantly at the turn of the knob. Size, approximately 9x3x7.



TRY IT IN A HEAVY WIND . . . the new automatic duralite windproof cigarette lighter. The automatic action lever responds to a feather-light touch, lighter opens and lights instantly in one easy action, even in a stiff gale. The spring cap is specially designed, and fits with such precision that the lighter is practically evaporation proof. It is estimated that you should get extra fuel mileage with one of these.



DADDY GET YOUR GUN. For Dad's office or study, here's a honey of a lamp with a base made from an authentic .58 calibre muzzle-loading U. S. Springfield musket. These guns were the type actually used by the U. S. army in 1844 . . . 1864. Gun is mounted on a sturdy wooden base. Parchment drum shade is enameled in green with antique white trim.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

For Outdoor Men
PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS

Here are the famous rugged, comfortable, foot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore in the war... *now available in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.* Ideal for hunting, fishing, hiking or outside work... 10" height; balanced construction; leather counter, filler, middlesole and hard box toe; steel shank; reinforcing instep tapes; wide toe and narrow heel; long wearing rubber outer tap and non-trip heel.

Only $9.87
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Sizes 4 - 13½ Widths AA - EEE

CORCORAN, INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots. Check Money Order for $9.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D.

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Size and width of Shoe_______ E-6

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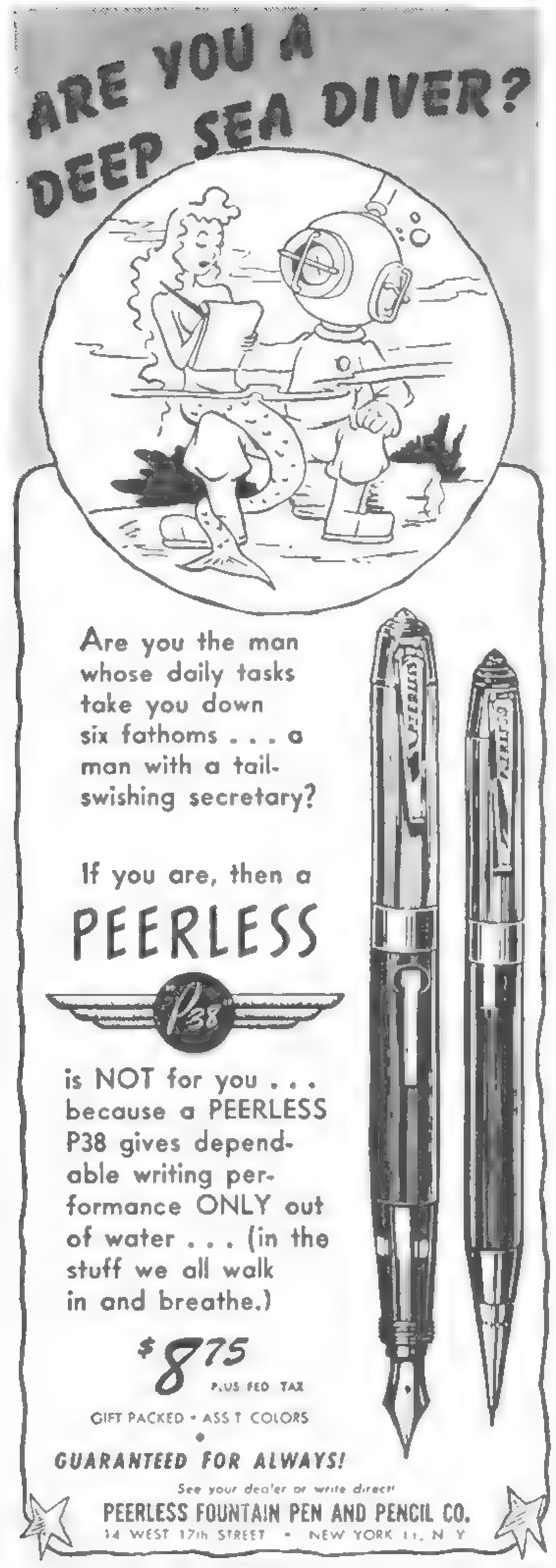
Now Available! See Your Dealer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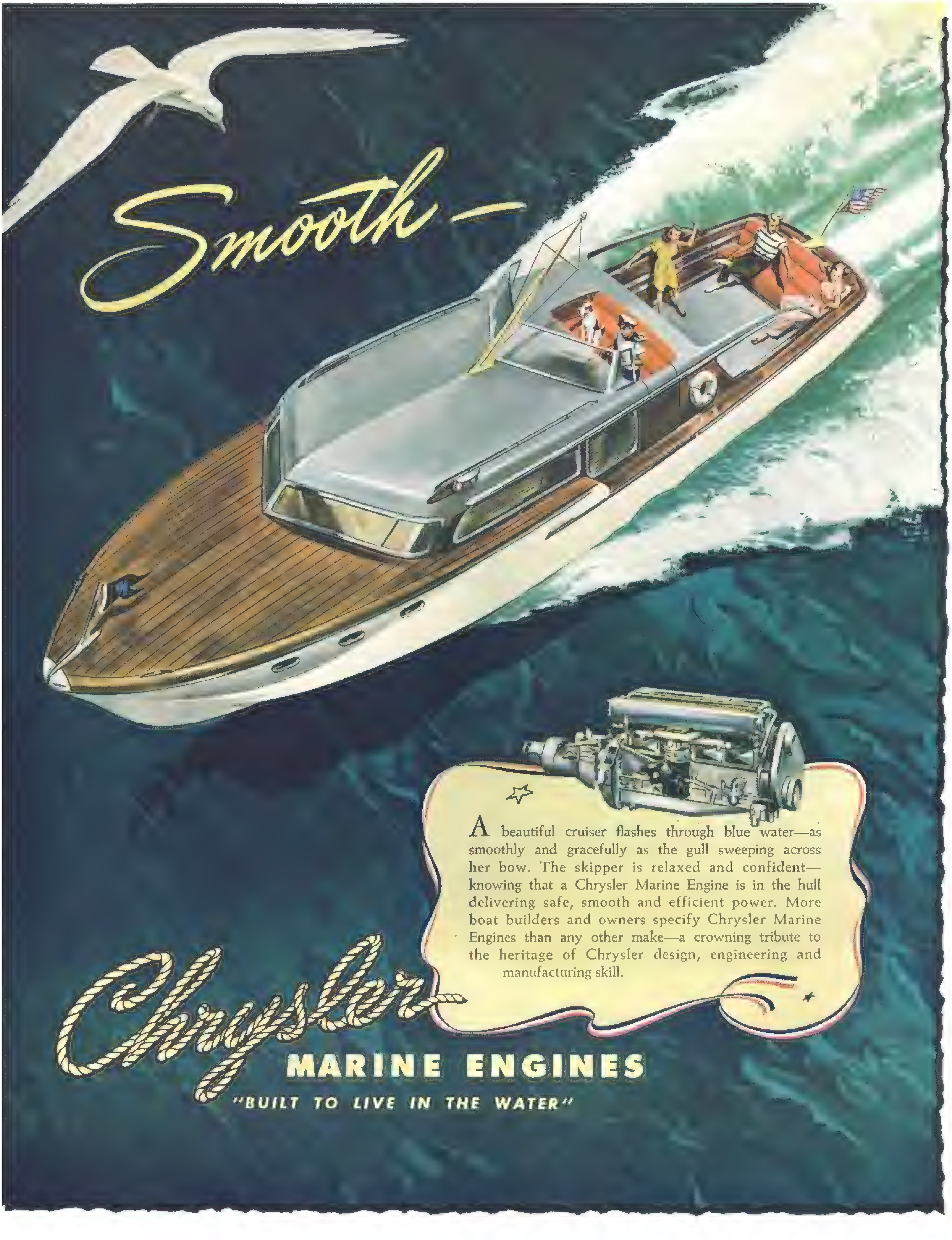
SHOE of the MONTH

Give your feet an all-summer holiday in the breezy comfort of these ultra-smart Concord Casuals. This Hand Woven, open pattern is a Concord exclusive. Hand sewn vamp and "kicker-back," flexible leather sole. Relax in smart comfort.

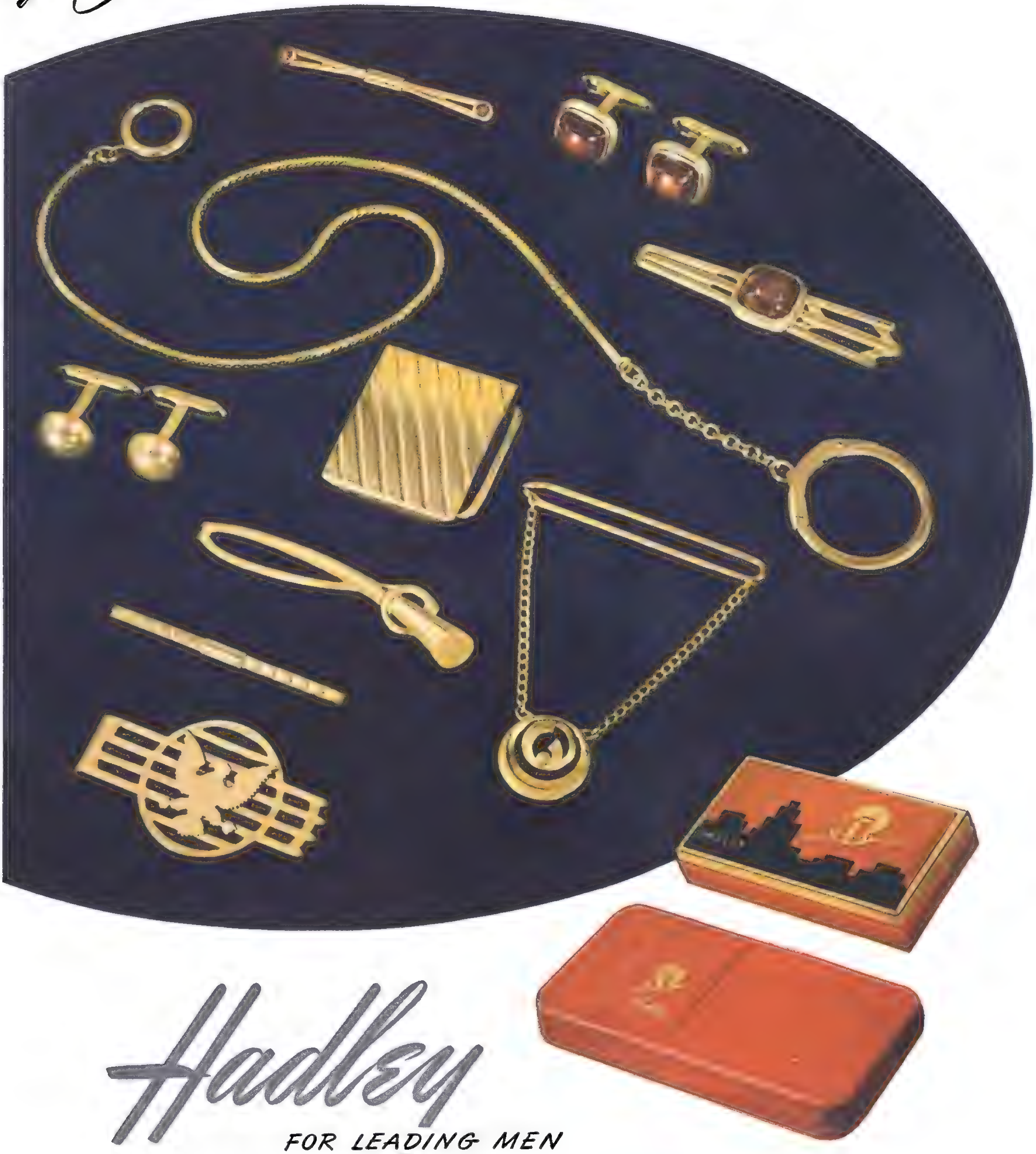
ORDER BY MAIL—*Immediate Delivery*
Quality and satisfaction insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-16 today. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12—B, C, D. **$8.95.** Add 25¢ for mailing.
CONCORD SHOES, Milwaukee, Wis.


Smooth—
Chrysler
MARINE ENGINES
"BUILT TO LIVE IN THE WATER"

A beautiful cruiser flashes through blue water—as smoothly and gracefully as the gull sweeping across her bow. The skipper is relaxed and confident—knowing that a Chrysler Marine Engine is in the hull delivering safe, smooth and efficient power. More boat builders and owners specify Chrysler Marine Engines than any other make—a crowning tribute to the heritage of Chrysler design, engineering and manufacturing skill.

Never so new, never so handsome

NEVER so modestly priced! Here are a few examples of a complete new line of men's jewelry offered by Hadley—sturdily made for masculine taste, yet finely crafted—a heart-warming gift for someone else, or for yourself. Hadley is sold through jewelers only, so that when you give or receive Hadley you know it is fine jewelry, *really* fine jewelry. Drop in at your jeweler's and see how truly distinguished this new line is.



Hadley

FOR LEADING MEN

THE HADLEY COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

THE TRUMPETER LABEL
... A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
... A BIG THING TO FIND

growing admiration The longer you own a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit the more you become attached to it. This pride of ownership is a tribute to the character that has been tailored expertly into these fine clothes. Behind the famous Trumpeter label are sixty vigilant years of traditionally high quality and up-to-the minute styling.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

60TH YEAR OF MAKING CLOTHES WITH THAT MADE-FOR-YOU LOOK

Someone started something

Yes, someone started something when the news got around that Hiram Walker was bottling a *Dry Martini* so excellent that even the topflight mixers couldn't better it.

And did it grow!

More people heard the news—and more people discovered that Hiram Walker's Dry Martinis are great Martinis! In fact, *greater* Martinis than *they* can put together themselves. Because we use—

1. Our own fine gin—Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin*—made with the best *imported botanicals.*

2. Our own dry vermouth—a vermouth made *especially* for Hiram Walker's ready-to-serve Dry Martinis.

A daisy-fresh discovery!

Here is a Dry Martini so good that the best mixers say, "It tops mine!" Enjoy a Martini that's *that* good—and that good *all* the time. Enjoy the ease of serving them, too—just stir with ice and they're ready. 18 grand Martinis in every bottle.

Just stir with ice

Hiram Walker's
dry martini
READY-TO-SERVE

**90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain.* Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. 66 proof

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Thoro-Kleen

AIR COOLED ALUMINUM PIPE
WITH INNER AND OUTER BOWLS
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NO EXTRA COST
$2.50 COMPLETE
NATIONALLY FAIR TRADED

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FEATHERLIGHT • ALL PARTS REPLACEABLE
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Drop "NICE-CUBES" in your drink... keep highballs, cocktails, soft drinks, fruit juices, wine, beer, etc., cold **without dilution.** Ice-like plastic "NICE-CUBES", with mineralized water permanently sealed in, freeze solid in refrigerator... tasteless—odorless...easy to remove, no ice-tray mess. Use again and again—LAST FOREVER. Box of 8 Rainbow Assorted Colors or Crystal Clear: $2.95 delivered in U. S. A.

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$1.00 extra per set

"NICE-CUBES"

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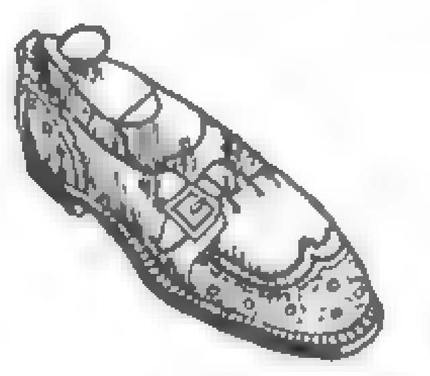
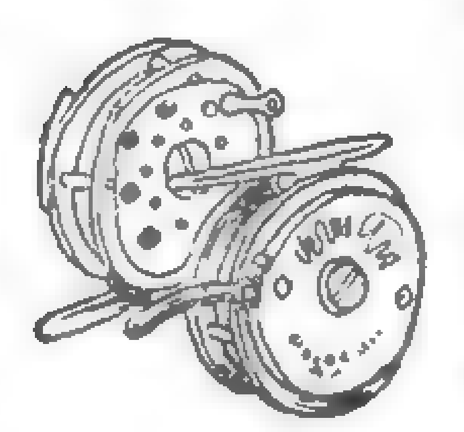
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIFORNIA

Talking Shop with Esquire

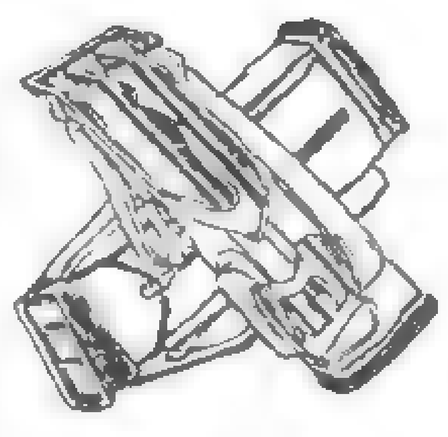
"LOVE THAT LOAFER." Trying to keep you fellows from wearing the casual type of footwear, is well nigh impossible. For the past couple of years, during warm weather months, young blades have been defying convention by wearing moccasins to business. In order that more conservative gentlemen may also be foot happy with propriety, a well known shoe manufacturer has brought out a shoe with the ease, comfort and lightness of the casual shoe, yet with enough street shoe appearance to make it acceptable for business wear in town. The shoe has a wing tip, popular strap and buckle effect, and is done in medium tone antique finish leather with leather soles and heels. Same model can also be had in white and medium tone tan.



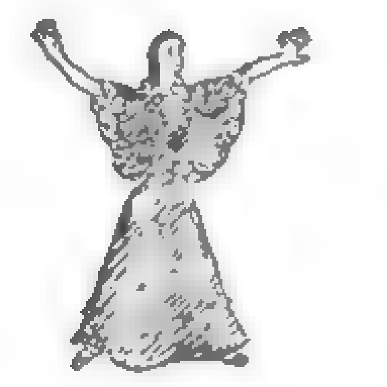
BRING 'EM IN with the new 2-in-1 fly reel. Use it as a single action reel. Notice its smooth, silent stripping . . . the free reel-in action drag operates only when the line is stripped. There's an adjustable tension "drag" for various line sizes. Used as an automatic action reel, the trigger take-up adds life to the lure. Semi-automatic trigger action permits finger-tip control of the line take-up. Adjustable friction clutch slips under any overload, preventing tip breakage. The trigger take-up of excess line permits unhindered landing of catch, and prevents snags. The main parts of the reel are of anodized aluminum, other parts of stainless, rust-proof steel. Reel weighs 5½ oz.



CLUB SEPARATOR. A certain sporting goods manufacturer is doing all he can to keep an excitable golfer's temper within bounds. He has designed a golf bag to minimize tangling of club grips, and to make selection and withdrawal of clubs quick and easy. The bag is made in 3 separate compartments, really like 3 bags in one, yet is no heavier than other bags of equal size. Bag is made of good quality leather, has shoe, ball and sweater pockets with zippered fasteners, plus a zipper hood.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT. Newest black chiffon nighties for summer Eves, carry a bright red satin apple appliqued on a tiny pocket. With the nightie goes a bra and petticoat, black of course, also bearing the bright-red apple, eternal symbol of the temptress.



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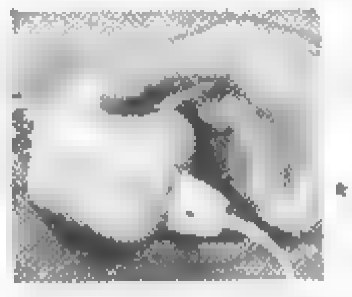
Your own a-c/d-c shaver can give you much faster...cleaner...smoother shaves. RANGER electronic Inverter* converts house current to direct current—gives your shaver up to 88% more cutting efficiency. Will not harm any a-c/d-c shaver (Schick, Sunbeam, Remington, etc.) Available at leading stores in metropolitan areas.



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*Pat. Pend. ONLY $4.95
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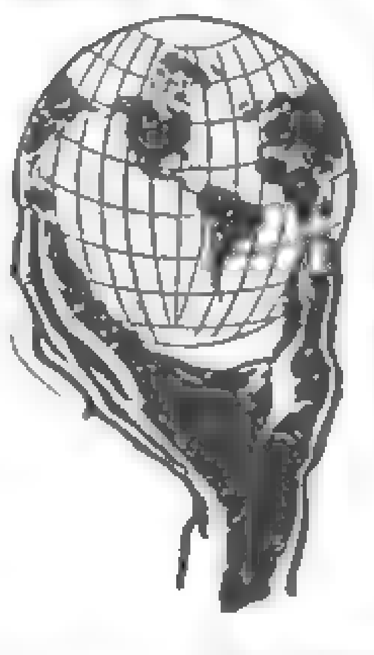

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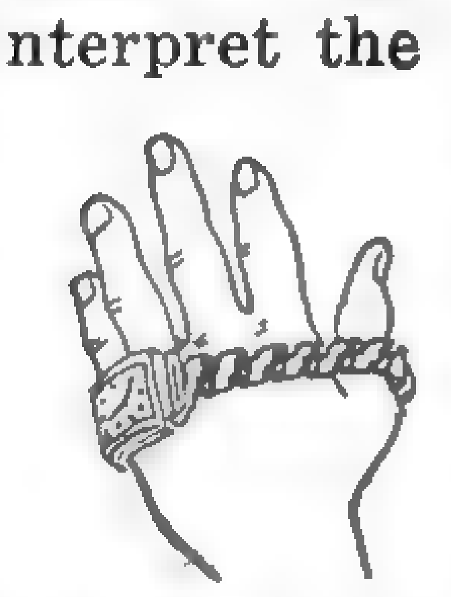
Talking Shop with Esquire

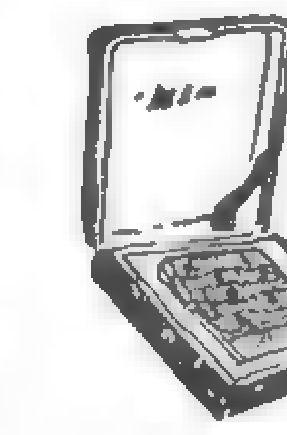
PLENTY OF BRASS. If Dad fancies himself a yachtsman, then up with a set of nautical coasters in solid brass, anchor and embossed rope design on each. These are really hefty and have a pleasing feel of solidity about them. Each tray is lacquered, so that it is alcohol-proof and needs no polishing. With this gift you might include a pair of hand-made, hammered brass bookends painstakingly hewn by a chap who lives in the wilds of Michigan.

THEY ARE EXPANDABLE watch bands. These particular bands interpret the magnificent chain mail armor worn by knights during the age of chivalry. Bands are simplicity itself, no catches, buckles or adjustments to make. The links expand so that bands slip on or off in a jiffy, yet fit snugly. Made with gold-filled tops and stainless steel backs.

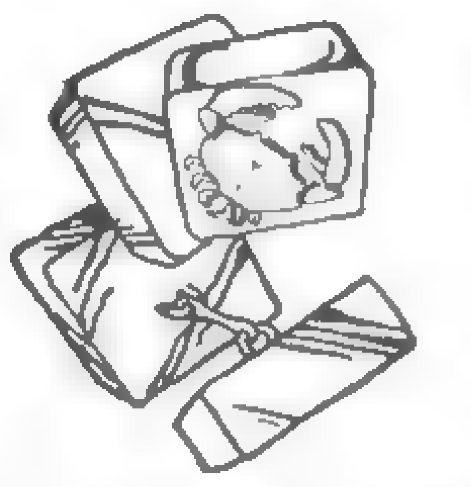


"ALL THE BETTER TO SEE WITH." We refer, not to Red Riding Hood's wolf, but to an optical monocular. This collapsible plastic case fits into the pocket and slips out for handy use to enlarge distant objects 2½ times. It has fine precision-ground lenses, with a focus from 4 feet to 5000 feet. Take it to the theatre and the front row cutie will be practically in your lap. At the races, you'll be able to see who wins by a nose.

YOURS FOR A HUNDRED SMACKERS. Here's a gift any man will cherish for a lifetime. A truly spectacular billfold fashioned of burnished jacaretinga (a Brazilian leather as rare as it is beautiful). The billfold has a wide 14 karat gold bar which bears Father's own signature. Other details add up to a strictly luxury appeal, such as pure silk moire lining, and a royal velvet jewel case upon which this treasure rests.



ZODIAC CUFFLINKS. For those guys who buy and sell on the advice of astrologers, we suggest a pair of cufflinks bearing the various signs of the zodiac. Links are handmade in copper with brass, and are made by a clever Negro girl who went to Haiti and now fashions jewelry inspired from primitive Haitian designs. We went for a pair of big, heavy square links in solid brass (½ inch in thickness). Nifty with tweeds.



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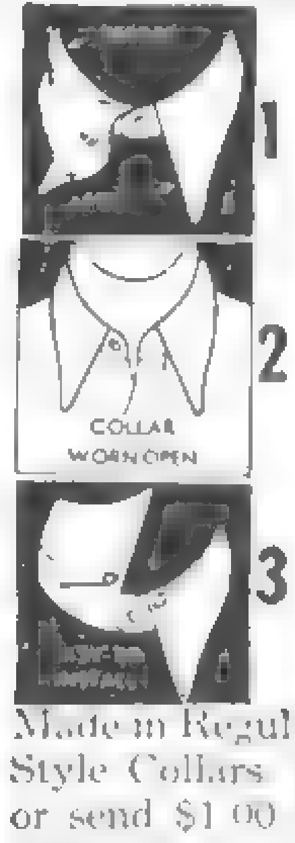
Geo. R. Oliver's—Stainless Steel
2-PIECE COLLAR HOLDER
3 Reasons why you will like it better



NEATER LOOKING COLLAR: 2-PIECE COLLAR HOLDERS follow the edge of Collar and don't show—Holds Collar Points down smoother.

MORE COMFORTABLE TO WEAR: No crosspiece pressing against neck; you can loosen your collar for comfort or wear it open.

LESS TROUBLE TO WEAR: Install HOLDERS in Collar before putting on Shirt, Leave in Shirt overnight, Remove only to clean Shirt.

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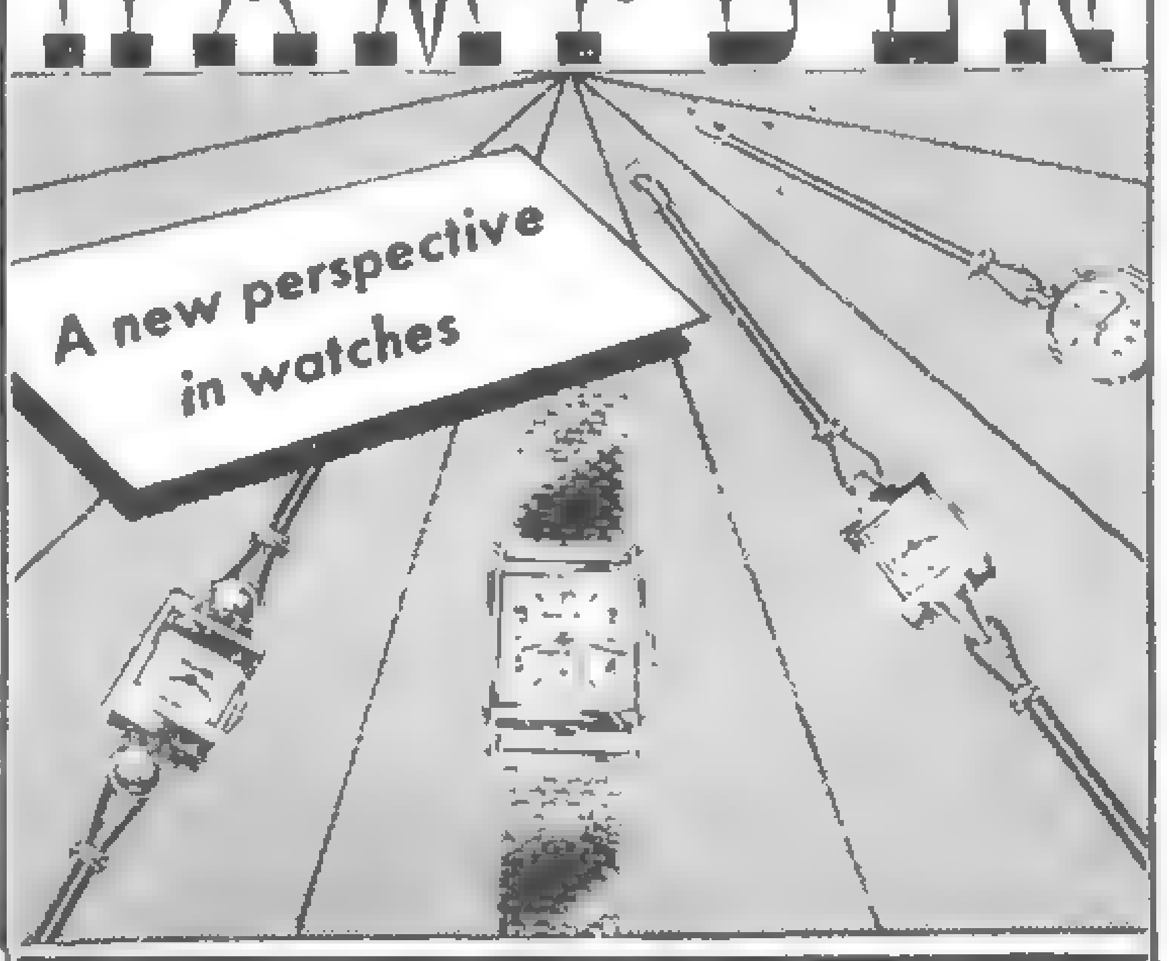
HAMPDEN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Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc., N. Y. 5

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Florida Water

"he-man" shave lotion
If you're a "he-man", Murray & Lanman's Florida Water is for you! Soothing, after shave. Peppy rub-down... keeps you immaculate because it's an effective deodorant.
popular $1 size at drug and dept. stores

also
famous formula for the hair
Barry's TRICOPHEROUS
"He-man" way to keep hair well-groomed, neat. 50¢ the bottle.

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FOR STREET WEAR - FOR SPORTS WEAR
CREPE-SOLED and *Hand Sewn*

MEN'S Moccasins by Mosher

EISENDRATH'S PURITAN CALF WITH CREPE RUBBER SOLE!

A YEAR 'ROUND FAVORITE WITH ALL THESE FEATURES!

★ GENUINE HAND-STITCHING for extra comfort and long-wearing durability ★ ALL CREPE SOLE AND HEEL —the first post-war shoe to bring you this pre-war luxury —in Blond Calf ★ FULL MOCCASIN DESIGN for easy wearing, yet trim and "dressy" enough for regular street use ★ PERFECT FIT.

Direct-to-You at this *EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICE!*
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Send me__________pairs of Mosher Moccasin Crepe Sole Shoes!______C.O.D.______Check __________Money Order for $9.85 per pair is enclosed.
Name____________________
Address__________________
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Size and width____________(or copy all numbers in your favorite shoe)

"Down the MISSISSIPPI"

. . . went many a barrel of James Crow's famous whiskey

Along the broad rivers to the far corners
of the land, Colonel Crow's superb Kentucky whiskey travelled
with the men who made the nation.
Today, it is known and enjoyed throughout the world.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
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Those in the know...ask for

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT – BOTTLED · IN · BOND

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A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

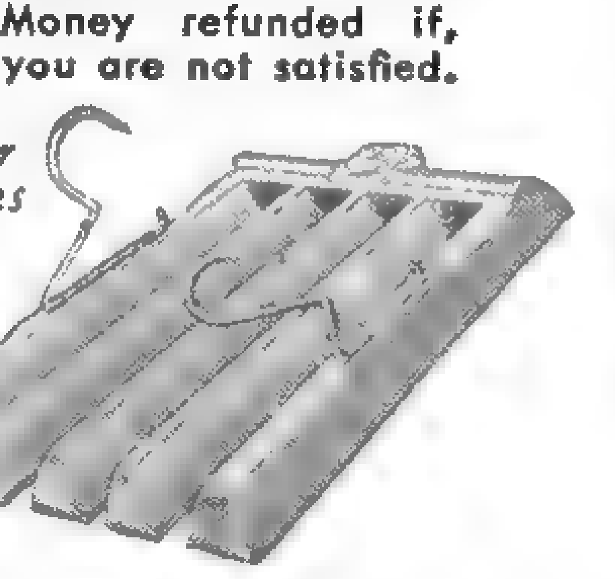
Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

ENTIRELY NEW IDEA IN CLOTHES-HANGING
The 4 some
$2.50

What a smart new idea in closet accessories! It takes a bare six inches of space, yet holds four skirts or trousers with no jamming or crushing. Just slip them in (trousers at the cuff, skirts at the waistband) and they hang full length, with no clamp marks or folds from overlapping to spoil a perfect pressing job. You can slide any garment on or off instantly, without disturbing the others. THE 4-SOME is ready to hang from a closet rod. No carpentry required. No bother or fuss. Available in walnut or ivory finish.

Send check or money order. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Money refunded if, within 10 days, you are not satisfied.

Especially handy for traveling. Metal Hooks fold flat. Tuck the 4-SOME in luggage like a book.



Hollis Co. 11 Commerce St. Newark 2, N.J. Dept. H-9
Please send..................4-SOMES @ $2.50 each.
Indicate color ☐ Walnut ☐ Ivory
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Address..
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NEW PIPE MAGAZINE

All about pipes, tobaccos, lots of pictures, ideas, articles, new pipes, useful hints. At pipe shops, newsstands, 25c. Issued monthly. $2.50 year. Free sample. PIPE LOVERS, 532A Pine, Long Beach, Cal.

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DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE
FOR SPORTS AND LEISURE

ORDER BY MAIL
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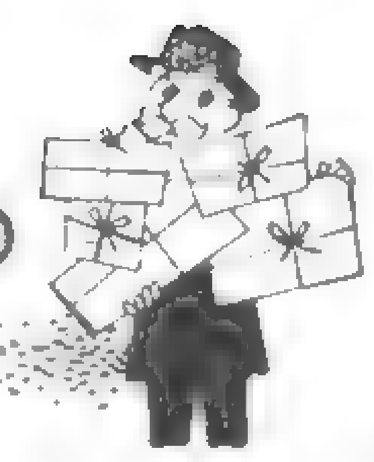
ADLER
DEL RIO

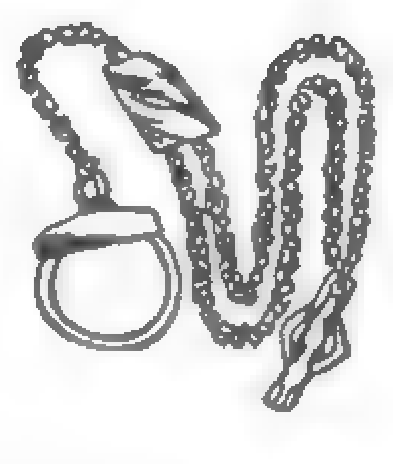
Smart, cool, comfortable from toe to heel, top to bottom. Ventilated interlacing connects all-leather upper with leather sole and heel. Hand-woven along sides and back; hand-made throughout! Rich dark brown. Sizes: 7 to 12.

SEND NO MONEY!

E-6
ADLER SHOPS for MEN
249 W. 42 St., New York
Gentlemen: Send me....... pairs "Del Rio." I will pay postman $8.95 per pair plus postage. If not entirely satisfied, I may return shoes within 10 days for refund of purchase price, providing shoes are not soiled.
SHOE SIZE......WIDTH........SIZE......WIDTH.......
NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY.....................................STATE...........................

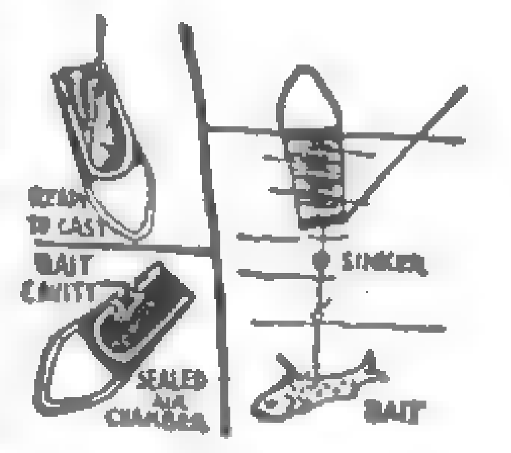
Talking Shop with Esquire



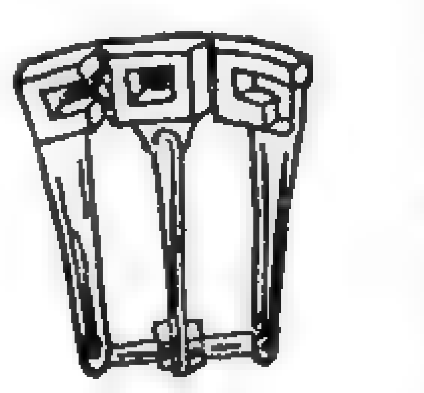


GLIDER KEY CHAIN. Here's a key chain that does your reaching for you. It extends from normal length to about 30 inches, by gosh! Lengthens and shortens easily by means of a slot, and stays firmly at any desired length. End of gold plated chain can be clipped to your trousers.

WEEKEND REMEMBRANCE. Mint Julep time is coming up ... what better gift for your weekend host than a snazzy julep set. What, you ask, is a julep set? Simply this: 8 white jacket covers appliqued with green mint leaves (a jacket cover is one of those knit sweaters you put around a highball glass to keep the chill in the glass and off your paws); a mint muddler, indispensable in making a good julep when you have to pound heck out of the leaves. Muddler is fashioned of maple, the only wood, they say, that will not leave a taste; a sturdy canvas ice bag bound in green tape, and a hickory headed ice mallet.



BAIT RETRIEVER. A nifty metal gadget whose sole job in life is to retrieve plugs and hooks caught on snags. Easy and quick in operation, it slips onto the line, zooms into the water where its impact frees the line. Consider, too, the bait-saver float. This plastic device has a bait cavity which is hermetically sealed from the buoyant air chamber, thus eliminating the possibility of water logging. Float weighs only half an ounce, yet has a bait cavity large enough to accommodate the baits used for bass, perch, pike, etc. During the entire casting operation, the baited hook is inside the float. When float strikes the water, the baited hook falls from the float and sinks to the desired fishing depth.



BUCKLE BEAUTIFUL. Another personalized gift ... a belt buckle monogrammed with three handmade letters cut out of one modern piece of metal. Massive, block letters, smartly masculine. For a modest sum you can order the buckle in silver ... for more moola, in gold.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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GIVE A "DANDY" Gift Set and you give the FINEST

HANDSOME SIMULATED LEATHER GIFT BOX

The NEW Automatic EJECTOR CIGARETTE CASE and Automatic LIGHTER Sterling Silver Plated

Made of Dupont "LUCITE" in Opak Maroon

$10.95 INCLUDES FED. TAX and MAILING

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO

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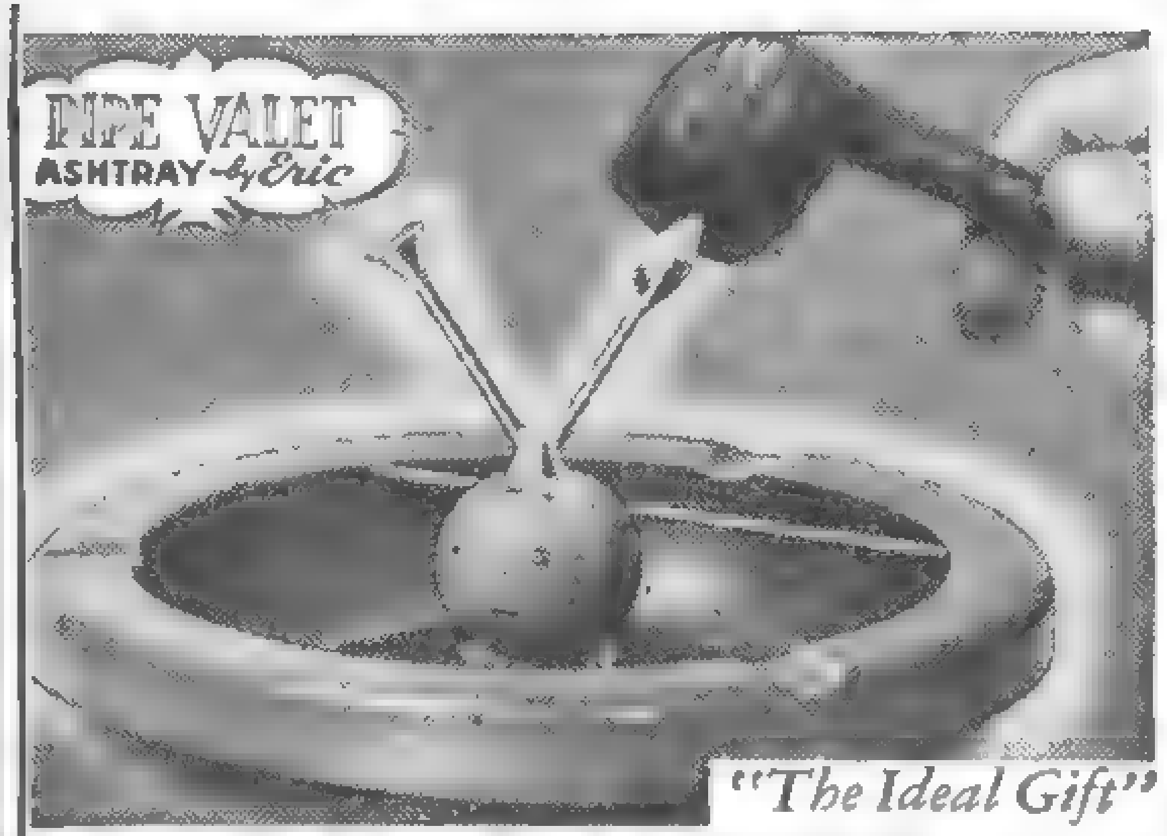
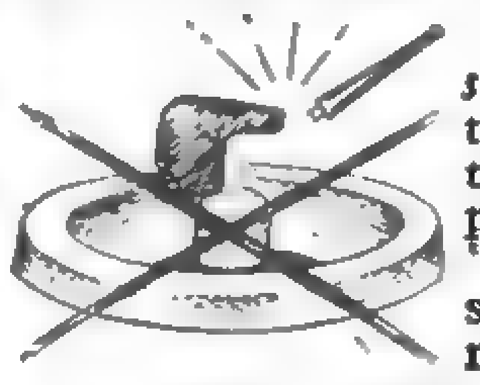
NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



"The Ideal Gift"

PIPE ASHTRAY

Designed specifically for pipe smokers ... PIPE VALET by ERIC with patented V pipe tool and knocker combination ... always finger-tip handy.



No chipped bowls or broken stems ... loosen the ashes on the "Spade," a few gentle taps on the knocker ... presto, a clean pipe bowl. The "Tamper" packs the tobacco snugly, makes lighting and re-lighting easy.

The PIPE VALET ashtray is a man-sized handsome deep metal tray, in rich bronze finish, with piperack and scratchproof felt bottom. Every pipe smoker needs PIPE VALET ashtrays for office, den and living room. only $2.50

NO RISK TRIAL COUPON

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☐ I enclose $2.50 each for........................ PIPE VALETS. Send Postpaid.
☐ Send....PIPE VALETS COD. plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Superb All-Plastic Playing Cards That Stay Fresh!

Washable! Fray-Proof! Stain-Proof!
REAL ECONOMY
Will outlast 150-200 ordinary decks

MIRACLE PLASTIKARDS, the preferred playing cards, wear longer ... remain crisp, snappy, glossy, distinctively new looking. Two colorful decks, contrasting designs, in beautiful cases. Ideal gifts. Sold at leading stores everywhere.

Style 850 (above). In natural color Wood Grain (illus.) or Rainbow designs. Exquisite Cloisonne-design plastic case....$8.50

Style 900. Life-like, multiple color Bird and Dog designs in handsome Lucite case........$10.00

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Pipedom's Aristocrat

The Jobey Pipe

of Centuries Old Imported Briar and Centuries Old Jobey Skill

PEER of pipes, flawlessly crafted. Distinguished for the perfect grain of its matchless briar, the glowing depth of its superb plum finish, the unique comfort of its handcut Jobey bit. Exclusively processed to give you—with no break-in—your most satisfying smoke.

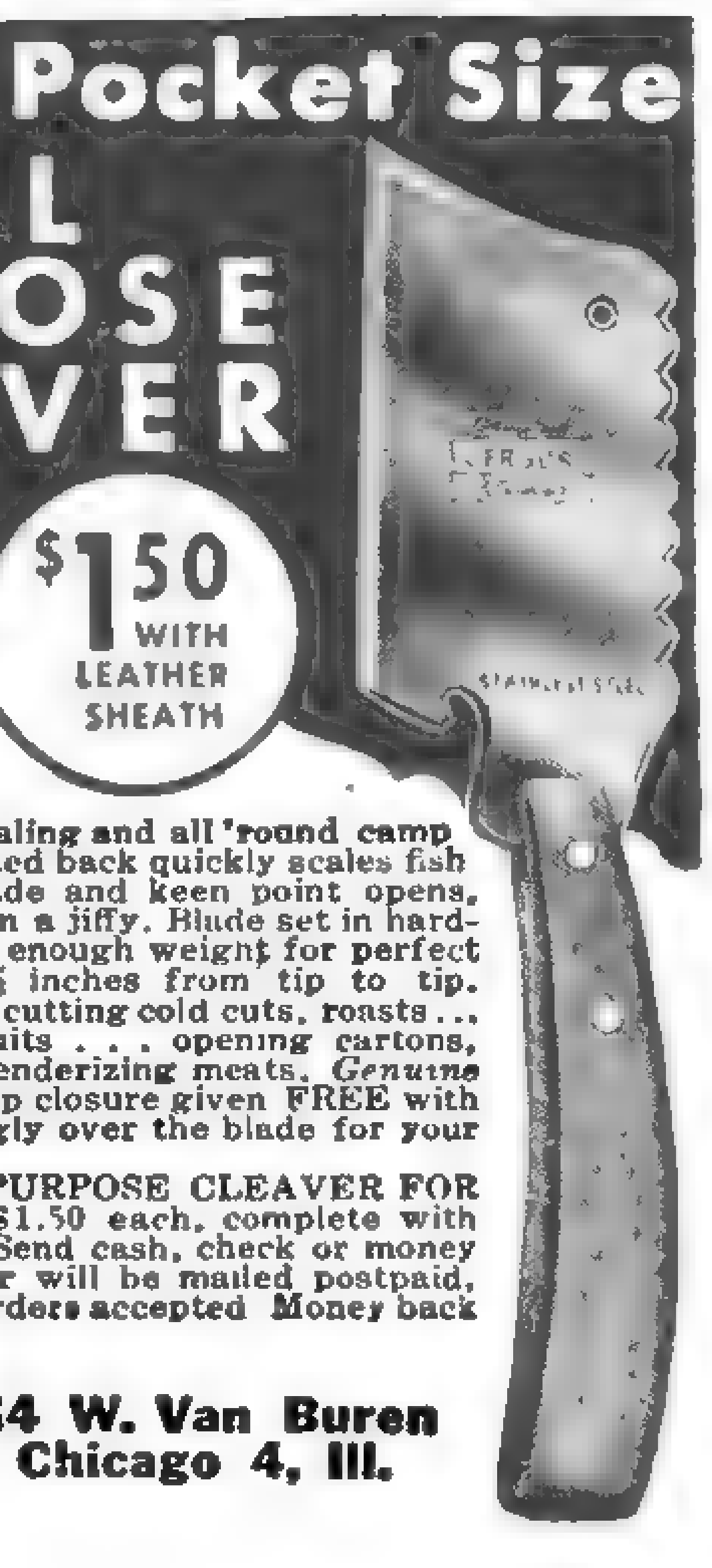
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED IN YOUR FAVORITE SHAPE $5.00
JOBEY VIRGIN BRIAR $7.50
JOBEY NUT BRUYERE $6.00

At fine pipe shops or write for Booklet C
Norwalk Pipe Co. 218 E. 26th St. N. Y. C.

NEW! Pocket Size ALL PURPOSE CLEAVER

$1.50 WITH LEATHER SHEATH

Here's An Ideal Father's Day Gift for Sportsmen!



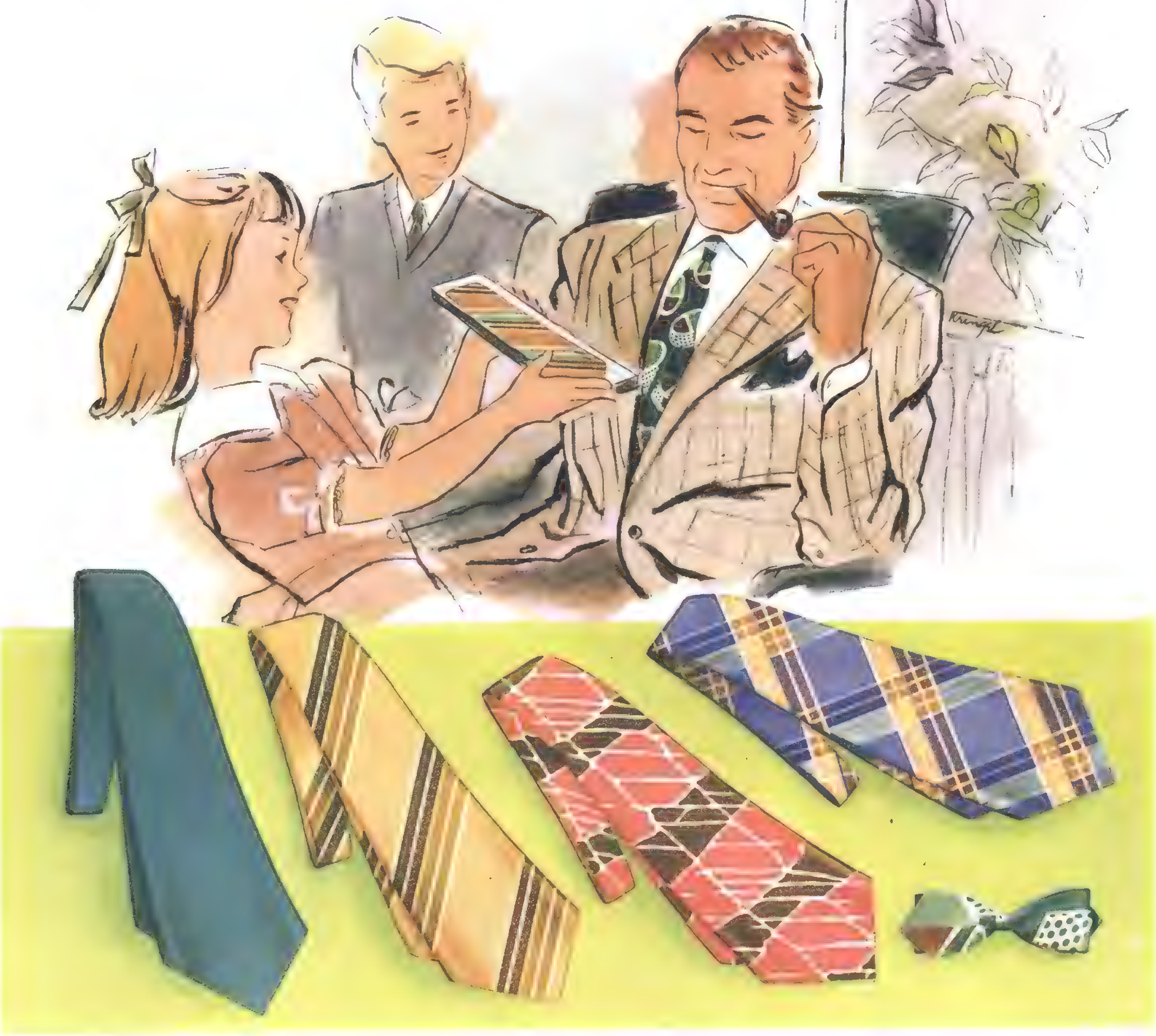
First *practical* fish-scaling and all 'round camp and kitchen aid! Notched back quickly scales fish ... stainless steel blade and keen point opens, cleans and bones fish in a jiffy. Blade set in hardwood handle with just enough weight for perfect balance. Measures 8½ inches from tip to tip. Also for home use ... cutting cold cuts, roasts ... slicing vegetables, fruits ... opening cartons, bottles ... boning, tenderizing meats. *Genuine leather sheath* with snap closure given FREE with each Cleaver. Fits snugly over the blade for your protection.
ORDER YOUR ALL PURPOSE CLEAVER FOR DAD TODAY! Only $1.50 each, complete with *Free* leather sheath. Send cash, check or money order ... your Cleaver will be mailed postpaid, immediately. C.O.D. orders accepted Money back if not satisfied.

FORBEES 54 W. Van Buren
Chicago 4, Ill.

Father's Day... To make Dad feel young

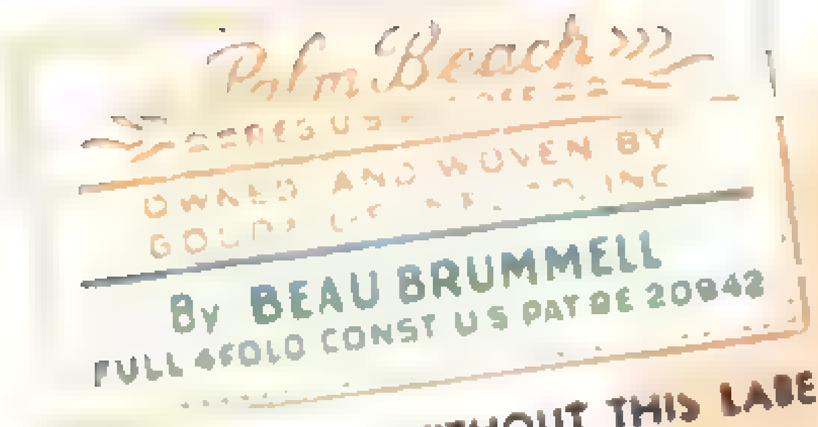
4FOLD PALM BEACH TIES by *Beau Brummell*

make Dad look young!



And he'll look every bit as youthful as he feels when he steps out in a refreshingly crisp and cool 4Fold Palm Beach Tie by Beau Brummell. Surprise him with several — enough to wear with all his summer outfits. 4Fold Palm Beach Ties remain serenely unwrinkled, even when the mercury's riding high! Tailored in the exclusive, patented 4Fold Construction that knots easier, looks better than any other tie Dad has ever owned! *One Dollar*

Other handsome Beau Brummell Ties . . . up to Seven-Fifty



NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

ORIGINAL **4FOLD** NO LINING **PALM BEACH TIES**
by Beau Brummell

A DATE TO REMEMBER . . . . FATHER'S DAY . . . . JUNE 15TH

coming your way!

. . . ***A Trusted Buying Guide*** to quality wool sportswear for men . . . the Pacific label. Yes, this already famous guarantee of buying satisfaction will be found in sport shirts, sport slacks, walking shorts, play shorts, and bathing trunks. Look for the Pacific label when you buy. It identifies the item as made from fine fabric . . . Pacific fabric . . . presaging sportswear of excellent styling, quality and value.

LOOK TO THE fabric FIRST—BUY PACIFIC

Look for this name on sportswear by
The Manhattan Shirt Co., McGregor and Jantzen

Pacific
Worsteds Woolens

PACIFIC MILLS, WORSTED DIVISION, 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

there's always a smart head under a straw hat!

Here's a level-headed word of advice—Smart heads will be covered with straw hats this summer. And smart heads go places faster!

So snag the *right* straw hat for you—and make time in your social and business life. That's how to make a Successful Appearance, and show good taste and good prospects, from train to office to luncheon to dinner club. You'll look like a cool million from start to finish.

No reservation is needed to get the *right* straw! Just visit your *Recognized Hatter* —and let expert fitters help you choose the straw that's shaped, shaded and styled *right* for your face, build and personality!

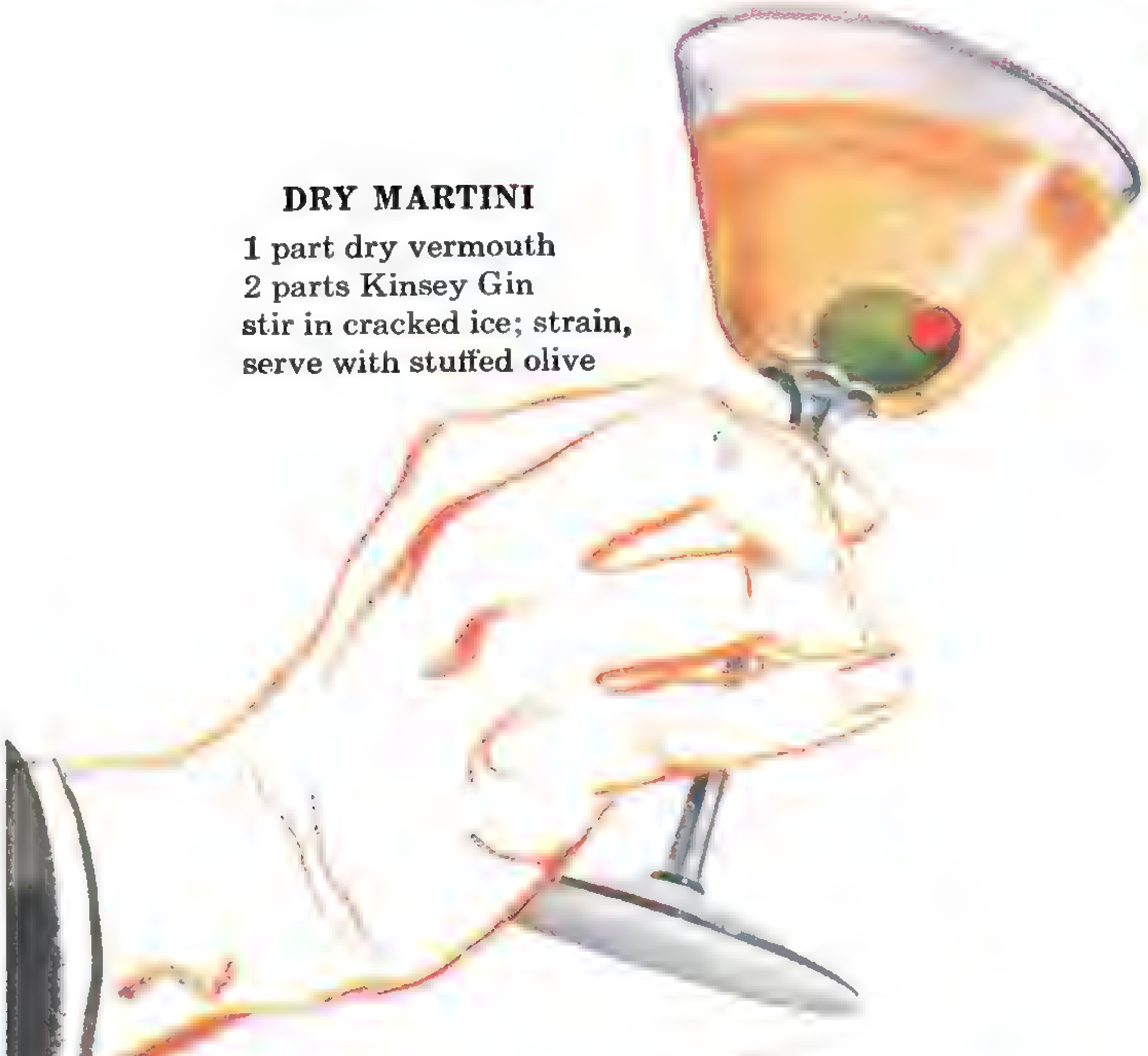
RECOGNIZED
Hat Research Foundation
1946-47
HATTER

you make time in the right straw

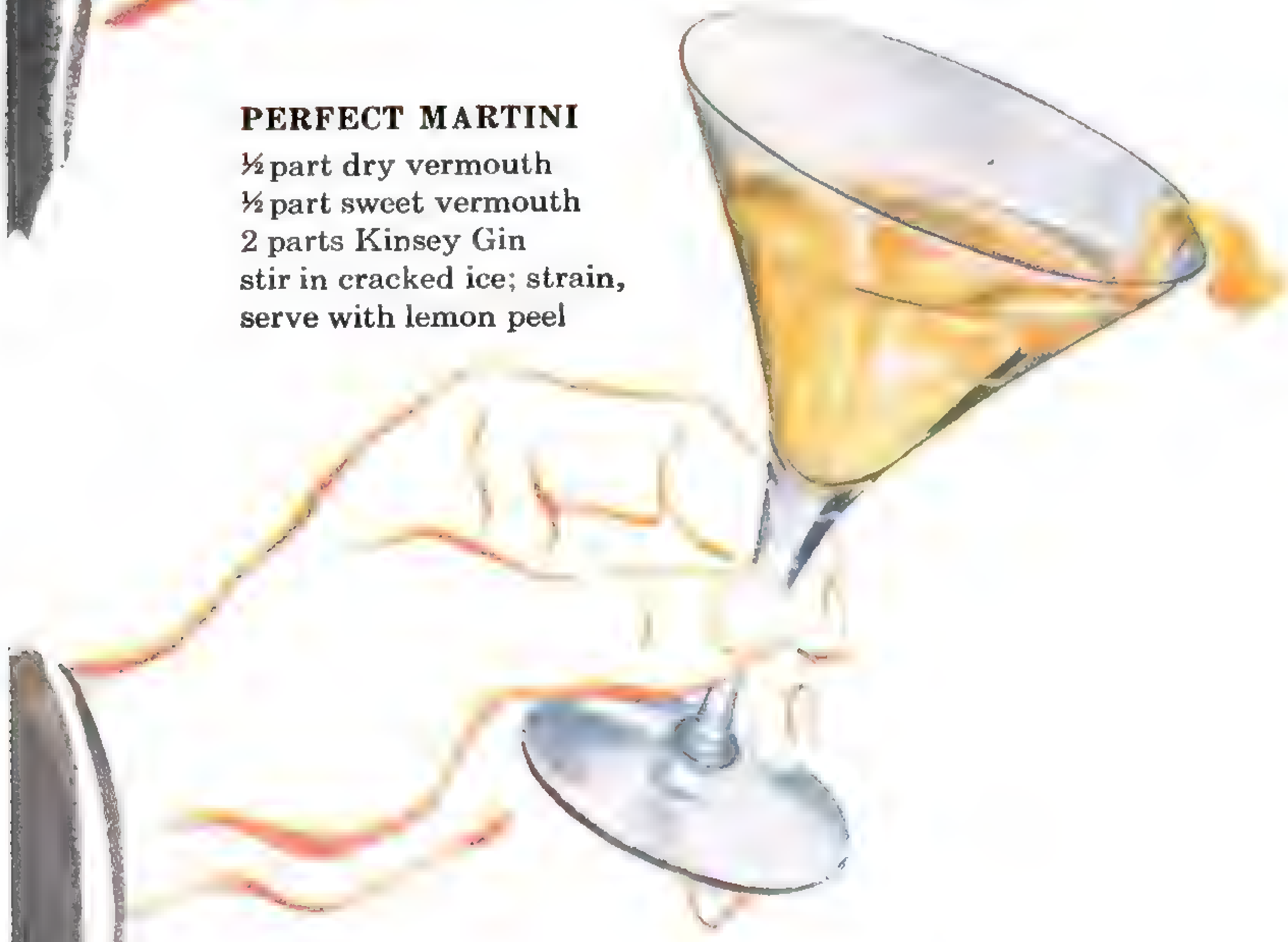
this plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

The question before the bar is . . . which martini?

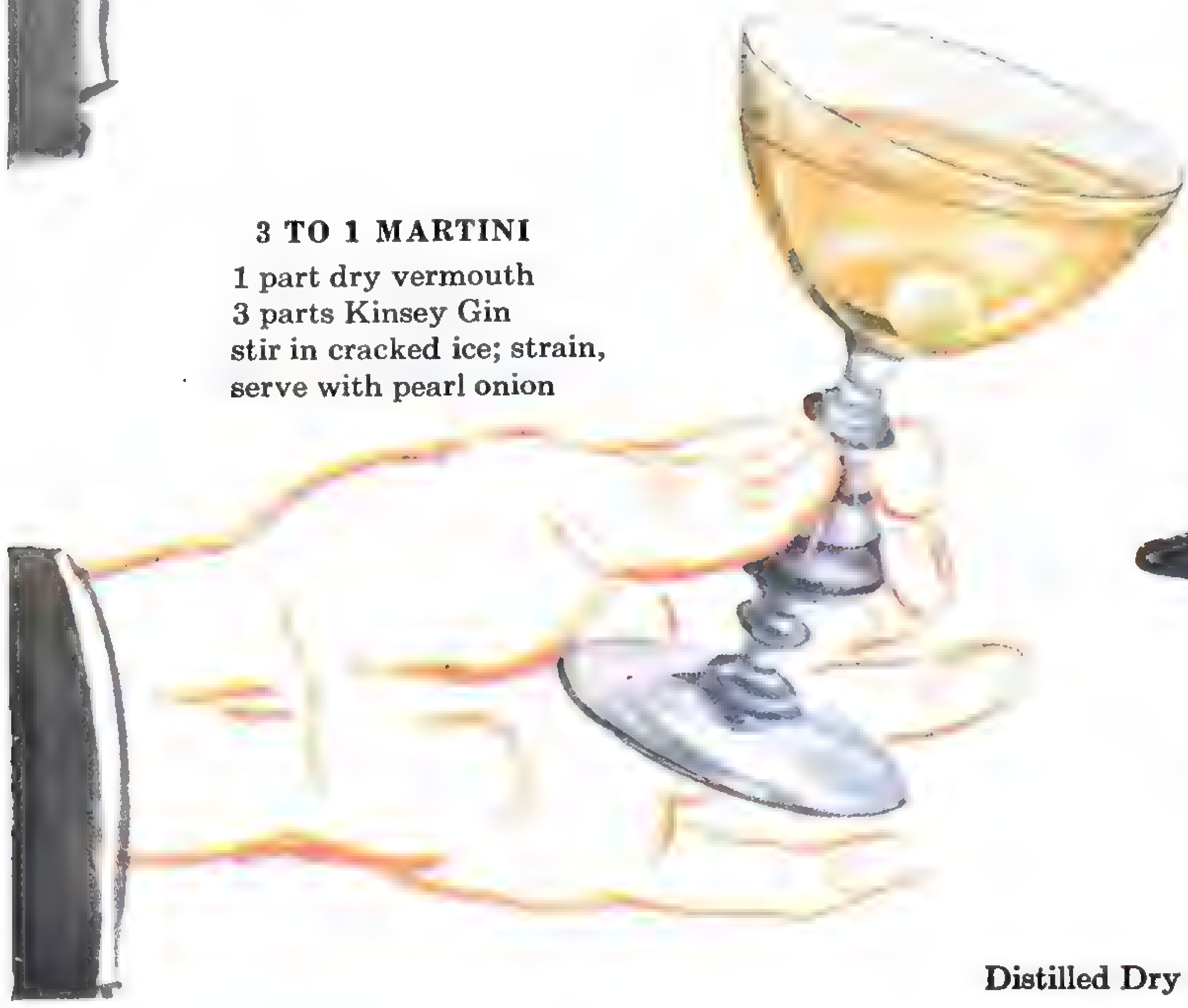
DRY MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with stuffed olive



PERFECT MARTINI
½ part dry vermouth
½ part sweet vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with lemon peel



3 TO 1 MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
3 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with pearl onion



Let's face it: every martini-mixer thinks he has the best recipe in the world.

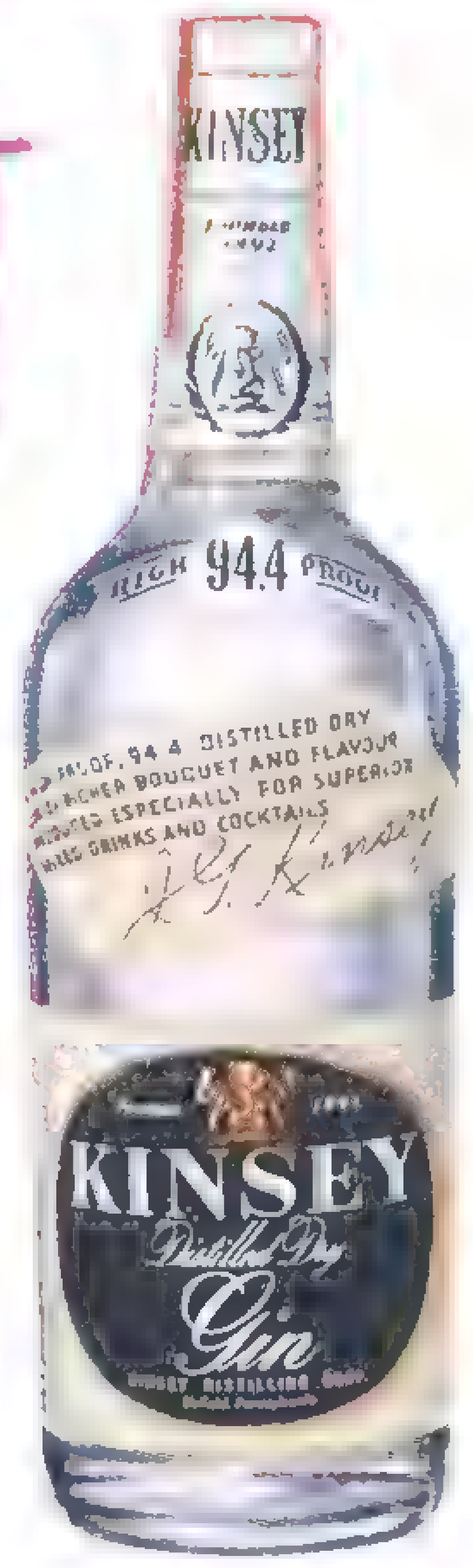
Confidentially, a good martini is a matter of taste. But whether you like 'em dry or sweet . . . with olive or without . . . with onion or lemon peel . . . you'll like 'em *better* with Kinsey Gin.

Kinsey, the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth.
The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne.
And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming with flavor.

Maybe you're missing something by not trying a *new* martini recipe for a change. You're *certainly* missing something if you don't make your martinis with Kinsey Gin.

Try a smooth Kinsey martini . . . tonight!

KINSEY GIN



It's 94.4 PROOF
It's GENIAL
It's DRY

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

Just the* Kit for the Man who Travels

SHAVE CREAM
COMPLETE WITH RAZOR·BLADES·SHAVE CREAM·TOOTH BRUSH AND TOOTH PASTE

* ROK-KIT NEW PLASTIC CASE

$2 at your dealers. If he doesn't have it, we will send you one postpaid for $2.00

An ideal gift...one that every man will appreciate and use. When closed, it fits into coat pocket or car pocket easily. It is 5-1/4" long by 3-13/16" wide, when closed as illustrated in the circle. Beautiful new color tones that harmonize with any traveling outfit. All articles held firmly in place. Illus. above shows kit open.

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WOVEN NAMES
for CAMP & VACATION
PROTECT AGAINST LOSS!

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unique
distinctive
exquisite

HAND PAINTED NECKWEAR

Add that discriminating touch to your wardrobe . . . Exclusive hand brushed ties, in full, rich color. A wide selection of stock illustrations or your own exclusive subject —expertly painted from your own favorite photograph . . . on the finest of fabrics. Unique . . . Distinctive . . . Exquisite. The ideal gift for Father's Day . . .

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Stock patterns include horse, dog, sailfish, hunter and golf scene. State two color choices when ordering. Enclose check or money order.

BY *Wilfred*

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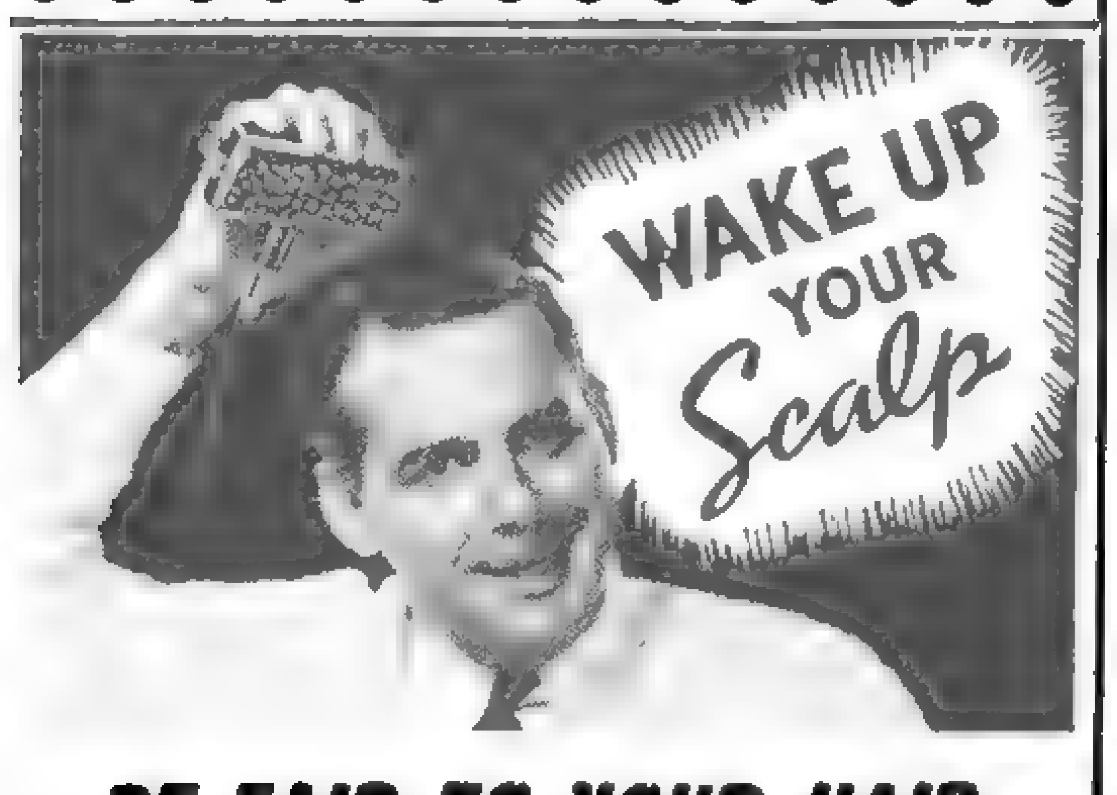
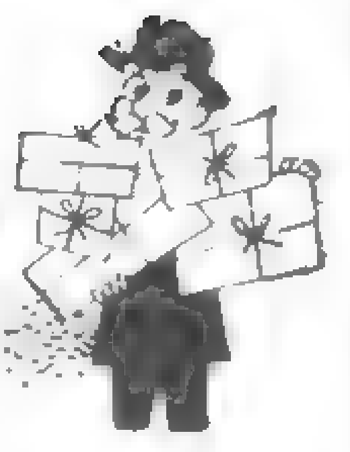


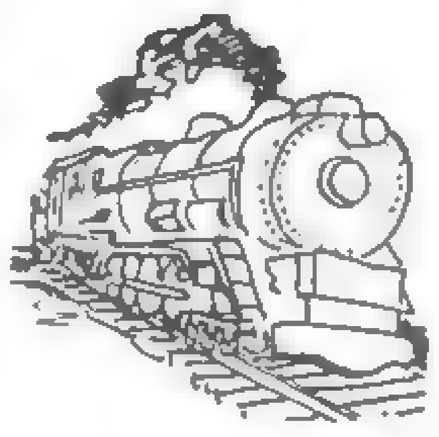
BE FAIR TO YOUR HAIR

Want better-looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended *brushing* . . . vigorous, frequent, regular *brushing* as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp *really* clean and stimulates life-giving blood supply *in your scalp.* Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Write *now* for complete information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer.
Hershey Mfg. Co., 167 S. LaSalle St, Chicago

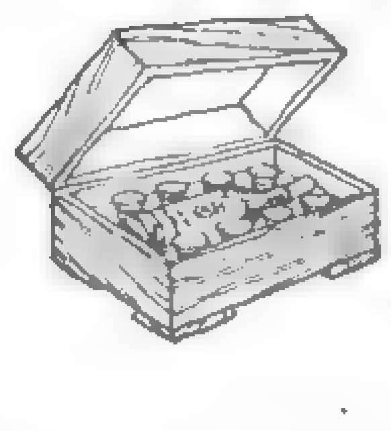
Talking Shop with Esquire



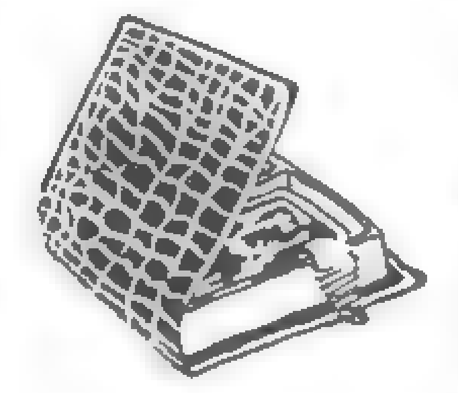
RAILROAD MAGNATE. Let's face it, Pop's just a big boy when it comes to horning in on Junior's electric train set. Why not stop family encroachments and buy Dad a train of his own? Preferably one of the new streamline models that whistle, smoke and what have you. Coal cars, baggage cars, caboose . . . the whole realistic works.



"HOW DRY I AM." A new musical liquor cabinet plays this bar room ditty when the lid is lifted. Cabinet measures 12" x 9" x 4" and has space for any fifth size bottle, comes complete with 8 whiskey glasses and two removable trays which can be used as handy drink servers.

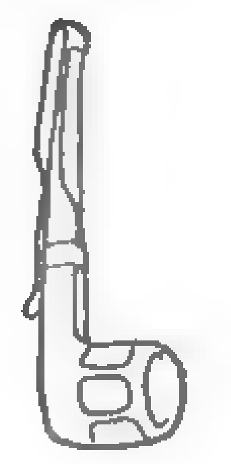


CARD CASE LUXURY. Here's something that will proudly grace his desk at home or in the office. It's a book-shaped playing card case in genuine lizard, baby alligator, pigskin, morocco or calf, with 24 kt. gold-plated frame and trim. The case contains two decks of cards in a really un-hackneyed design. Handsome Greek and Turkish pottery designs, colorful audubons, tapestry patterns. Cases can also be used for cuff links, cigarettes, etc.



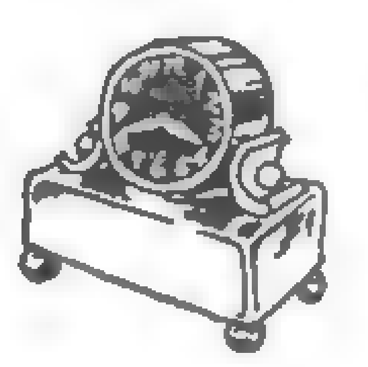
FOR DAD'S VACATION . . . a box of cigarettes, each cig bearing the message "Bon Voyage" or "Happy Landing." You can also have his full signature, first name or initials to personalize each smoke.

IT'S A PIPE. A tie slide in the novelty shape of a gold colored pipe. Smokers will go for this plenty.



PIPE TAMPER NEWS. If Dad's a pipe smoker, here's a gadget that will save soiled, burned fingers and cut down on low smoke mileage per match. The metal contrivance clips right onto the pipe bowl and acts as a tamper. Not only tamps tobacco with a flick of the finger, but eliminates flying ashes and excessive caking. Clip can be used to empty the bowl, too.

"THE MELODY LINGERS ON." Awaken father gently with a new alarm clock which tinkles forth a pleasing melody by way of an alarm. Soothing, yet insistent. The clock itself, has a black dial and a luminous face.



Ranger

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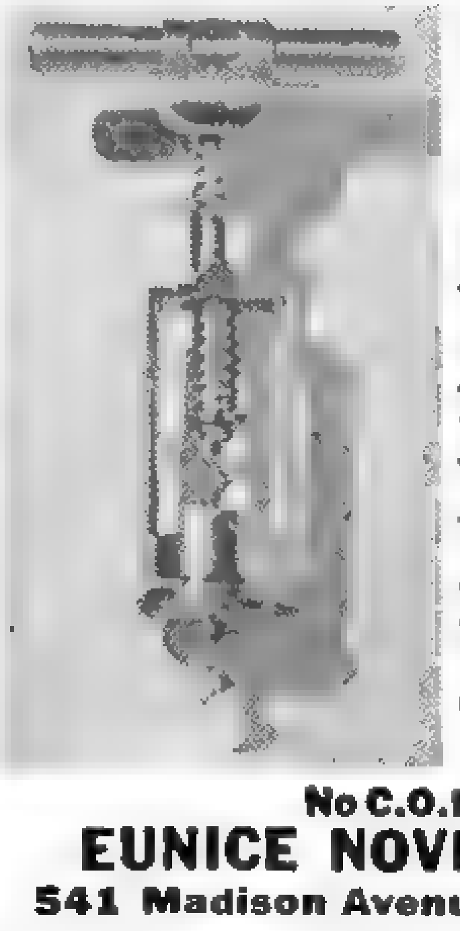
Stainless Steel Self Pulling CORKSCREW



The easiest way to pull a cork from a bottle without breaking is by screwing the corkscrew into the cork, throwing the lever over, just keep turning and out comes the cork, without any effort or breakage. No. home should be without one. $4.95 Postpaid

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AUTOMOBILE COMPASS

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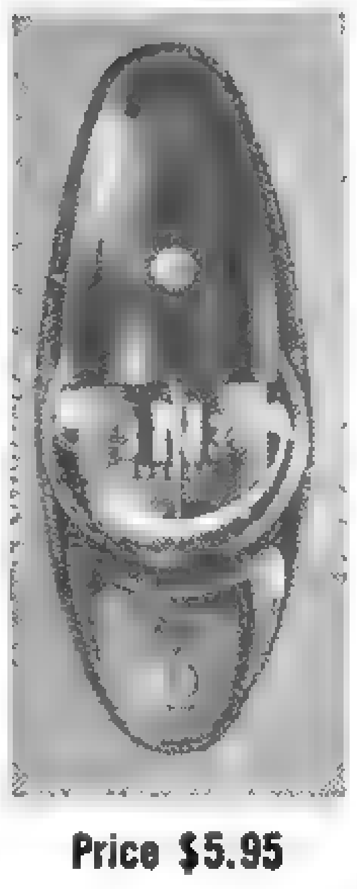

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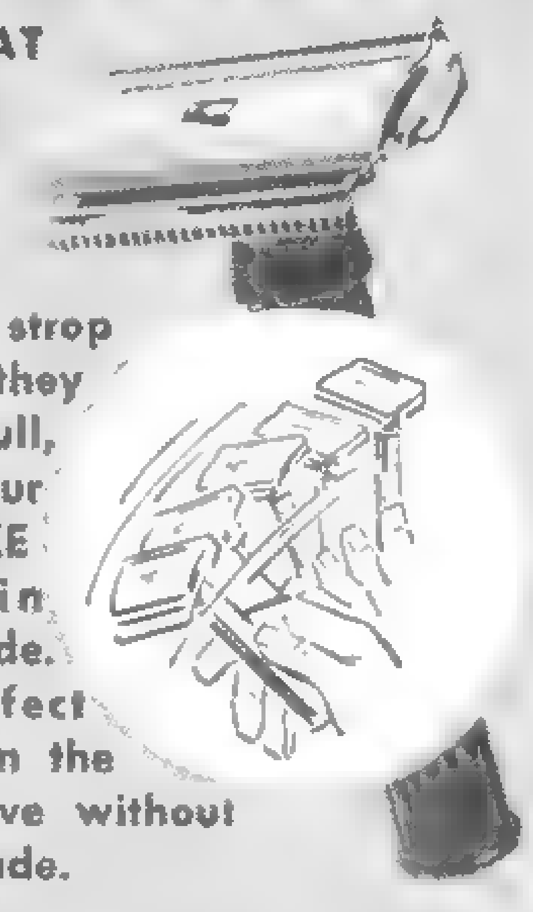
Use a bunch of razors, with brand new blades and switch them when you feel one going dull . . .

BETTER YET — shave the velvet-cut way with the ONE razor,

"SHAKE SHARP"

THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITSELF!



Just as barbers strop their razors when they feel them going dull, an easy flick of your wrist slides SHAKE SHARP'S built-in hone over your blade. Brings it to perfect sharpness even in the middle of a shave without removing the blade.

No taking apart for washing, either. Just shake it under hot water. Every part that might possibly rust is gold-plated. Uses any double-edged blade and seldom needs a new one.

Put SHAKE SHARP on your list for Dad this Father's Day!

$3.98 in handsome gift container at Department Stores and Drug Stores

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3301 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, N. Y.

Havana Cigars

Try a box of fine CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS. Best quality long filler, direct from manufacturer.
LONGFELLOWS—5¼" long, box of 50—$7.00
PERFECTOS—5" long, box of 25—$3.50

C.O.D. OR CHECK
SUAREZ & CRESPO
55 Fulton Street • New York 7, N. Y.

AMERICA'S BEST DRESSED MEN ARE WEARING THE MUSTANG

ORDER BY MAIL $7.95

Rugged two-tone beauty with plenty of 'heart.' The vamp and tongue are cool white; the rest, a deep, rich brown. Genuine leather upper, leather heel and long-wearing, double thick sole. Sizes: 8C to 12C; 6D to 12D; 6E to 12E.

SEND NO MONEY!

E-6M
ADLER SHOPS for MEN
249 W. 42 St., New York

Gentlemen: Send me....... pairs "Mustang." I will pay postman $7.95 per pair plus postage. If not entirely satisfied, I may return shoes within 10 days for refund of purchase price, providing shoes are not soiled.

SHOE SIZE......WIDTH........SIZE......WIDTH.......
NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY.................................STATE.....................

The Story of Ω

In 1848 a small group of the world's finest watch makers set themselves the task of creating the most accurate watch human hands could make. And they called the watch they made Omega, after the last letter of the Greek alphabet . . . a letter which had become the symbol of the ultimate in achievement. Let us see how close these proud guildsmen came to realizing their dreams.

- Today, almost one hundred years later, the Omega is recognized the world over as one of the most accurate instruments of time yet conceived by man. As highly valued in Bangkok as in Boston. As easy to buy in South Africa as in South Dakota.
- Since 1933, Omega has won the highest accuracy rating awarded at the British National Observatory . . . in 1940, Omega achieved the highest rating ever recorded by a wristwatch there.
- Recently, at the Geneva Observatory Competition, Omega surpassed its own previous world record.
- Omega has been used again and again as the official timepiece of the Olympic games, where a fraction of a second decides a world championship. It has already been chosen as the exclusive timepiece for the 1948 Olympic games in both London and St. Moritz.
- As watches have become more and more an accessory of fashion, the makers of Omega have won esteem as leading watch stylists.
- Today, the face and case of Omega watches, designed for both men and women, are as beautiful as the Omega mechanism within.
- Omega is the maker of two new watches for those who would reach into the achievements of the future. The self-winding Omega Automatic. And the Omega Chronometer, a precision watch accompanied by its own official timing certificate testifying to its unbelievable accuracy in different positions and under varying conditions of heat and cold.
- Omega watches are obtainable at fine jewelers all over the United States, and indeed the world.
- A legend persists that Omega watches are wonderful, of course, but very expensive. Actually they vary considerably in price, and you can buy one for as little as $60.
- You should own an Omega.

Illustrated is the 17-jewel Omega Automatic, acclaimed by many jewelers as the world's finest, thinnest, completely automatic wristwatch.

OMEGA

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IT HAD TO BE BETTER TO ENJOY SUCH
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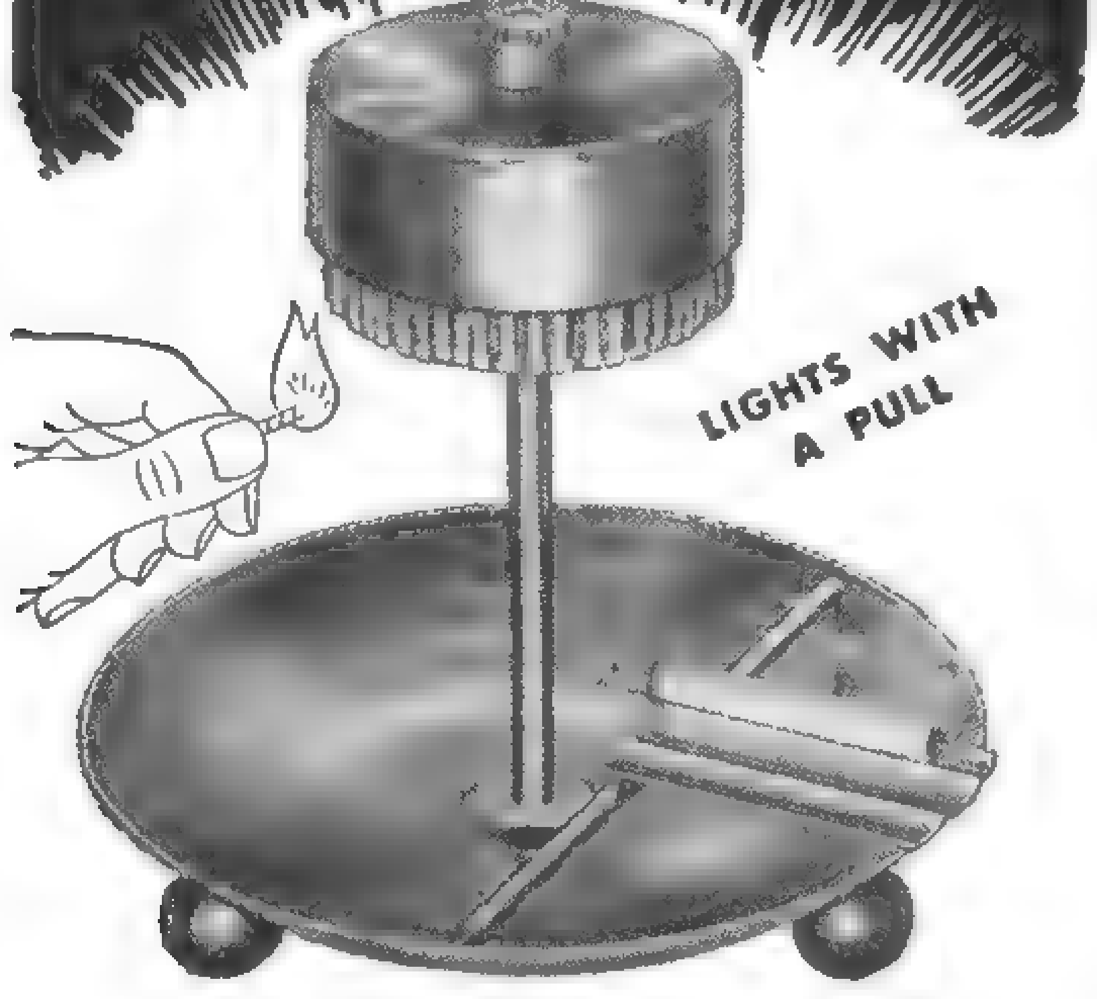

NEW Light-up DELIGHT FOR "THE OLD MAN"

for DAD'S DAY

He'll get a bang out of a handy, swanky Pullmatch stand. Illustrated is the deluxe model . . . No. 40 . . . solid brass, plated in mirror-like chromium. Man-size ash tray. With 7 rolls of matches (1750 lights). $5.00

Also available . . . No. 37 . . . Colorful plastic cap, polished nickel stem, 7 in. lustrous black bakelite tray with 3 rolls of matches, $2.50

Also get him the handy WALL DISPENSER for den or workshop. With 3 rolls of matches, only 75c.

As an "extra" Dad will like a Desk Ring for home or office. Only 25c with 1 roll of matches, or with 3 rolls, 50c.

Pullmatches can be mailed!

DEN DISPENSER

DESK RING

At your favorite store . . .
or order direct from
THE KILGORE MFG. CO.
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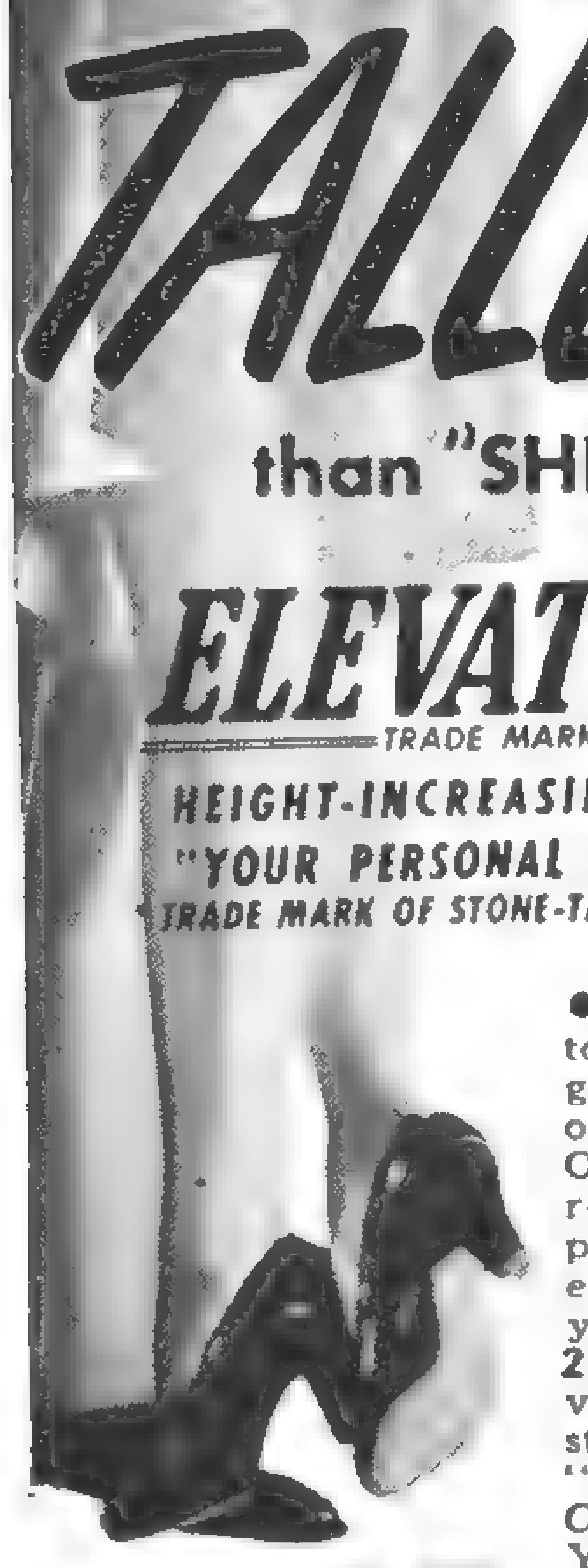
MARK GOLF BALLS

"BALLMARK" stamps name indelibly INTO golf balls!. Avoid mixups, stolen balls! Lost balls returned to you! Attractive, strong, 2-tone plastic...with name in metal type...self-contained ink supply. Attractively packaged. Buy for self and gifts.

Complete with any name **$2.**

At your favorite store, pro shop, mail order house or order direct. Ohio residents, add 6 cents Sales Tax

HOLIDAY Products Co., Dayton 1, Ohio



ADLER MAKES MEN TALLER

Now you can be

TALLER

than "SHE" is in

ELEVATORS*
TRADE MARK

HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
*TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

● Some men want to be TALLER to get places with the opposite sex. Others, for business reasons or social prestige. But *whatever* the reason, you can be almost **2 inches TALLER** the very instant you step into a pair of "ELEVATORS". *Confidentially*, too. Yes, it's UP to you if you want to go UP in the world.

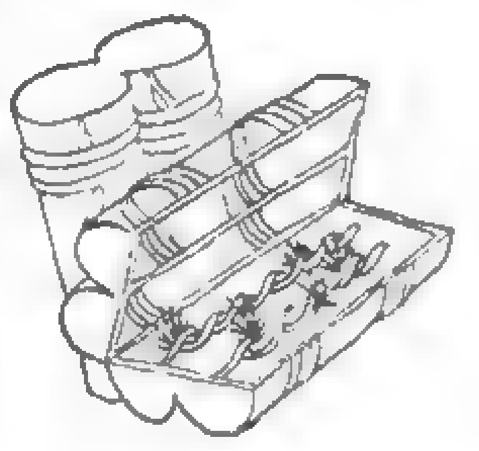
ADLER SHOES for MEN
Dept. E6-47
249 W. 42 St., N.Y. 18
Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER.
Send your Booklet in full color.

Name
Address
City State

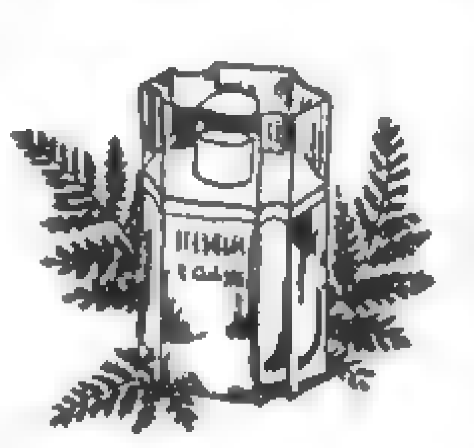
†Copr. 1941 Adler Sons Shoe Corp

Talking Shop with Esquire

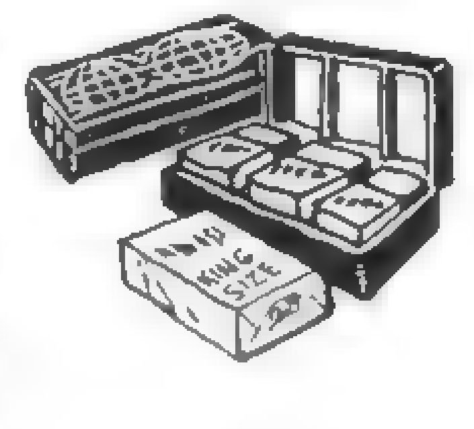
EASY ONE HAND. Here's a plastic fly box that opens with a flick of the thumb, to give you immediate selection of the fly of your choice. Flies are kept in prime condition, as they are individually separated by the coils of rust-proof springs. Can't be dislodged by wind gusts and are easily dried without having to be dismounted from the container. The box is pocket size, durable and exceedingly lightweight.



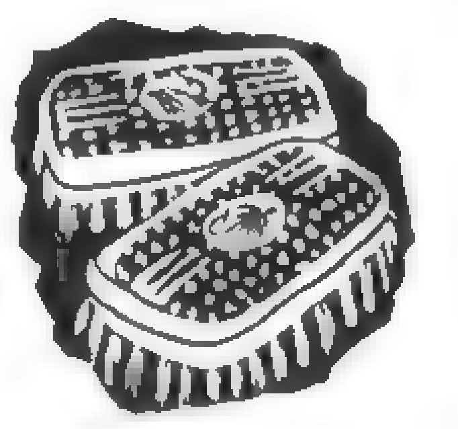
FERN FRAGRANT. One of the renowned men's toiletry manufacturers has had the temerity to come right out with it, sans hedging: they've produced a bottle of *scented toilet water.* They admit its prime function is to make you smell good. It's a dandy odor, brisk, fern-like, unobtrusive, but pleasant. Dames like it. On you it's becoming, they say. The flacon has a gold-tone stopper and a fancy overcap of clear lucite.



THE TRAVELER. Itinerant gentlemen will be pleased to learn of a new travel kit which is scarcely larger than three packs of king-size cigarettes laid side by side, yet holds three two-ounce flasks of shave lotion, cologne, talc or a choice of hair-dressing and deodorant. The lustrous plastic case is embossed with Eastern and Western hemispheres in a travel theme which includes symbolic figures of the four winds. Flasks are leak-proof and square-cornered for maximum capacity and to prevent them from rolling when laid on shelf or dresser.



A SPORTSMAN'S BRUSHES. Fishing fanatics or even chaps who never whipped a stream, will greet this item with acclaim. Military brushes, clothes brushes or club brushes with real hand-tied flies sealed in their heavy lucite backs. Parmacheene belle, Montreal, Red Ibis and others, too. Handsome beauties all. A real angle for a real angler.



KEEP IN CIRCULATION with a new electric vibrator. So easy to operate you can read a book or smoke while manipulating the roller on your face, neck or hair. Vibrator measures 5" long, weighs only 6 oz. and goes 7200 vibrations per minute. Comes with several accessories for the scalp, body and even gum massage. Chaps use it successfully to chase Charlie horse.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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Good looking, light-weight, all-purpose bag—a fine traveling companion. Handy extra envelope for easy stowing. Made of waterproof, striped duck, leather trim. Three sizes—23, 25, 27 inches. Price $12.00—$16.00. At Leading Stores.

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INITIAL KEY CHAIN

Just the thing for auto, luggage or personal keys . . . any two initials inserted into genuine leather tag, in black or red morocco, also natural pigskin.
$2.50 at Leading Stores.
Federal Tax Not Included

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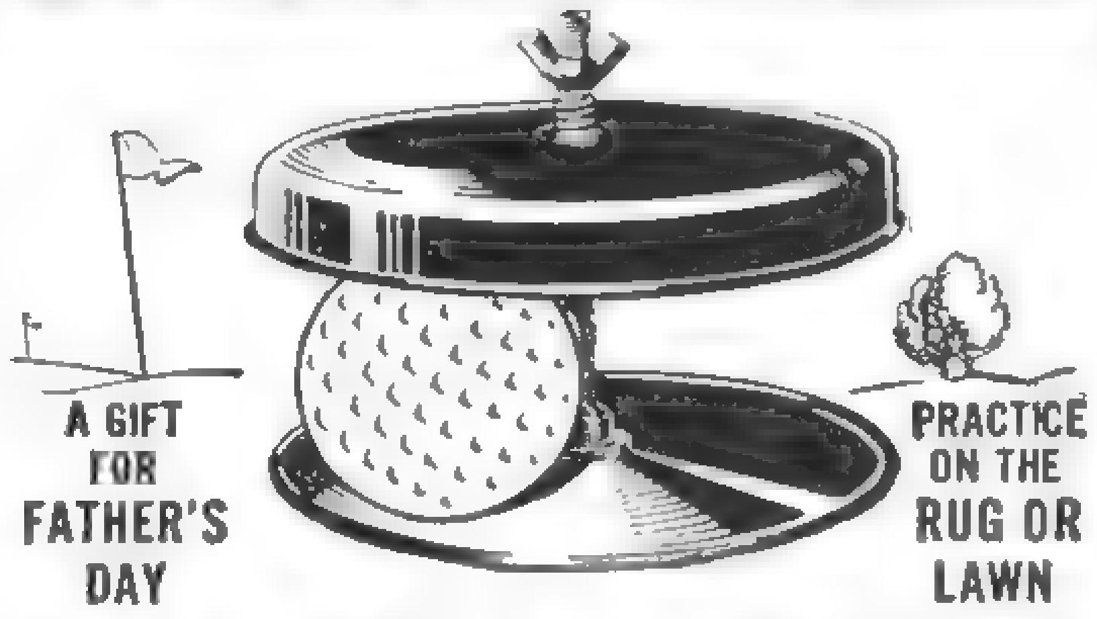

A GIFT FOR FATHER'S DAY

PRACTICE ON THE RUG OR LAWN

GOLFERS LEARN TO BEAT PAR

Improve your grip, stance, swing with PRACTISOR Putting Trap! Play on rug or lawn. Takes perfect shots only, just like cup on green. Fun for parties! 3 for $5.00 or Each, ppd. $2.00

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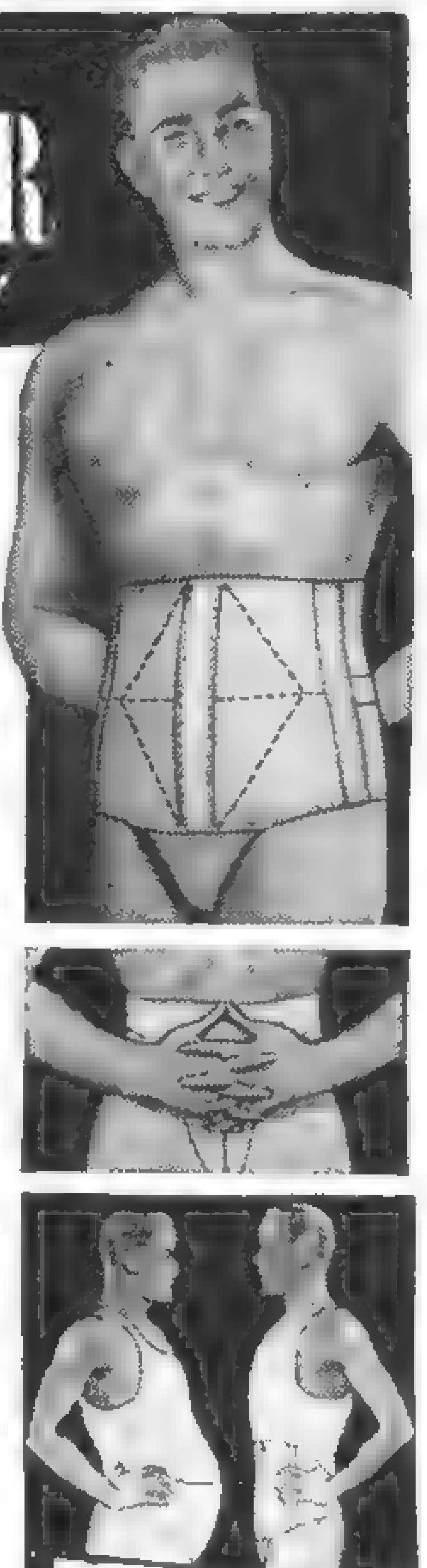


APPEAR SLIMMER INSTANTLY!

Look BETTER feel YOUNGER with the New GOVERNOR BELT

Now feel alive—have new confidence in your smarter appearance! The New Governor Belt—built on the amazing "Elasti-Grip" principle-streamlines your waist and flattens that embarrassing, sagging "bay window" instantly! It takes weight off tired feet—wind seems longer—back is braced! Clothing fits better—you look taller and slimmer.

➤ Make This Test! →
Test the amazing "Elasti-Grip" principle this way. GRIP HANDS ACROSS ABDOMEN now lift UP and IN. Feel better? Of course you do! And you'll feel still better wearing The Governor.

Amazing "Elasti-Grip" Principle Holds You in 3 To 6 Inches!
The Governor's exclusive "Elasti-Grip" principle—HOLDS IN the abdomen 3 to 6 inches, and even more, because it is self-adjusting. No bothersome laces, steel slabs or ribs to gouge you! "Jock" type pouch gives improved "stay-up" control. YOU GET perfect fit, relaxed or in action!

10 Day Free Trial Offer
Wear the Governor ten days FREE—if not satisfied, return it and purchase price will be promptly refunded. Ward Green Co., 113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

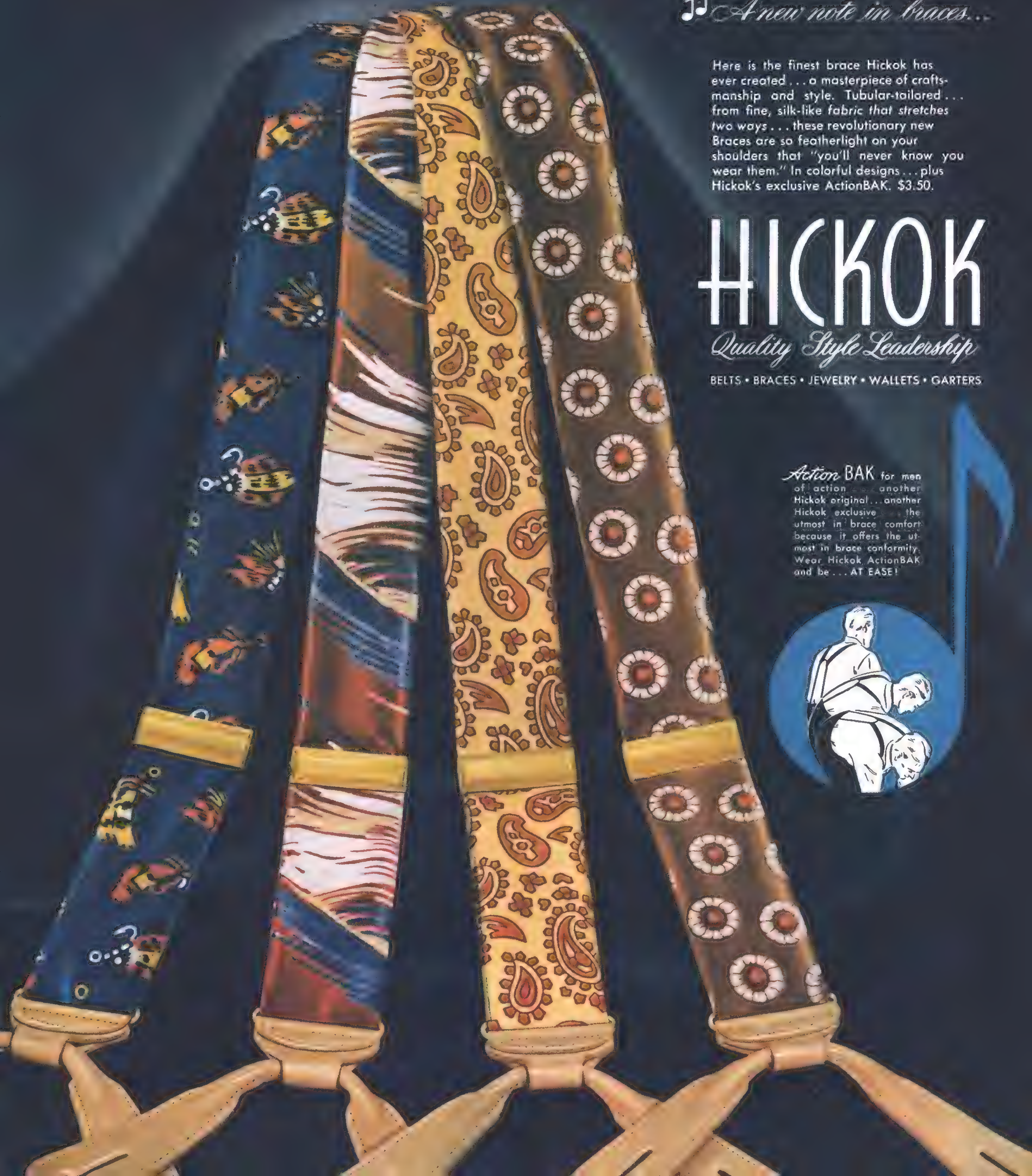
MAIL 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW

Ward Green Company, Dept. G-536
113 W. 57th Street, New York 19, New York
Send the Governor Belt on, 10-day Free Trial. I will pay postman $3.98 plus postage. If not satisfied with results I may return Belt in 10 days and purchase price will be promptly refunded.
Waist Measures .... Height ....
NAME ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
☐ Check here if $3.98 is enclosed and we pay postage. Same refund offer applies.

Tubular Elastic

A new note in braces...

Here is the finest brace Hickok has ever created . . . a masterpiece of craftsmanship and style. Tubular-tailored . . . from fine, silk-like *fabric that stretches two ways* . . . these revolutionary new Braces are so featherlight on your shoulders that "you'll never know you wear them." In colorful designs . . . plus Hickok's exclusive ActionBAK. $3.50.



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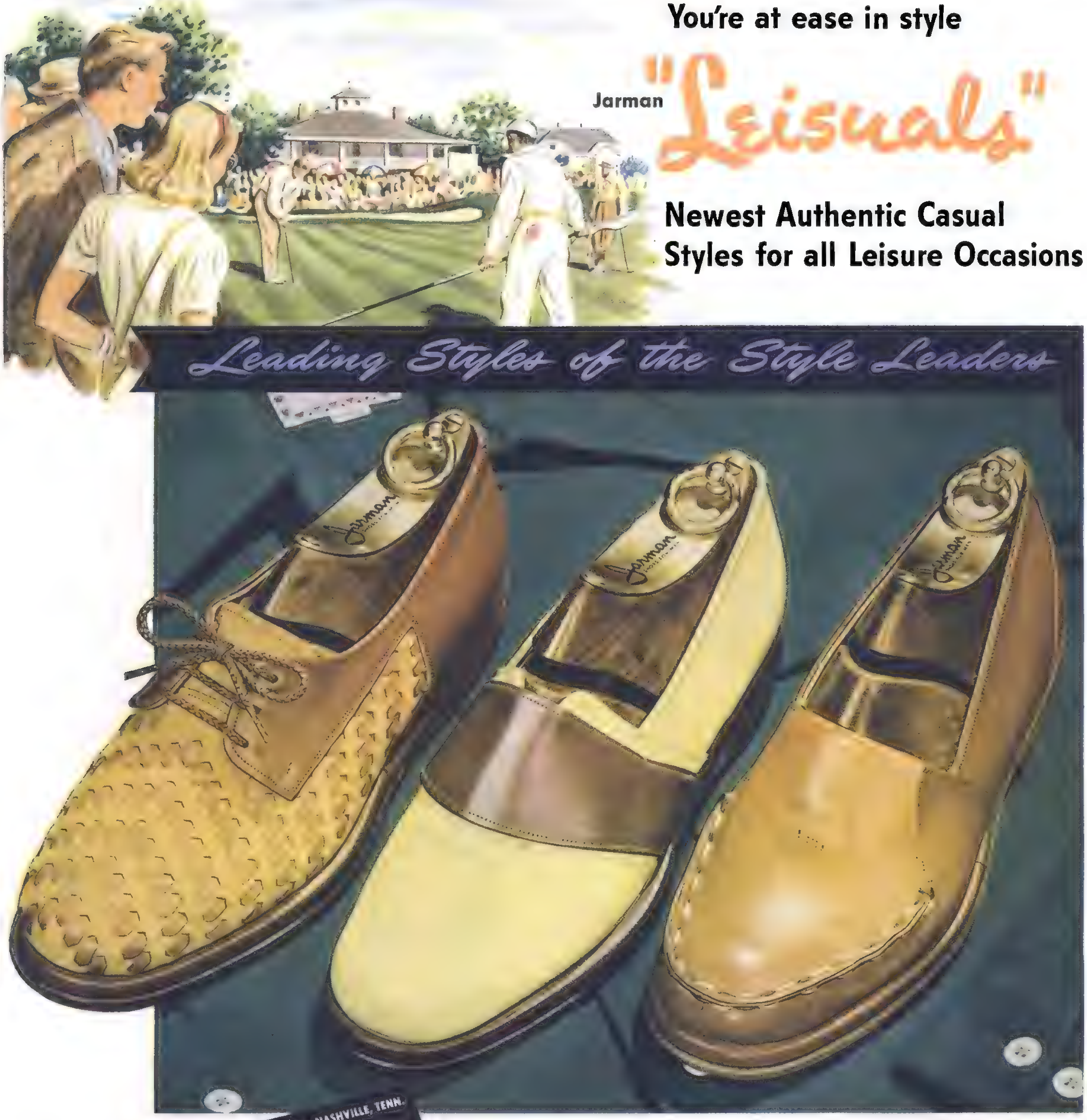
Action BAK for men of action . . . another Hickok original . . . another Hickok exclusive . . . the utmost in brace comfort because it offers the utmost in brace conformity. Wear Hickok ActionBAK and be . . . AT EASE!

You're at ease in style

Jarman "Leisuals"

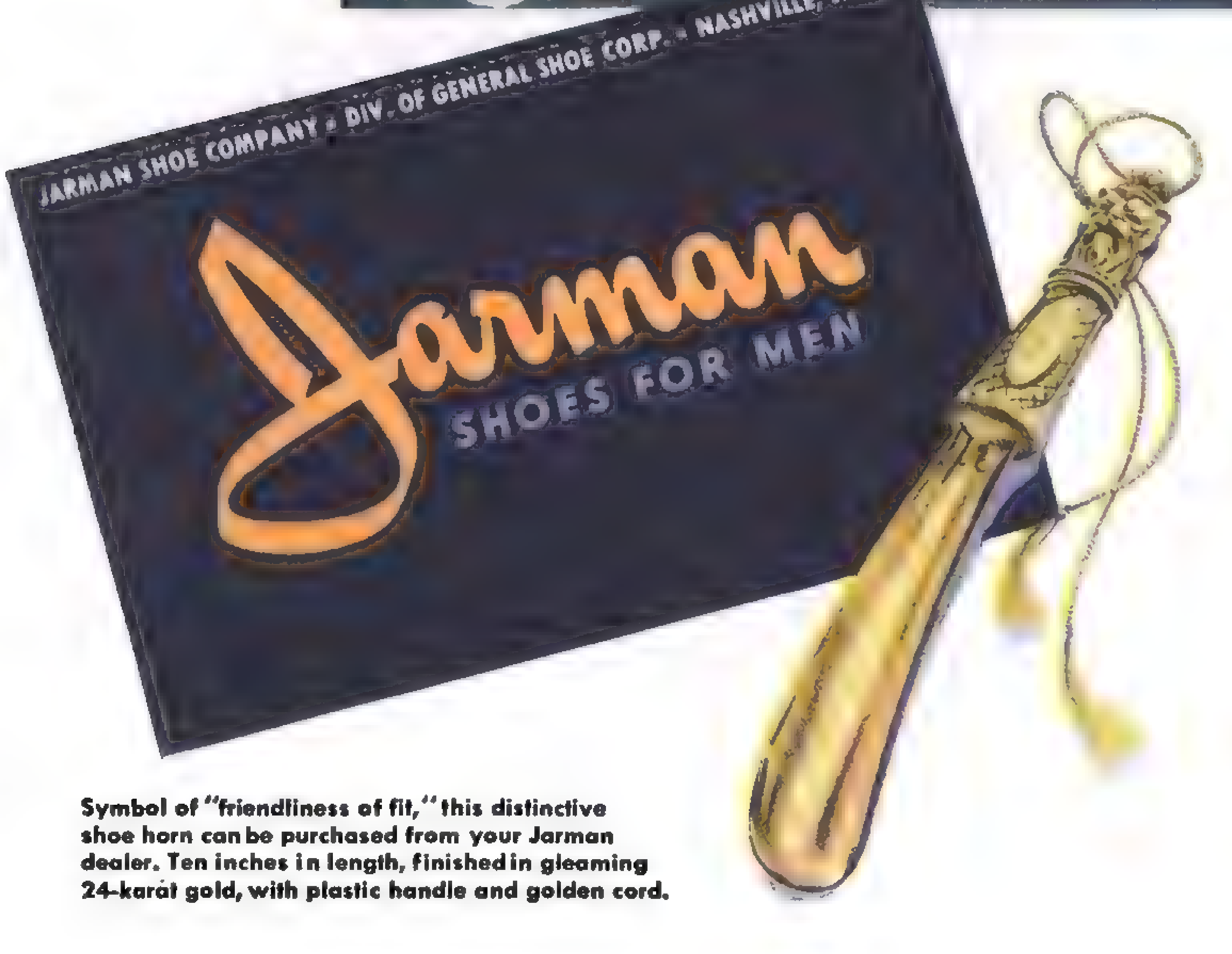
Newest Authentic Casual Styles for all Leisure Occasions


Leading Styles of the Style Leaders
Jarman

LEFT: Style 5531. Hand-woven. Buck with smart "turf tan" trim.

CENTER: Style 4535. Newest two-tone slip-on with floating saddle.

RIGHT: Style 4125. Hand-stitched moccasin toe with hidden gore.



JARMAN SHOE COMPANY • DIV. OF GENERAL SHOE CORP. • NASHVILLE, TENN.

Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN

Symbol of "friendliness of fit," this distinctive shoe horn can be purchased from your Jarman dealer. Ten inches in length, finished in gleaming 24-karat gold, with plastic handle and golden cord.

Among the gallery's style leaders, or vacationing at the shore... off on a Sunday outing, or lounging in your easy chair—whatever the occasion, indoors or out, your Jarman "Leisuals" are correct and comfortable, putting you *at ease in style.* You're correct because your "Leisuals" reflect the authenticity of Jarman's leading styles of the style leaders. You're comfortable, completely so, thanks to "Leisuals" featherweight, free-action design... their sturdy, outdoor construction. And because they're specially fashioned to complement your colorful Spring and Summer sportswear, your Jarman "Leisuals" instantly attune you to the casual, carefree atmosphere of all leisure occasions. Try a pair at your Jarman dealer's today.

"Let's do him over for Father's Day!"

Once a year, Dad has *his* day, when a family redecorating job brightens his outlook on life, makes him look better and feel years younger.

COHAMA Men's Wear Fabrics are a big help in this transformation. In fine pure silks, smart rayons, colorful prints, and soft woolens, they are *lighter-weight*—designed for easy-living comfort.

Dad's Day and every day, look for the COHAMA label in all kinds of new clothes, from ski jackets to swim suits, from undershorts to overcoats. At better men's shops everywhere.

REMEMBER
DAD JUNE 15TH
Galet

COHAMA* *Men's Wear* **FABRICS** *lighter weight for modern living*

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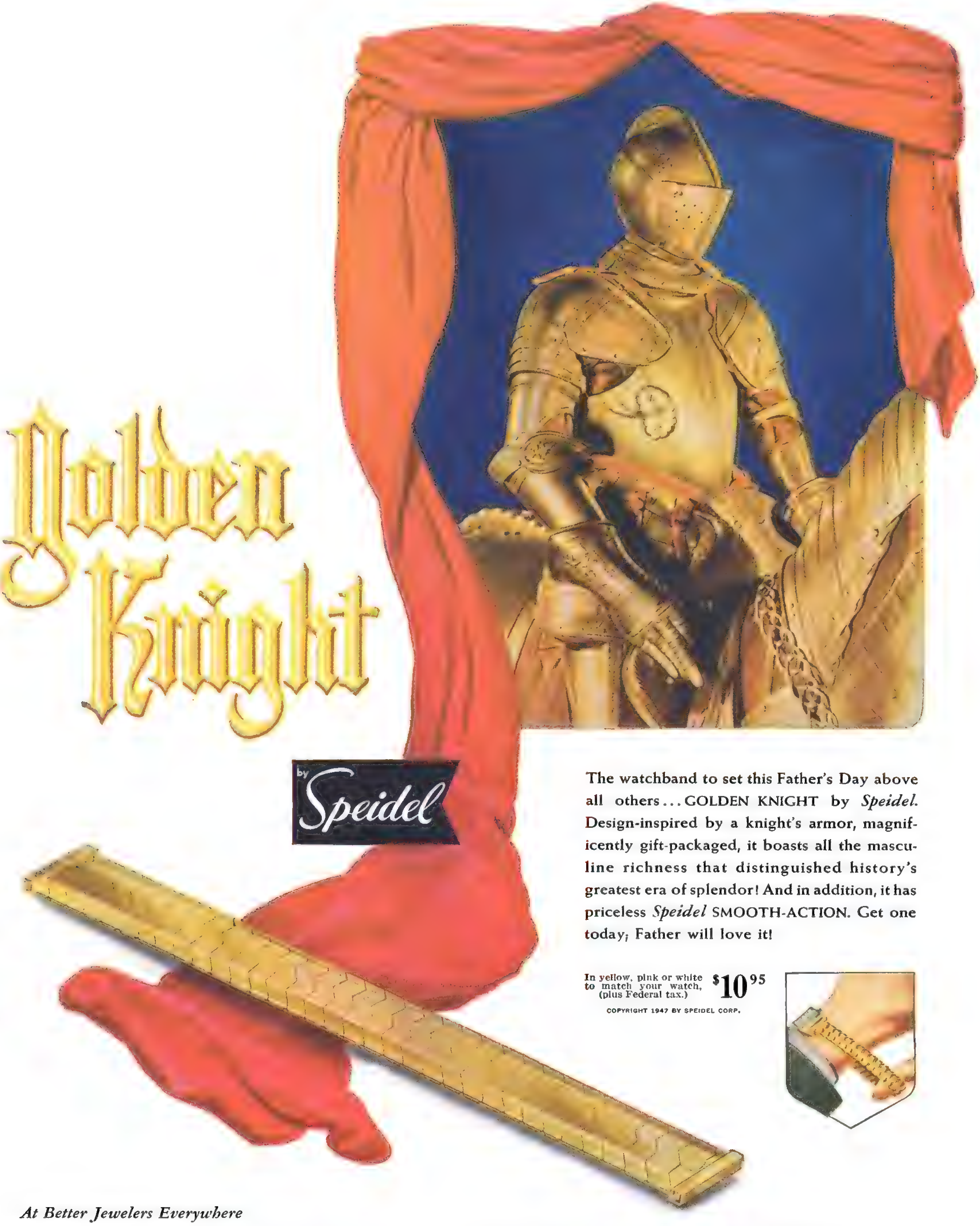
For the Most Gallant of Knights ... Father

Golden Knight

by Speidel



The watchband to set this Father's Day above all others ... GOLDEN KNIGHT by *Speidel.* Design-inspired by a knight's armor, magnificently gift-packaged, it boasts all the masculine richness that distinguished history's greatest era of splendor! And in addition, it has priceless *Speidel* SMOOTH-ACTION. Get one today; Father will love it!

In yellow, pink or white to match your watch, (plus Federal tax.) $10^{95}

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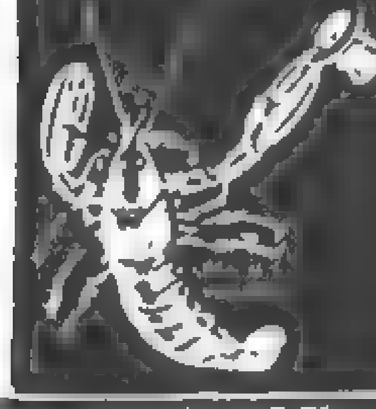
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

IT'S MY LIFE · I LIVE IT · I LOVE IT · CRITICISM BE DAMNED · HOUSE OF MURPHY

THE ONLY NEW YORK CHOP HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear LIVE LOBSTERS



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GLOUCESTER, MASS.

The White Turkey Inn
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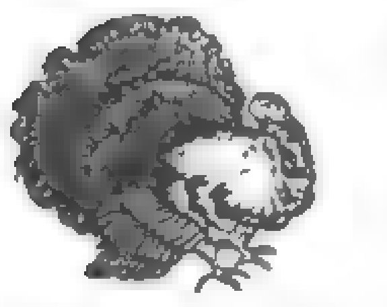
DANBURY, CONN.
May 1st to Nov. 1st



Also visit the three White Turkey Restaurants in New York City.
DELICIOUS FOOD • COCKTAILS • OPEN SUNDAYS

REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m.
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Steaks, Chops and Chef's Suggestions
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In their screamlined revue "JERKZ-BEZERK"
with
BEATRICE KAY
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JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
Shows Nitely 8:30-12 Sats. 8-10-12:30
NICKY BLAIR'S
CARNIVAL
HOTEL CAPITOL
51st at 8th

Painting the Town with Esquire

ON ACCOUNT of this being the Dating Season, the whole town is overrun with temperature runners. In cocktail lounges hearts thump as glasses bump. Wall banquettes of small restaurants are lined with side-by-eachers, prospering. Dance floors are sardined with alone-at-lasters dreaming on the hoof. For a desert island to be cast up on, there's nothing like this one.

SENTIMENTAL stomp and pomp at the Savoy-Plaza's Café Lounge start, seven days a week, with apéritif hour glideology purveyed by pianist-maestro Irving Conn who first gained fame as composer of the fruity ditty "Yes, We Have No Bananas". Rumbas are shaken up by Clemente's marimba band, with vivacious Narita lending voice and hip. Headwaiter Otero promotes a pause for sustenance by bringing out dinner menus. Later he deals out supper cards. But not until closing will dancers really desist.

THE ELEGANT NEW Quo Vadis Restaurant, 26 East 63rd St., offers patrons a memorable Roman holiday. Canapé Quo Vadis, for instance, is a dish that Nero would have been happy to fiddle with. It's a hot lobster creation enveloped in a sauce bearing the flavor of cray-fish butter. On the finny side, there's pompano from the Gulf, and authentic sole from England prepared in the Marguéry manner with shrimp, mussels, mushrooms and white wine. Authentically British, too, is the technique of carving rack of lamb (roasted with a Southern French touch of garlic smuggled into it): instead of hewing it up into a set of chops, it is sliced sidewise, yielding meat that enraptures your fangs and caters to the nobility of a bottle of choice burgundy. Hosts Bruno (from Brussels) and Gino (from Monte Carlo) have frankly made this a restaurant where a crumb upon your waistcoat isn't something to brush off—it's worthy of preservation as a precious souvenir.

RARELY has Amour, *toujours* edition, had a spokeswoman with the emotive power and finesse that France's No. 1 chanteuse, Lucienne Boyer, has been unleashing at Café Society Uptown—her magnetism keeping this place packed beyond all previous records. You don't need a dictionary to savvy what she's singing about, nor do you need to be tipped off to the fact that her retinue of white-tied musicians (violinist, pianist, accordionist, etc.) are importations from the music halls of Montmartre.

WHAT say you, Sahib, to a delve into culinary mysteries of India such as swamis swoon over? Then hail the first vacant elephant that comes along and tell Sabu the driver to drop you off at 235 West 48th (twixt Broadway and Eighth Ave.) where a couple of steps lead down into an exotic-lardered lair called The Rajah. If your Hindustani lingo is a bit rusty, don't worry: just say, with a gesture of authority, "Calcutta Club Dinner," and forth it comes, flotilla style. First, pomegranate cocktail, non-alcoholic, tasting like a set-up for a swell rum drink; then Badami soup, cargoed with almonds and coconut. Then *bhujias*—India fritters, stuffed with something more readily devoured than identified, negotiated with the fingers. Then a trio of Calcutta style curries—curried chicken, curried hard boiled eggs, and curried lentils—accompanied by fried rice, Major Grey's Mango Chutney, and a tray of dry condiments consisting of bean wafers from Madras, paper-thin shrimp wafers from Java, fried sliced coconut, and the sun-dried Indian Ocean fish that goes by the name of Bombay Duck. Finally, a honey pastry dessert and Darjeeling tea or Rose Petal (Turkish style) coffee. If you are so Occidental as to desire a night-turban, there are bars in the neighborhood where it can be had. For that matter, you might even stop in somewhere for a couple of Martinis or Daiquiris beforehand, enabling the Rajah's little back garden to seem like the Vale of Kashmir or thereabouts.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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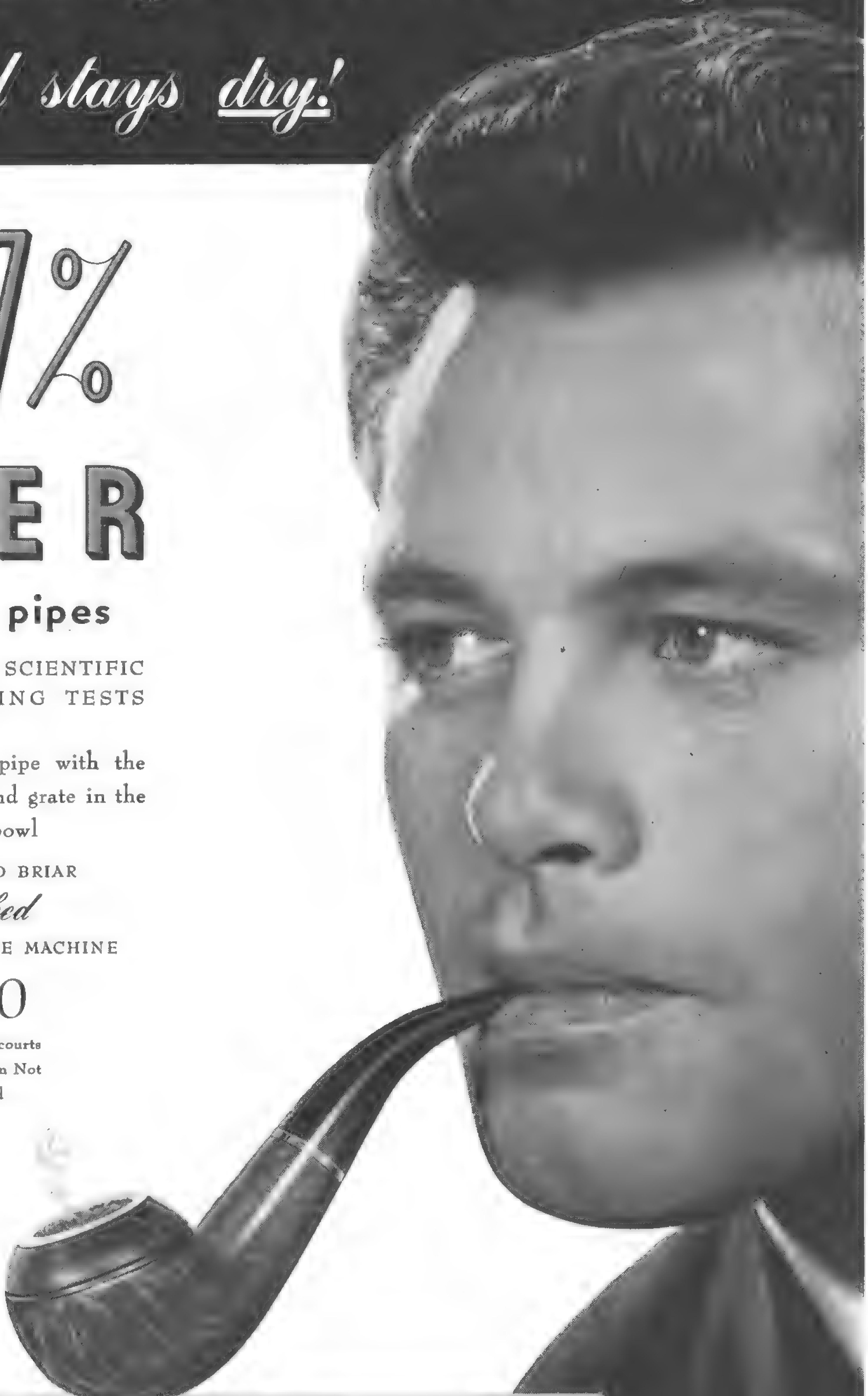
...the bowl stays ***dry!***



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BY LINKMAN'S EXCLUSIVE MACHINE

$5 *and* $10

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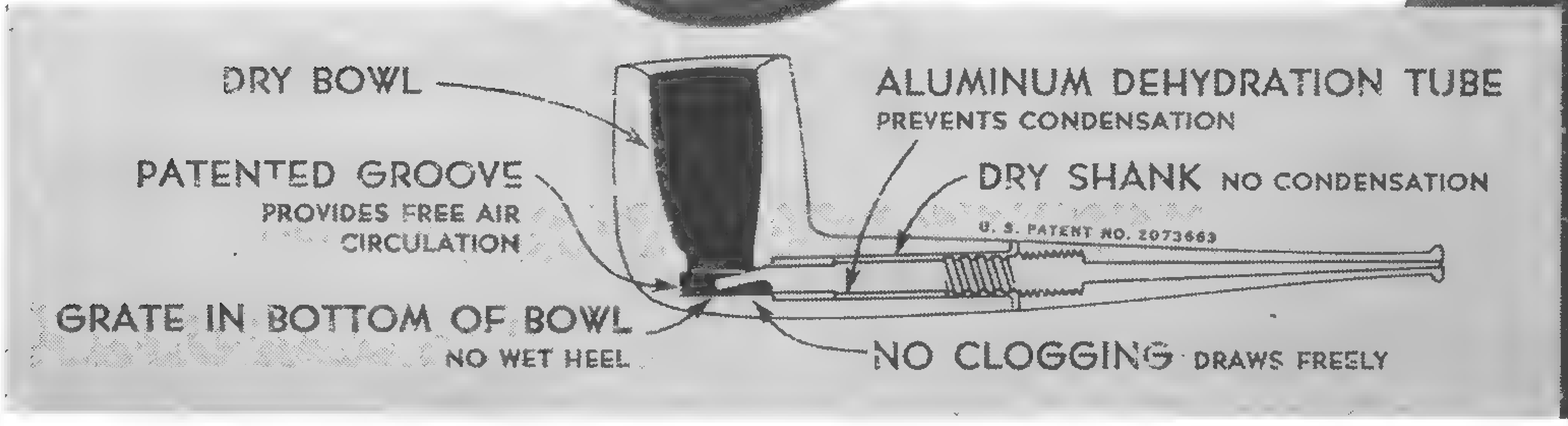
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NO WET HEEL
ALUMINUM DEHYDRATION TUBE
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Painting the Town with Esquire

LORDLY luxuriators at the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room (its décor an eye banquet) enfold their flames to the slick strains of Charles Reader's orchestra, interluded with the zealous ado of a rumba crew. As divertissement there are agile drolleries by mock-mystic terpers Mata and Hari, rumored to have accelerated the demise of the Dying Swan; plus magician G. Roy Terrell dumfounding debonairly. Ere June, Hispanic swirlers Roberto and Alicia, who struck fame here, will be back to get double loads of it as Cotillion Roomers get a new load of *them.*

ADMIRABLY constructed samples of what the Byrd Expedition couldn't find in Antarctica are vividly ascoot upon the rollout ice rink in the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room. The more you gander these discoveries, the more firmly you are convinced that this hostelry is skippered by a modern Columbus. Current maestro in the New Yorker's "name" series is Victor Lombardo who, we understand, had the advantage of growing up with musical playmates . . . At the tile-picturesque Holland House Taverne (10 Rockefeller Plaza), where Heineken's Holland beer gladdens tonsils, every Monday is momentous with Javanese Rijsttafel. If you feel awed in the presence of this East Indian assemblage of meats, fish, fowl, herbs, condiments, and so forth, headwaiter Carl will recite the inventory and set you on discovery's path. Other day objectives include Dutch grandmother-style roast chicken, minute steak as prepared in The Hague, and Dutch sausages simmered with cabbage. On the desserts, our pick is Frozen Smile. (Aw, go find out yourself.)

THE SPLENDOOLIOUS Versailles has apparel-artful Carl Brisson, Dane Juan of songdom, miked through May, with vocal vision Evelyn Knight to follow. Bob Grant and his orchestra play smart, and Panchito's rumbans dispense their trusty frenzies. Majordomo Robert greets and seats, or implores patience till a table is liberated. Special silver linings for delay may be obtained at the Versailles bar.

COMING home with a bundle causes no eyebrow lifting when you've been lunching or dining at French-cuisined Henri's (15 East 52nd), where deliciousness breeds greed for nibblewares purchasable at the crescent, pastry, candy, and brioche counters on the way out . . . Lawrence Welk's plenty dancy rhythms are inveigling neat-shod feet to the Grill of the Hotel Roosevelt . . . Shad feasters at Dick the Oysterman's, 65 East 8th, don't need to bring tweezers and a flashlight. He serves it boned.

INTREPID pioneer John Popkin, who hewed down forests on West 52nd Street and built himself a Hickory House, is proffering rip-rousing recitals by the gifted Gordon Trio platformed amid his bar—shaped like a racetrack but a trifle smaller. From ten on, that is. If you come earlier, you have to be content with hickory-broiled sirloins, for which he's repped.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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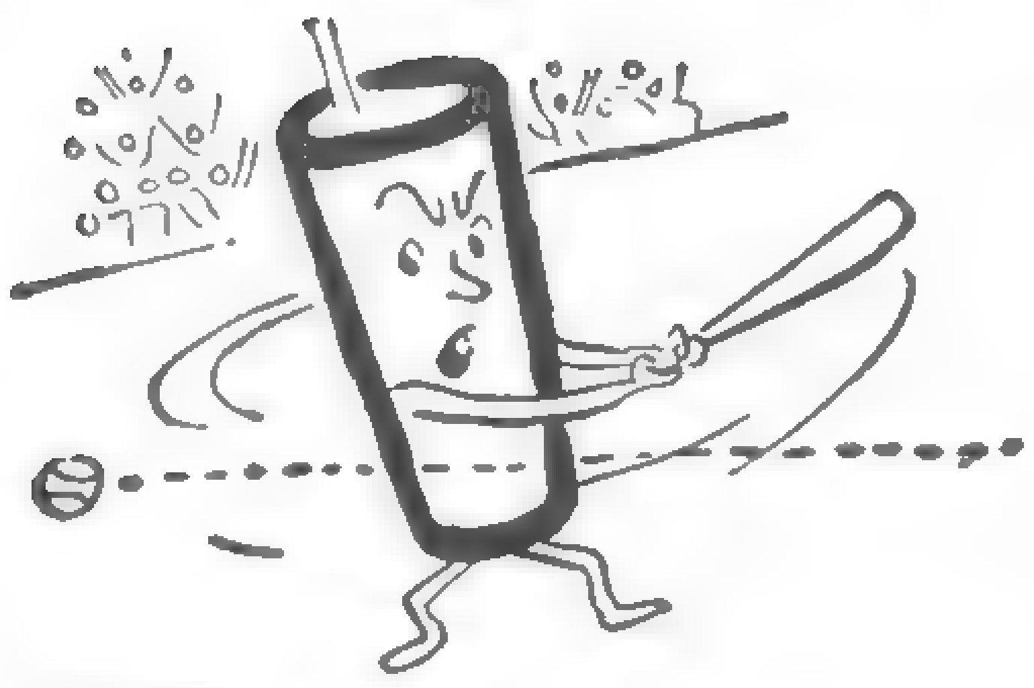

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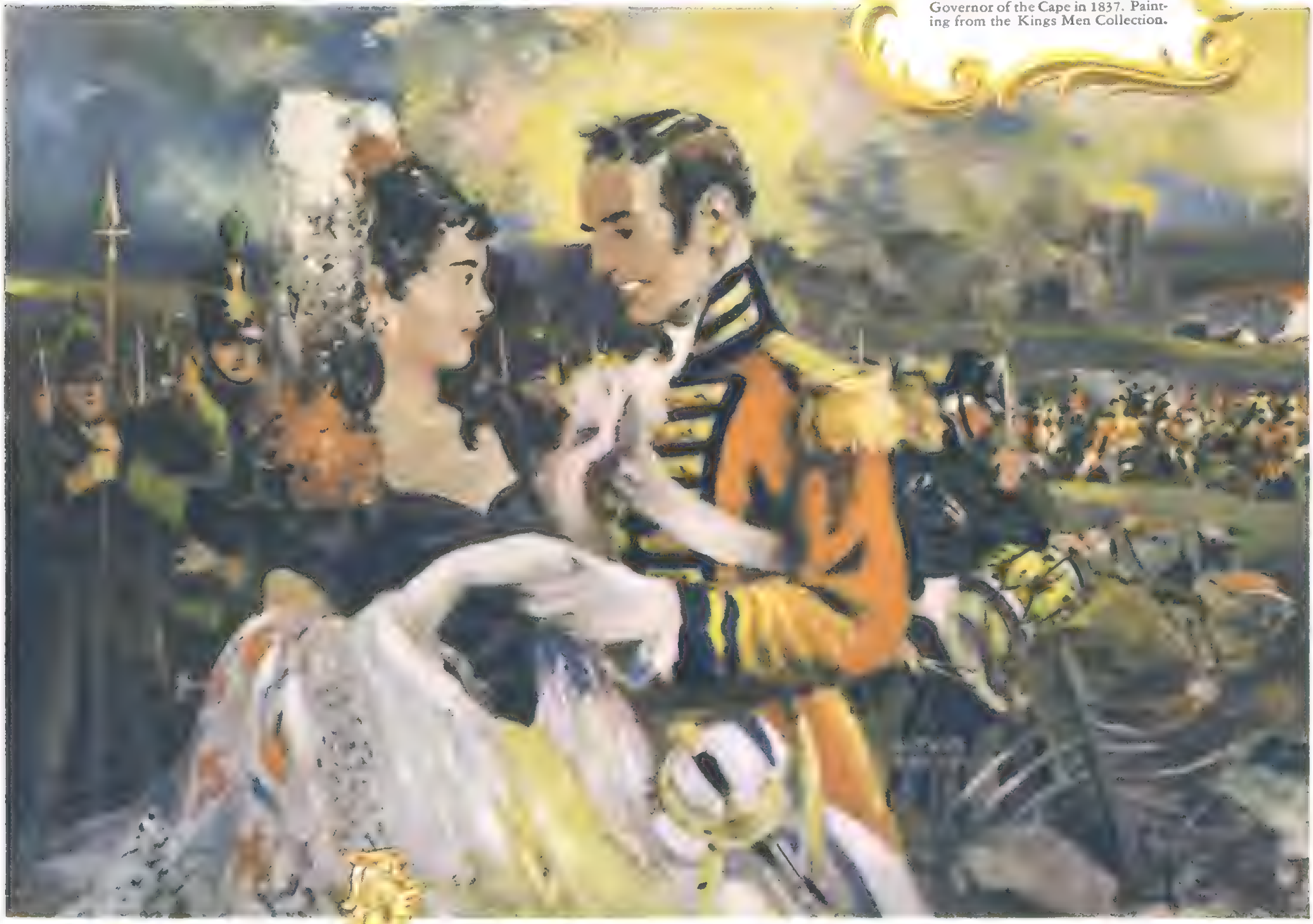

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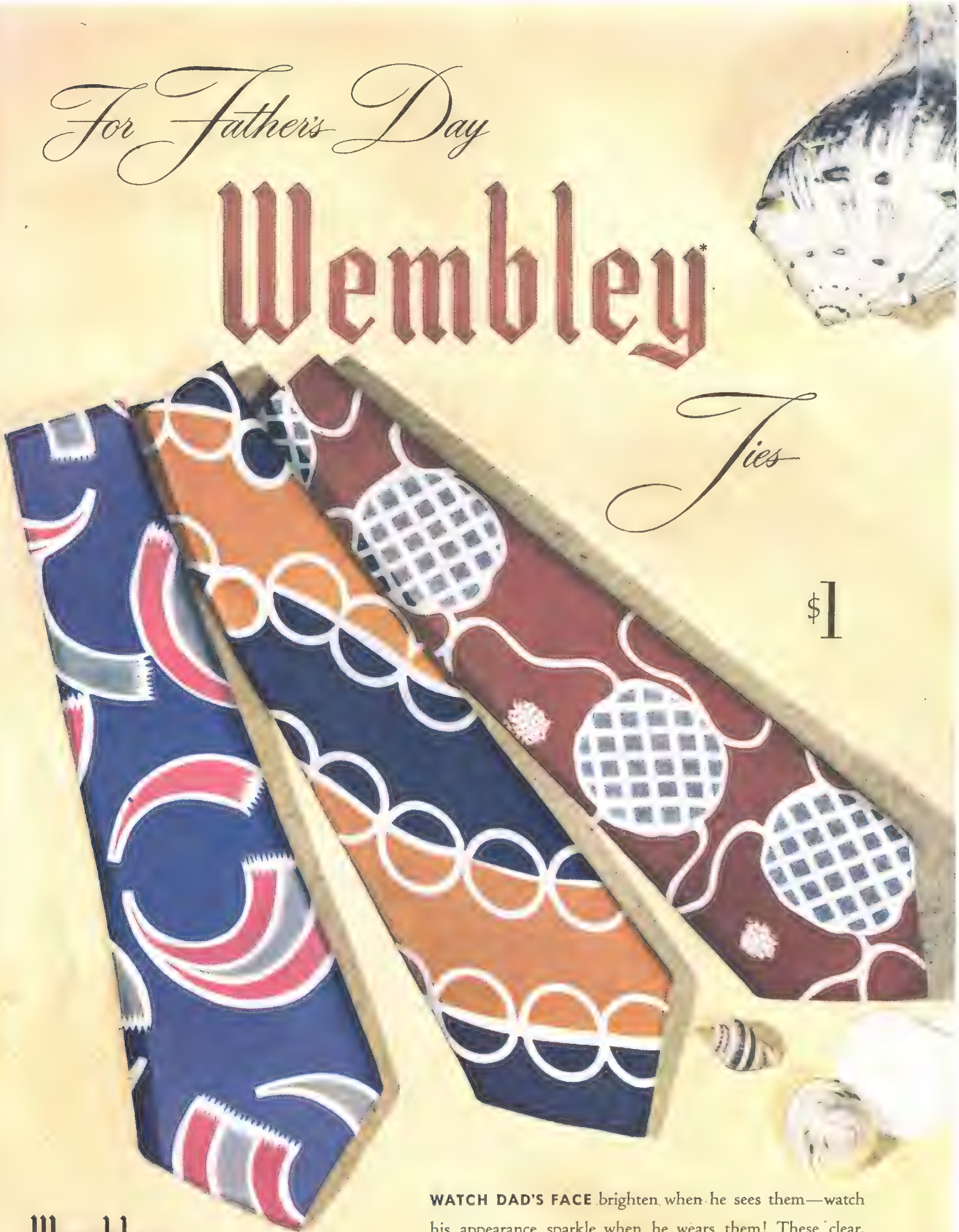

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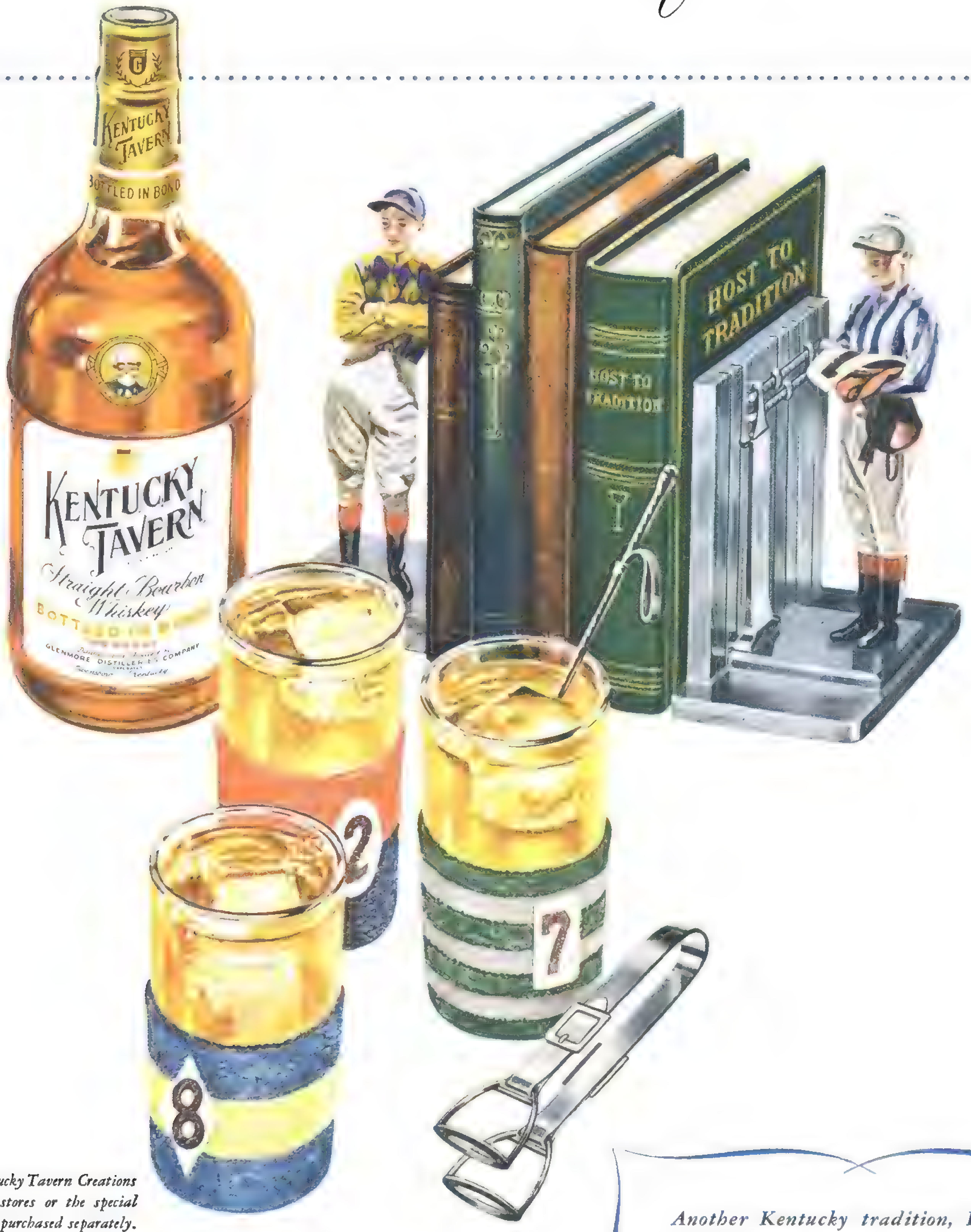
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Painting the Town with Esquire

NOTING that patrons as well as plants require moisture, the Hotel Ambassador has installed as part of its Garden furniture a drink fountain more commodious than the one formerly there, and boasting more bottles of the bestests. Jules Landé and his violin lead the orchestra for dancing from canapé munching time onward. Headwaiter Nick flits from bower to bower with felicitous dinner and supper suggestions. No ants to mar your Garden fête . . . Avidly tracing White Turkey restaurant recipes to their old-time source, New Yorkers are buzzing up Connecticut way where, on Route 7, three miles beyond Danbury, squats the original White Turkey with its brood of tables.

AFTER-THEATRE descenders upon the Blue Angel, streaking for the look and listen department (adult entertainment exclusively) toward the rear of this boîte, stop only on signal; baroque bar is brushed by, alcoved café lounge is barely glanced around. But dinner time is different—lounge is filled with serene fans for fine food, their taste-buds entertained by the flavors of Parma raw ham and melon, lobster Thermidor or Americaine, veal cutlet Blue Angel, filet mignon, chocolate mousse, and similar sublimities from the kitchen of chef Alfredo, served under the ministry of courtly Arturo. Toying with such trove, you feel as though your gizzard had been elevated to the Peerage.

CAROLS of sundry campuses resound in Joe King's foam-festooned Fraternity House, 3rd Ave. at 17th, rendezvous of right guys and their girl friends . . . First spot in East to come up with a verified copy of that Hollywood fodder fetish, Caesar Salad: Billy Reed's Little Club, 70 East 55th—big as a minute, but you stay hours. Russell Patterson did the clever décor. Provender is high, wide and toothsome, and fastidiously fetched. Two musical outfits serve tunes, and there's incidental entertainment. In short, a real addition to a town roundsman's recreational resources.

DISTINCTLY undespicable, those marinated herring at the Crest Room (56 East 56th) as overture to London grill starring double-thick chop . . . Sabbath sumptuousness: Country Club Buffet (1:00-9:00 P. M.) every Sunday at the Town Penguin, 2 East 86th, of palate-coddler David S. Cowles . . . Spring fever soother: authentic Vermouth Cassis, gobletted for straw auctioning, at the Café St. Denis, 11 East 53rd . . . Slice of life among the Bohemians of Greenwich Village: Claire Sawyer's dim-lite Soho Café, basemented at 49 Grove St., with Tommy Ladd at the piano, chess players scowlingly mulling next moves, and fond couples walking on air sitting down.

THE Waldorf-Astoria—24½ million dollars worth of hotel according to New York City's real estate tax list, which leaves out of account carpets, rugs (incl. biggest one in world), drapes, Venetian blinds, chairs, sofas, tables, beds, dressers, dressing tables, rolling room-service tables, pictures and other art works, mirrors, bed linen, blankets, towels, bath mats, tablecloths, napkins, china, glassware, silverware, kitchen utensils, bar equipment, crêpe Suzette lamps and pans, duck presses, typewriters, files, computing machines, desks, stationery, pianos, vases, jardinières, brooms, mops, vacuum cleaners, stocks of table luxuries, cigars, tobaccos, cigarettes, huge cellars of wines, liquors, cordials, beers, sparkling waters, and quite a supply of match books—is opening its fabulous Starlight Roof (blinker-latticed pavilion, Park Ave. block long) with the music of Griff Williams, achiever of a sharp click with this clientele last summer. Alternating orchestra is that of Mischa Borr, Waldorf fixture who'd shine anywhere, but where more than here?

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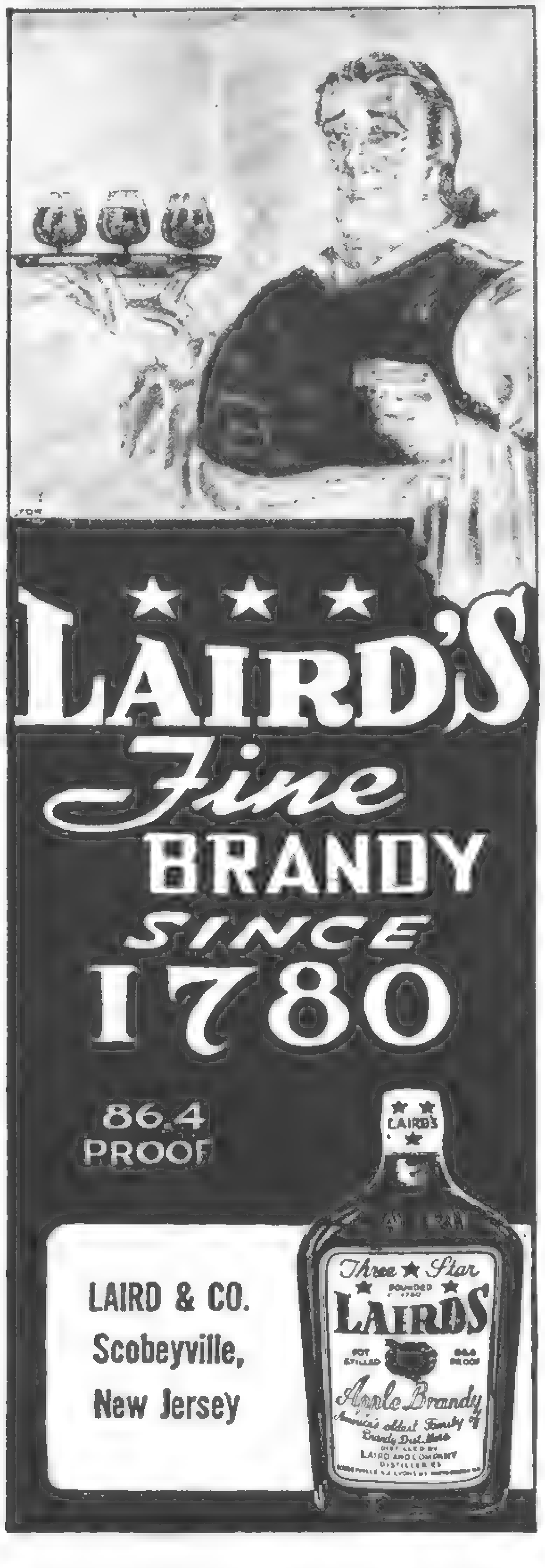

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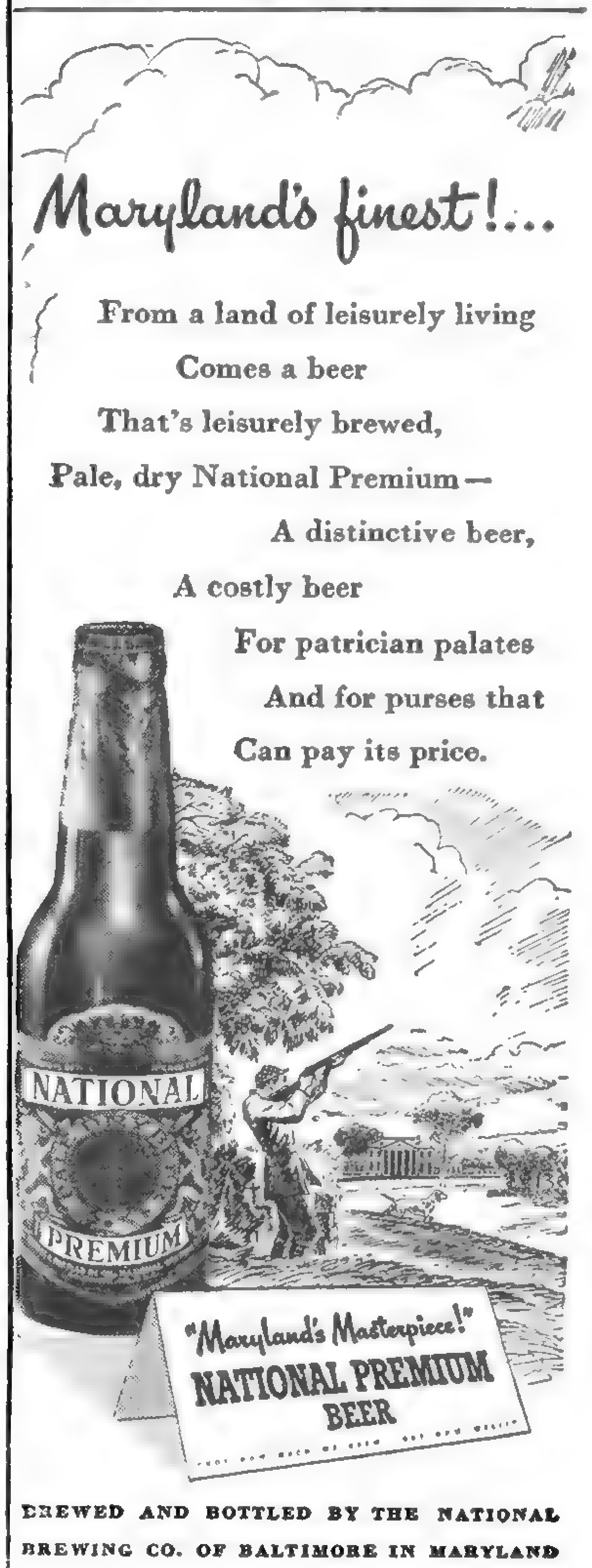

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Painting the Town with Esquire

AERIAL botanist S. Gregory Taylor, boniface of the upsoaring Hotel St. Moritz, (Central Park marker), has reopened his Sky Gardens, missing from the nocturnal scene since war blacked them out. Gaiety in this eyry is sparkled with the rhythms of tall, dark, and handsome Ford Harrison who has been such a draw in the Club Continental down yonder at sidewalk café level. Menus teem with toothsome numbers of Europe and the Americas. Wine pails flaunt their snazz. No extra charge for moonbeams.

GOWNED to the hilt, red-hot mater Sophie Tucker is kicking her train around as star of the brisk-paced, gal-platooned revue at Lou Walters' Latin Quarter. Sophie and her songs command more applauders than a sturgeon has eggs . . . Much hip-la at the Havana-Madrid (Broadway at 51st) these nights as sacroiliaction goes jog-wild. For onlookers the revue is merely the Feature Section — more sensational than the rest of the excitement, but hardly more sincere. In comparison, Tabasco dashed onto your cherrystone clams seems cool as catsup.

SHANK of the evening arrivers at Jimmy Kelly's (181 Sullivan) who hadn't planned to do any eating with their drinking and gazing, reconsider as they note the temptingness of vittles under attack at nearby tables. Appetite, supposedly gone till "tomorrow," comes back with a rush. Supper is sailed into, consisting most likely of Spaghetti à la Kelly which its inventor, chef Solly Sarnatora, contrives occultly, murmuring the right incantations and interpolating a secret species of cheese into the sauce. Stupendo-terrific is the least that can be said about it. Milord Kelly has been known to skimp on costumes for female performers in his floor show, but on supplies for Solly's art — never! Nowadays, with food prices sky high, the girls have to get along with less to don in order that you may dine in traditional Jimmy Kelly style.

SPECIAL derangements: Mad maestro Milt Britton and his zany band uproaring Iceland, Broadway's mammoth cave of smörgasbord, between 52nd and 53rd . . . Something new in café souvenirs: Penthouse Club's Paul Taubman, who piano-tinkles and solovoxes while pawholders whisper and Central Park lights twinkle below, will make an unbreakable recording of your favorite tune, autographed and dedicated to you with the compliments of the Club. When you depart from this apartment-top retreat (30 Central Park South), the record will be wrapped and ready to tote.

THE Ritz-Carlton Hotel (16-cylinder tourists accommodated) is acknowledging warmer weather by preparing to break out its brook in the Ritz-Carlton Garden where, you can rest assured, every pebble will be well polished.

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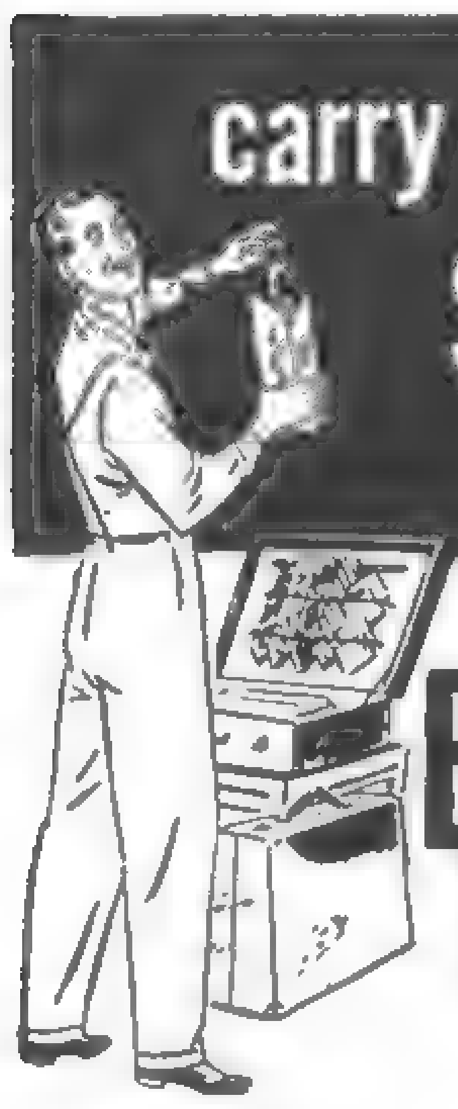

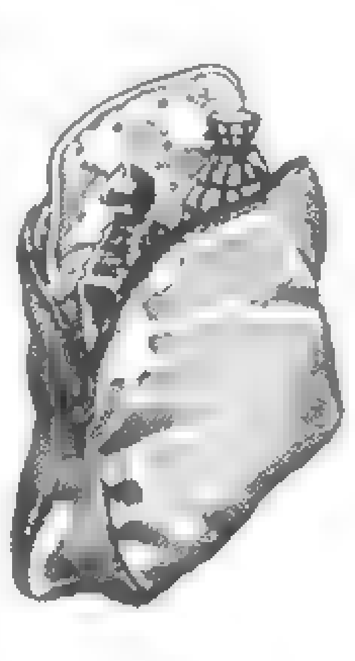

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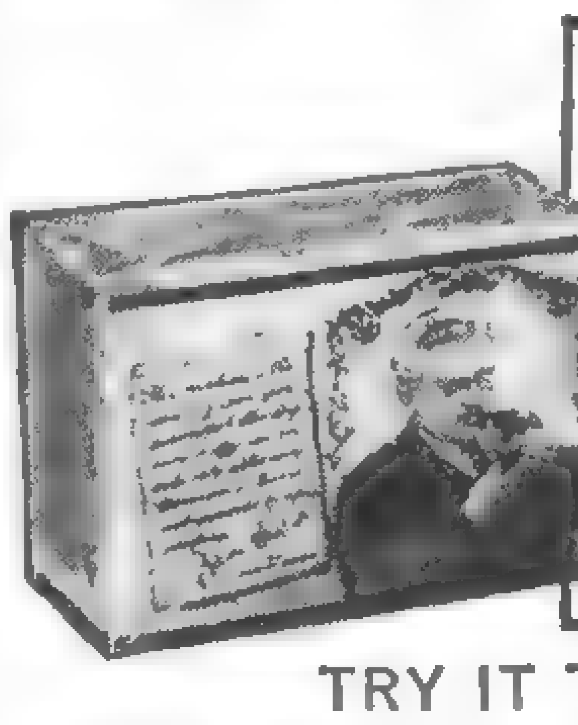

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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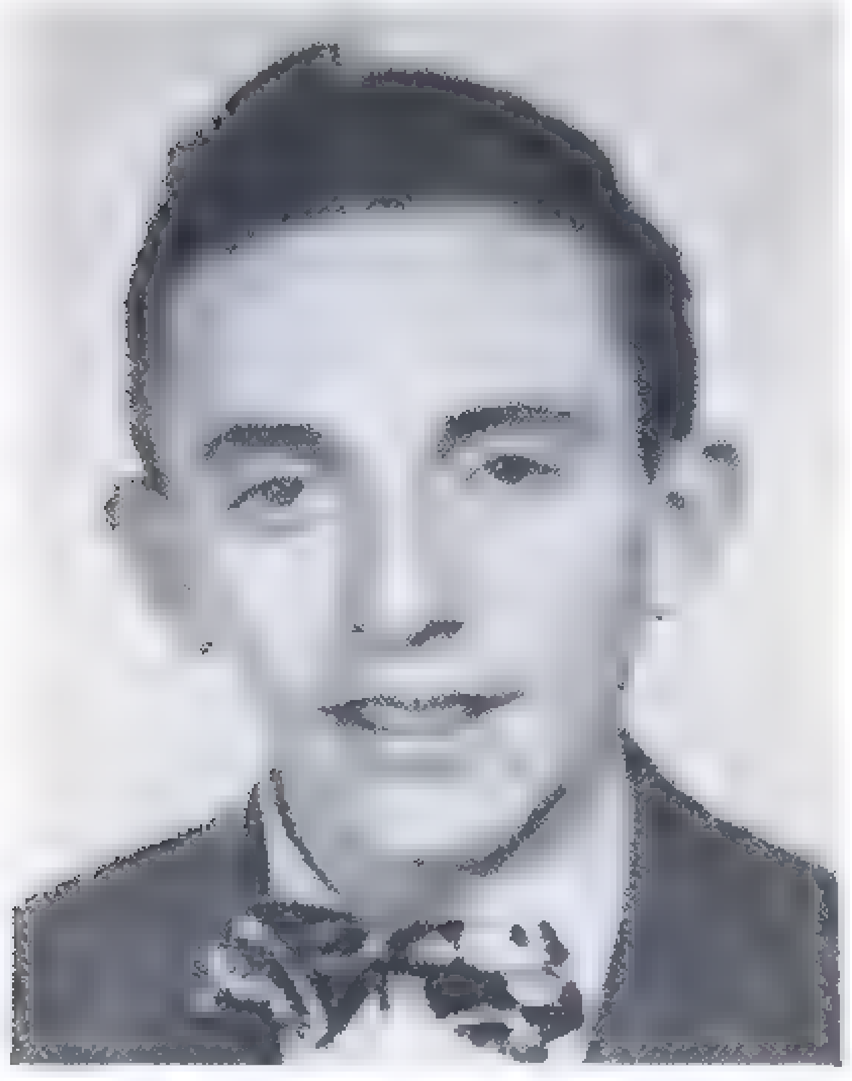
Backstage with Esquire

Paul Gallico

PAUL GALLICO, like the province Gaul, which he believes was named after him, is divided into *partes tres*, splitting himself and his time between his residence—a farm in Hunterdon County, New Jersey—an office in New York, and a cottage on the coast of South Devonshire, England. He may be found at any moment at one of these three, or commuting between them in a frenetic endeavor to keep up with writing a column for Esquire, perpetrating a weekly column on America for *The Sunday Graphic* of London, and, in collaboration with his wife, completing the picture script for *The Snow Goose*, which will be produced by J. Arthur Rank in England next year. During a momentary pause in this frenzy of trying to be in three places at once, he is currently teaching a course in short-story writing at Columbia University in New York, trying to put into practice what he is teaching on some new short stories of his own, and get on with his hobbies, which are fencing, eating and sleeping. Every so often he appears in fencing outfit at the New York Athletic Club, where he is promptly stabbed full of holes by experts and is then wheeled away for repairs. His leisure hours are spent dropping into bookstores to inquire wistfully whether they have a copy of *Confessions of a Story Writer*, his latest book. If they have it on hand, he is unhappy because they aren't sold out. If they haven't got it, he is equally unhappy for fear they won't reorder. When once in a while he comes across someone buying a copy, he declares a holiday.



Charles De Mangin

At twenty-five, CHARLES DE MANGIN is an old newspaper, publicity and advertising hand who served as a sergeant cryptographer with the Army, and after the war edited *The Courier*, an Air Force tabloid, in Italy. Now on the staff of the ex-G.I. monthly, *Brooklyn Digest Magazine*, he writes occasional comedy scripts for radio. He and his wife dream of a little grey home—no farther west than Manhattan.

HANS RUESCH (*Signor Cannelloni Takes a Ride*) is a Swiss of maternal-Italian ancestry. Until he was thirteen, he went to school in Naples, and spent his vacations skiing in Switzerland; then he attended Swiss schools and spent his vacations on Italian shores, which may account for the fact that extreme weather figures prominently in many of his stories. At nineteen he interrupted his studies at the University of Zürich to become an automobile racer, with a fair mixture of crashes, defeats and victories—one of the victories being the Internation Donnington Race. When the tensing international situation brought racing to a standstill, he turned to writing, with a novel about racing published in Switzerland and Italy. During the war in France he did some writing for the French Ministry of Information, and managed to leave Paris two jumps ahead of the Nazis and to come to the United States. He says: "As one who has written professionally in Italian, German and French, I find English the most exciting language to write in—it is still young, ductile and, comparatively speaking, unconventional."

I. G. Mattingly
and J. M. Yaffe

Our Discovery of the Month turns out to be a double feature. I. G. MATTINGLY and J. M. YAFFE (*The Devil and Caesar's Face*, page 58) are both nineteen years old and students at Yale University. Mattingly was born in Detroit, Michigan, and lives in Springdale, Connecticut. He is a senior, does a column for the *Yale Daily News*, and is on the editorial board of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Yaffe was born in Chicago, Illinois, and lives in New York City. He returned to Yale as a junior in September of 1946, after serving in the Navy for a year and a half. He has written many scripts for the National Broadcasting Company.

Georg Mann

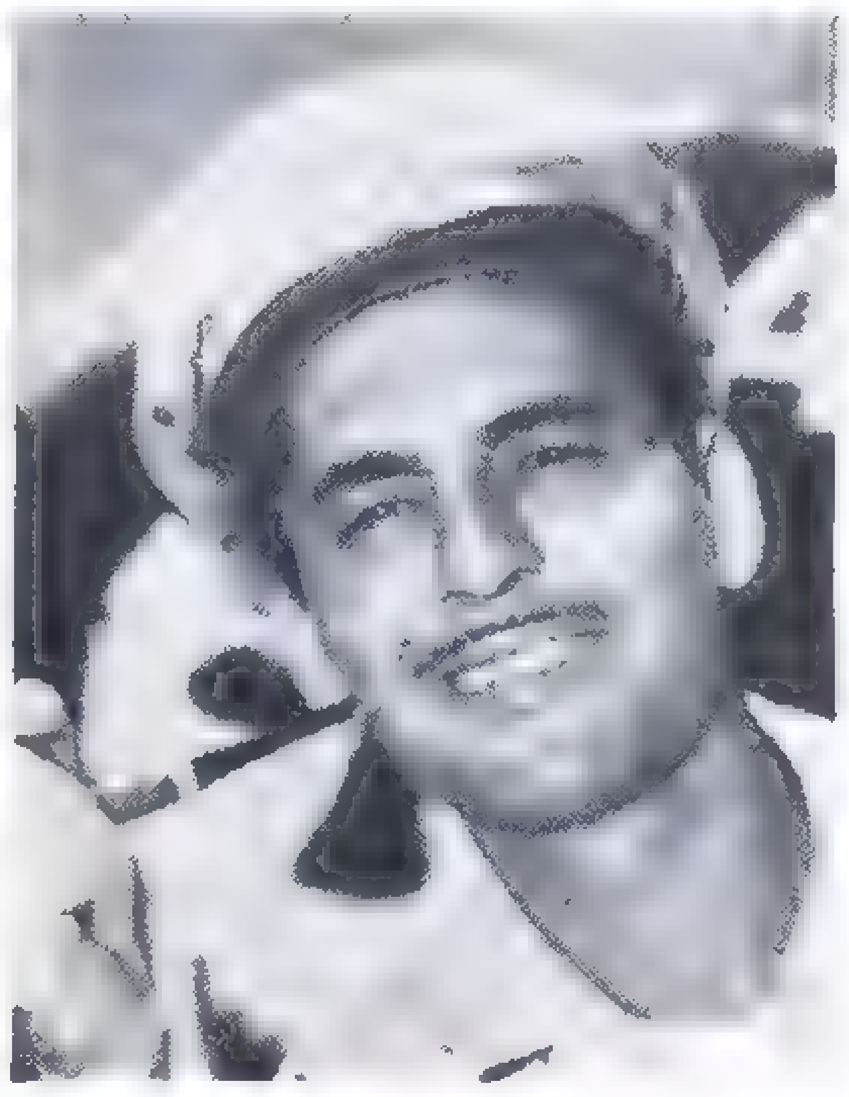
GEORG MANN's quiet retreat in one of Chicago's suburbs may serve as a strategic hide-out when members of the hot-stove league have read his provocative article entitled *Will Science Bring a Revolution in Sports?* For the past ten years he has been a science writer and editor, formerly as Associate Editor of *Science Digest* and currently as Science Editor of the *World Book Encyclopedia*. He says: "I suppose you could call me a professional spectator of science. My educational background was almost entirely in the field of literature. I have done no scientific research, nor am I anxious to do any. But for the past ten years I have been interpreting the work of science, integrating it, and making it understandable to the laymen. I am planning to write a popular book on science which will connect scientific method directly with the experiences of the average man. Incidentally, the first piece of professional writing I ever did was sold to Esquire back in the Summer of 1936. It was an article on fencing, a sport which interested me to the extent of a minor letter at the U. of Chicago."

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, most of whose fourteen novels, not to speak of his *Story of American Literature*, have been translated into all the languages of Europe, has traveled widely. Interested in the Arabs because of his work in and for Palestine, he spent two winters in North Africa and has written extensively on life and manners in Tunisia and Algeria. A first American edition of his novel, *The Case of Mr. Crump*, was published by Farrar, Straus & Company in March, and will be followed by another, entitled *Anniversary*.

Carl Zuckmayer

Formerly a leading German playwright, CARL ZUCKMAYER recently made a War Department survey of the cultural, theatrical and movie activities within the American sector of Germany. He is the author of a novel called *Second Wind*, and of numerous stories and articles, and he wrote the screenplay for Korda's famous Rembrandt picture. He is now living in Vermont, working on a play and a novel.

JOHN CHAPMAN, whom we introduce to the Esquire audience with *Song, Dance and Iceman*, page 64, has several things in common with James Barton, the subject of his article: They live as far from Manhattan as their work permits; they share an aversion for night-club life, and they both make a living from the theatre. Chapman started his newspaper work on the Denver *Times* in 1917, and has been with the New York *Daily News* since 1929—as Drama Editor until he was made Drama Critic in 1943. He lives in Westport, Connecticut, in an old New England house, on which he likes to do his own painting and repairing. He plays golf in the low 180's, likes to cook, and his specialties bring him the satisfying kind of criticism from Chapman guests. Since the start of his theatre first-nighting in 1929, the seat next to him has been occupied only by his wife, his overcoat, or a male acquaintance.



Jules Archer

JULES ARCHER (*Are You a Screwball?*, page 110), writes: "Before the war I seduced housewives with ad copy and film publicity. Fed up, I hoboed to Europe in '38, loafed around the Continent on a bike until purged in spirit and pocketbook. Glorified doughnuts until shortly after Pearl Harbor, and then shipped to the Pacific—Australia, New Guinea and the Philippines, with appropriate sound effects and malaria. Two pleasant highlights: I married a girl in Melbourne, brought charges against a sadistic C.O. for hounding the men, ruining morale—and won. After V-J Day and discharge, I went to Hollywood to write profiles for a group of magazines, then hopped a boat back to Australia for my wife and son. We live in Sharon, Connecticut."

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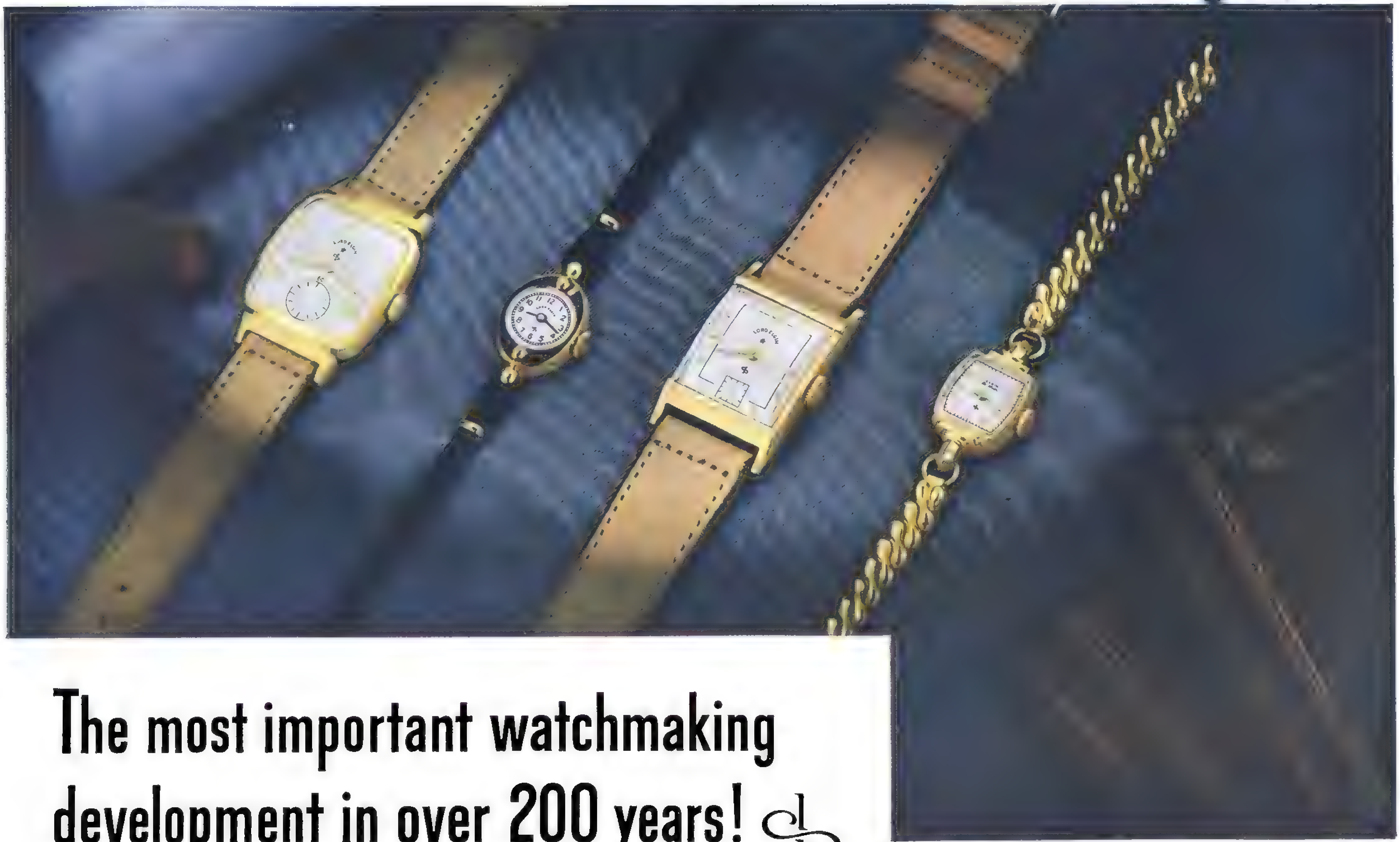

Illustrated left to right—Lord Elgin. 21 jewels. Lapped 14K natural gold case. Lady Elgin. 19 jewels. 14K natural gold case. Black enamel overlay. Lord Elgin. 21 jewels. 14K natural gold filled case. High curved crystal. Lady's De Luxe. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold filled case. Expansion band.

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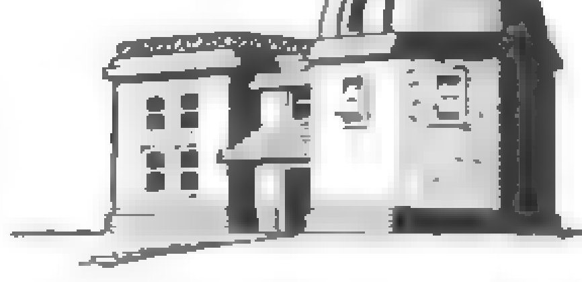

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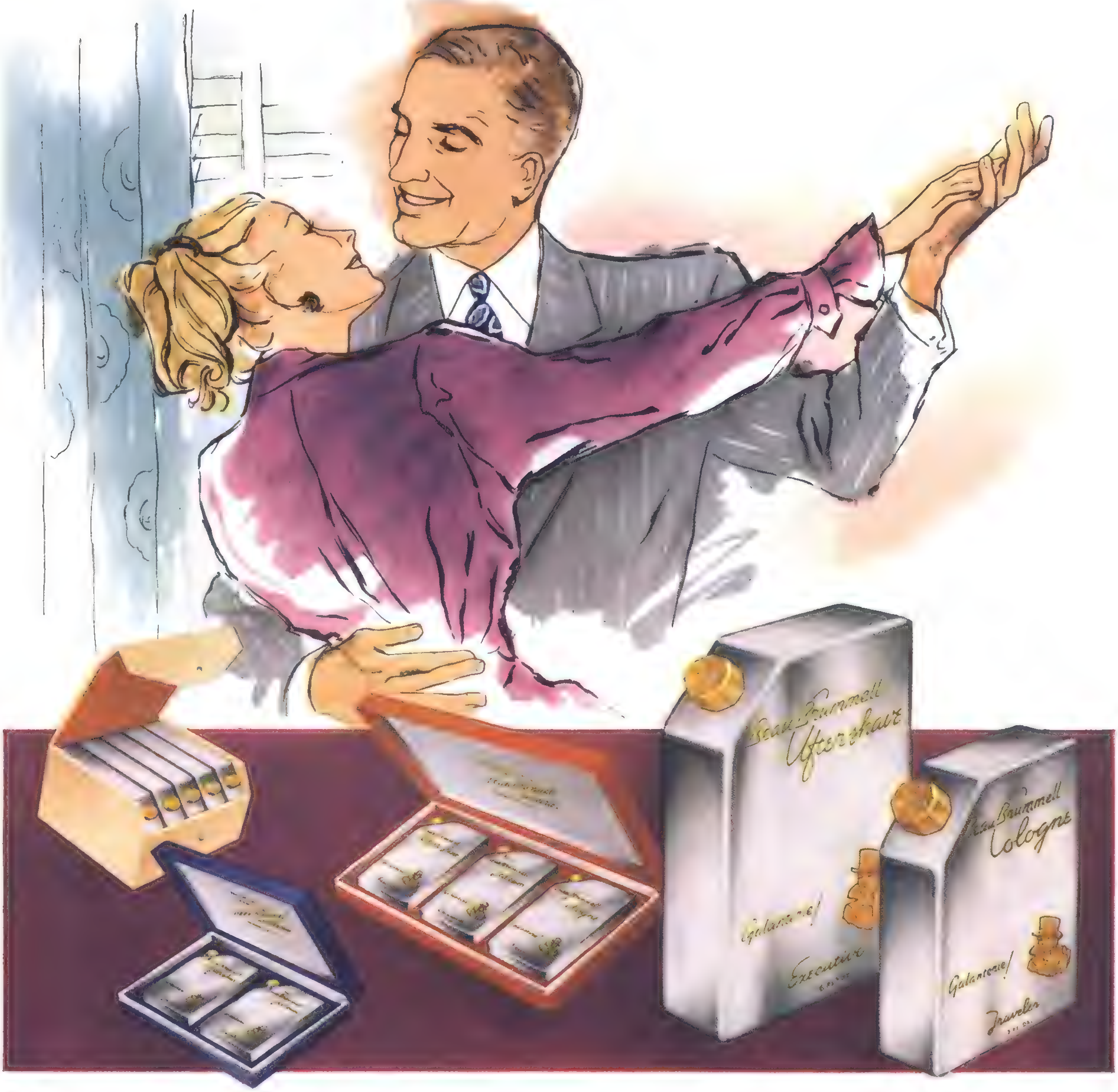
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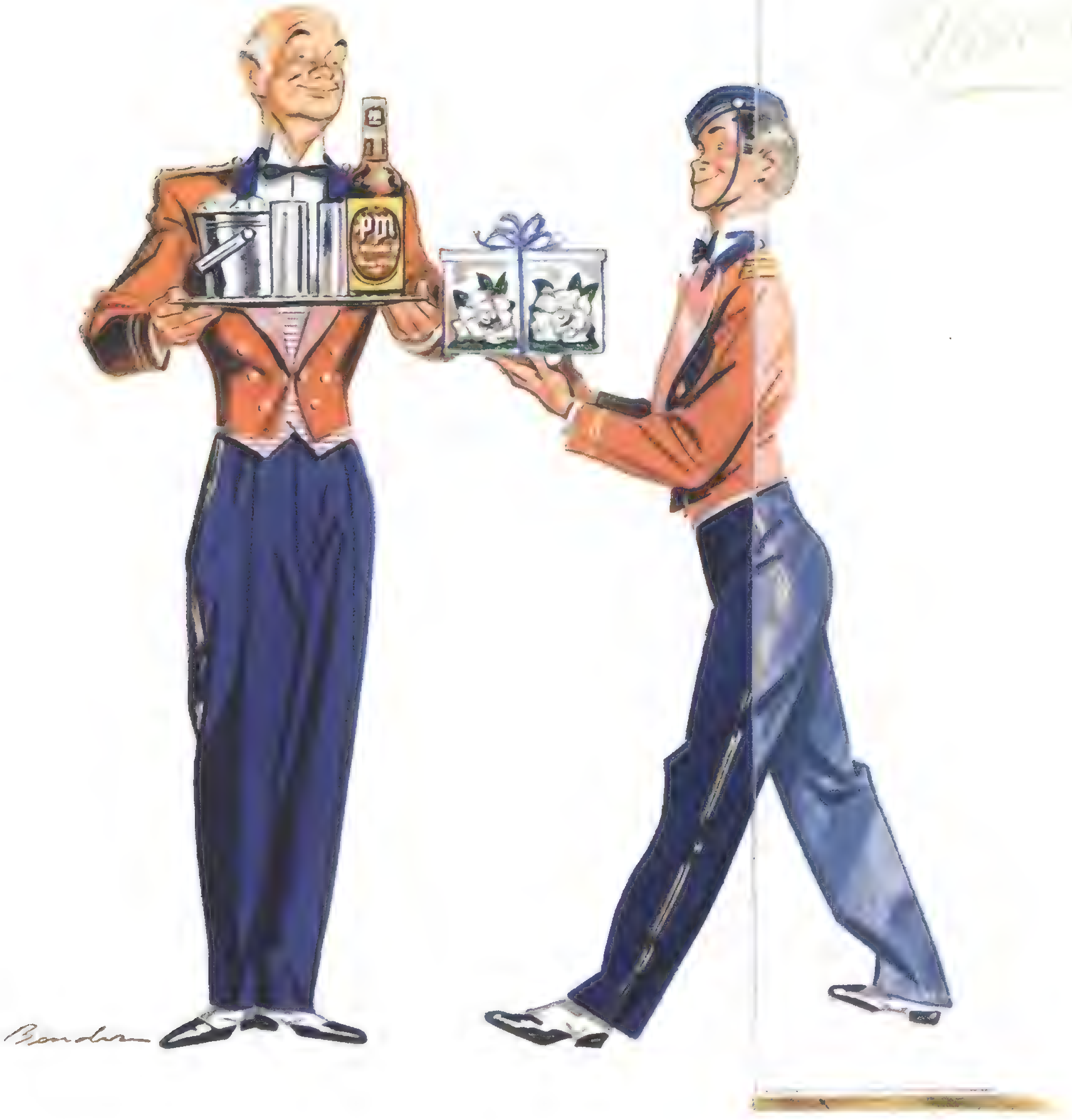

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—
Behold good taste stepping out!
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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

On Understanding the Rooshan

A Liberal blows his tolerant top over a matter of international consequence

by **PAUL GALLICO**

It has been more than a year since we have encountered one another regularly via these pages due to the fact that I have had to spend considerable time in England working on a moving picture for Jack Moffitt to put the zing on if it ever reaches the screen.

Since I trust that this is to be an enduring relationship between columnist and reader now that it has been resumed, it might be a good idea if I caught you up on what manner of individual is preparing these monthly essays for your entertainment and what changes if any have taken place so that you may know exactly how much salt to sprinkle over this stuff before swallowing it.

For instance, just as an example, I am fed to the teeth with the Rooshans. Leave us face it, Irritable Ivan the moody Muscovite has become the Number One Pain-in-the-Neck today. Stalin, Molotov, Gromyko & Co., in addition to menacing life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, have become a thundering International bore in their unending enactment of the role of peevish Petrov and I for one am sick to death of them, their faces, their personalities, bad manners, their ideology and their arrogance. I wish that they and all their pals would retire once and for all behind their iron curtain and pull it in after them.

I will admit to a certain amount of satisfaction in getting this off my chest, because all during the war as a practicing Liberal and anti-Fascist I worked hard at loving the Rooshans. I listened to my betters when they told me that I must strive to understand this melancholy mob, even though it was apparent that nobody was telling my opposite number in Roosha that he must hist up his breeches and get on with the business of loving and understanding *me*. I admit I had to overcome a severe handicap induced by the Rooshans attacking Finland, but managed to cozen myself that this attitude was naïve and dated back to my sports-writing days when we used to root for the little feller against the big bully. When the Rooshan got down to the business of killing Germans I managed to forget that he had once concluded a treaty with Hitler, and got on with my lovin'.

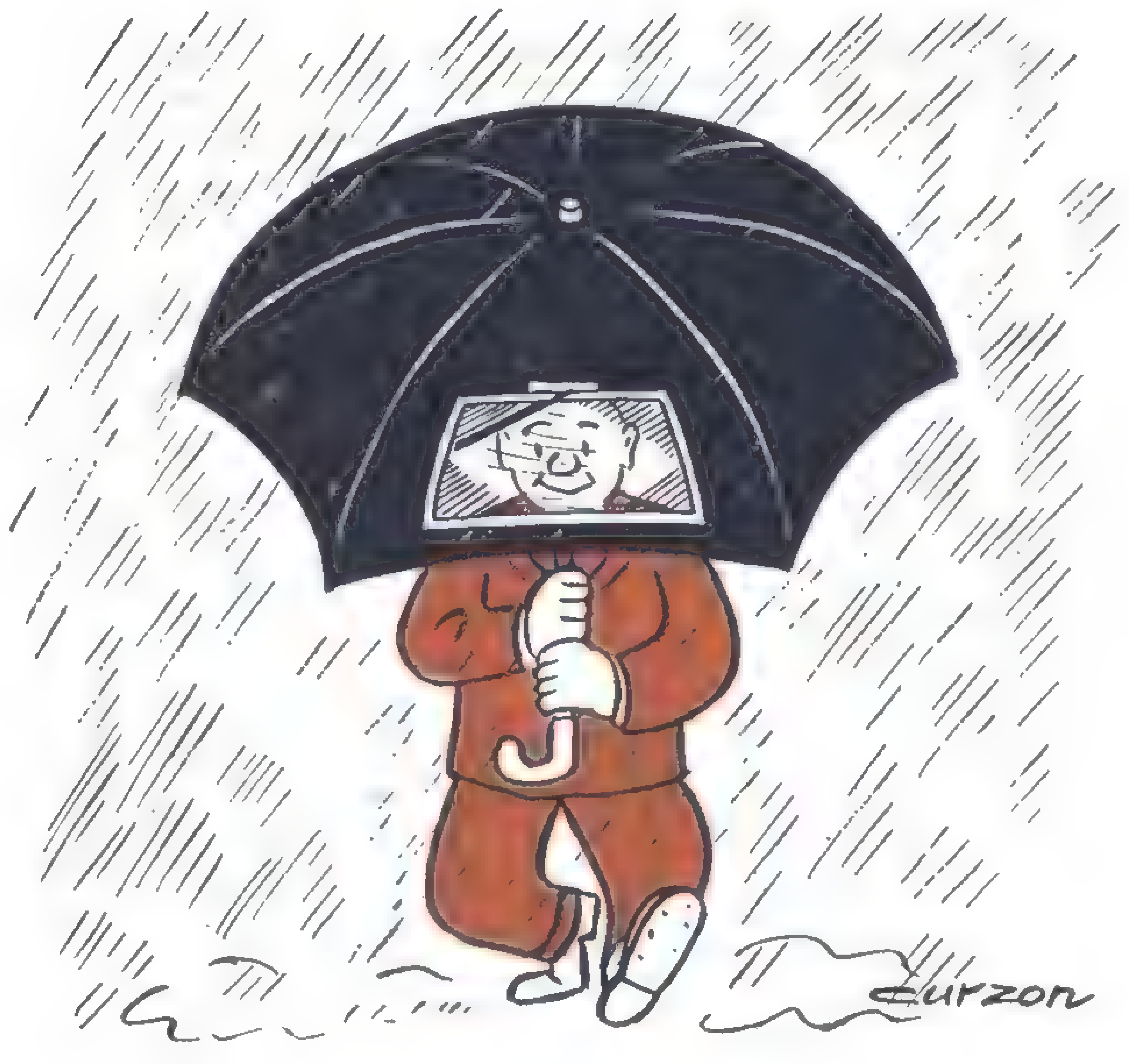
Well, it's no go, boys and girls. I've tried, but I just don't love the Rooshans. I give up. To hell with them. I do not see how one can hate the Nazi-Fascist tyranny and shine up to the Communist ditto. I find it difficult to feel affectionate towards parties who do their electioneering with the truncheon, the strangling cord and the chattergun.

As for my efforts to "understand" the Rooshan, I think they have borne fruit though, with results that will get me tossed on my ear out of liberal circles. I understand him to be the remaining world's champion bully, bum sport and copper hollerer. As seen through the winning personalities of the beauties that govern him, he wants what we've got and isn't going to be particularly scrupulous or sensitive as to how he gets it. He has been at war with us and our system of government for more than a quarter of a century and never for one moment has let up in his efforts to undermine us, not even when we were Allies. I do not believe that *he* believes in the United Nations except as an instrument to be used to weaken us. He is not and never has been interested in a square shake on Atomic Regulation. He has been trying to kid us down a one-way street on disarmament, in which we do and he doesn't. He has done everything possible to prevent a Peace, and to keep the world in a state of turmoil, fear and uncertainty. His politics are those of the Dark Ages. Off his record since the end of World War II, I am beginning to entertain the same disgust and distaste for him that I felt for that obscene specimen, the Nazi. When it comes to standards of civilization in human behavior and national honor, I do not see where there is a great deal to choose between Hans and Ivan. Each uses force and terror to achieve his ends.

The German and The Rooshan seem to share the Central European method of going about winning the love of strangers in neighboring countries. Ever since the end of the war, the melancholy Muscovite has just about picked up where the German left off.

It is a human enough trait and a universal one, this desire to be loved by other peoples. The American has it strongly. He craves the affection of foreigners and sets about trying to get it by giving away his shirt. The Britisher approaches the same yearning differently. When he feels the need of a little international cuddling he sends out the royal family on a junket, hands out scrolls and medals, and stages one hell of a big parade.

But not the German and the Rooshan. When he is overcome by the urge to experience a little lovin' and isn't getting it from his neighbors, he fetches down the old blunderbuss, stuffs it to the brim with slugs, and goes out awooing, business end foremost.



You have just been witness to the Teuton on his last search-for-love-and-admiration spree that bathed Europe in blood and nearly ended our civilization. All through the early stages of the war he kept raising his filthy bloodstained paws to Heaven while he whined his amazement that somehow, after all he had done for them, his neighbors still did not seem to appreciate him.

Of late it has been the unhappy Rooshan who has been complaining that the blessings of his person and his ideology have not been received with proper warmth and are failing to win him pals in Europe and Asia, and he is moodily tickling the trigger of his mitrailleuse and sapping citizens over the head in neighboring countries to convince them that they love Communism. Apparently the Rooshan believes that nothing will inspire a stranger with an unswerving passion for him and his works as lining him up against a wall and ventilating him, or kidnapping (*Continued on page 189*)

The moonshiner had it all figured out except how to fool the revenue officer

Evidence Is High Proof

by JESSE STUART

THOMAS HART BENTON

Eif Cluggish rode Thunderbolt, his white horse with flaxen mane and tail, in front of the long wagon train. He sat up straight as an iron poker, on one of the best saddles that money could buy, with polished black bridle reins held loosely in his gloved hands. Thunderbolt, considered the fastest horse in Blake County, lifted his feet proudly as Eif turned in his saddle to look back over his mule teams, plodding along wearily through the November moonlight, along the Little River Road from Blakesburg to the Tibert River Valley.

When Eif looked back at his twenty-three good mule teams, with twenty-three good wagons loaded with supplies, it gave him a feeling of happiness that made him puff his dollar cigar with pride. He sent up small clouds of smoke that faded on the chilly November wind. For Eif Cluggish owned everything he saw in this wagon train but the drivers, sitting on the front seats like soldiers on horse-drawn artillery pieces. And he nearly owned them. They owed as much allegiance to him, to fight for him and "the business," as soldiers owed to their country in a time of war. Eif Cluggish's business was almost war. The Law was after him. And Eif and his men knew it. But that didn't bother them.

Herbie Cluggish, Eif's oldest son, rode behind his father on a blazed-face pony that he called Rock. Eif would never let Herbie ride in front of him. That wasn't Herbie's place. Herbie's place was between Eif and the wagon train of mule teams. When a driver needed help the word was grapevined from driver to driver until the news reached Herbie. Then Herbie rode back to the supply wagon to get an extra part for a broken wagon and was back in a jiffy, so he kept the wagon team rolling along.

"I like to hear the wheels roll over the frozen dirt," Eif said to Herbie as he blew a cloud of fragrant cigar smoke. "And never once has my train been stopped by the Law! It's allus been a breakdown that stopped us. And it didn't stop us long."

Eif Cluggish carried extra parts for his wagons and harness in the last wagon on the train. He carried supplies for the men and mules in this wagon too. And behind this wagon was an extra mule that just followed along for use if one of the work mules got sick or died in the harness. Everything was worked out in "the business" to perfection except one thing. Eif Cluggish hadn't thought of any way to handle Keaton Battlestrife, a deadeye shot, fearless as a lion, and the smartest revenue officer in the mountains.

"We've got the Blake County officers sewed up, Son," Eif told Herbie as they rode along together. "They've got to be re-elected and we've got votes enough to do that. They like their offices and we like them as long as they leave us alone. And Revenooers from out-of-way places," he talked on as he puffed clouds of smoke from his cigar, "can't hook up with our local law and get us. So they stay away. But the one officer who won't hook up with anybody is that 'Old Keat' Battlestrife. He'll bring his own men and they're as dangerous as a pack of copperheads. They'll strike before they give warnin'!"

When Eif spoke of "Old Keat" Battlestrife, his beardy lips quivered and his keen black eyes danced in their deep sockets like wind-blown embers returning to life. Herbie knew that his father was afraid of Keaton Battlestrife and he wondered what they would do if this revenue officer and his men ever attacked their wagon train.

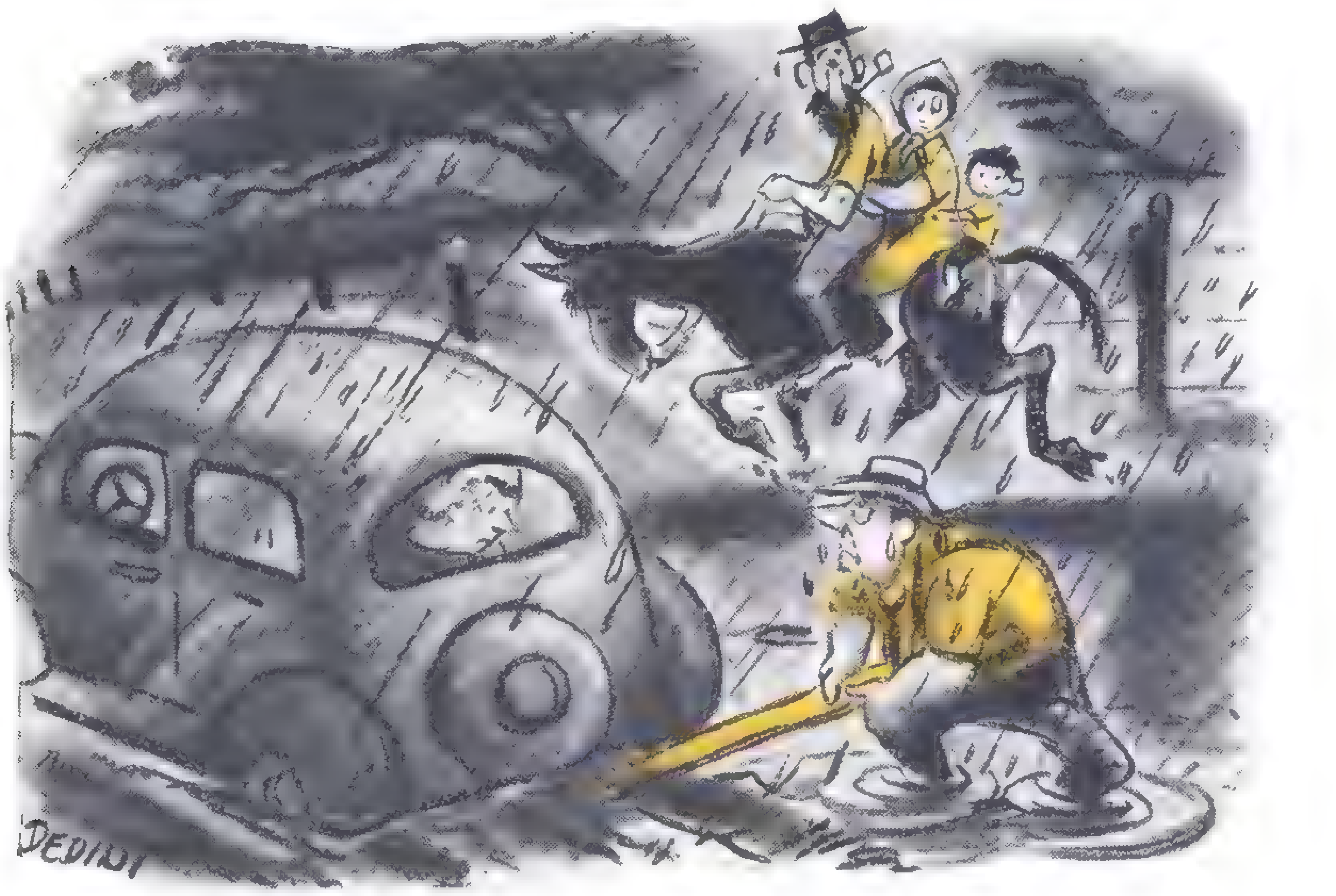
"Pa, would you know Keaton Battlestrife, if he's to ride up here?" Herbie asked.

"Shore I would," Eif said as he removed his glove and took another long cigar from his inside coat pocket. "I've seen his picture in the paper so many times I think I'd know his face anyplace. Remember that time a shiner nearly got 'im and he lay in the hospital at Auckland with a bullet hole through his middle and how the papers carried his picture every day and told about his condition? I made it my business to study his face so I'd know it!"

"What would we do if he did attack us?" Herbie asked Eif.

"That's just what I've been a-thinkin' about," Eif said. "It's hard fer me to think until we get into a pinch. Then the thoughts come fast. You know all the pistol signals?"

"Yes," Herbie said as he slowed his pony back to second place and let Eif lead the train. Herbie could hear a few of the drivers behind him speak gently to their teams. Many he could hear cussing their mules and slapping their rumps with the leather checklines. And always he could hear the turning of wagon wheels. He heard them night and day. For when he slept he heard them. And when he was awake he heard them. It didn't matter when he slept, day or night, he heard the turning wheels. But on this night the lonesome November wind whipped through the sycamore trees along Little River bank and often drowned the sound of wheels but never the voices of the drivers. For their rough words would pierce any wind. And that is why he never saw the man on a horse ride past him. But that wasn't anything to think about. It happened often when they were on the road. And often the man would ride up beside his father as this man had, ask him a question and then move on. But when this man rode along beside Eif, Herbie saw his pistol in his right holster. Then Herbie rode his pony up beside the stranger.



"You don't act like a stranger," Eif said. "I want to know just what your business is."

"I know what your business is," said the tall man, sitting in a screaky saddle on a long-legged rearing-to-go bay. "I've seen too many of these wagon trains but I'll admit this is the best one and the biggest one I've ever seen!"

"You're Keaton Battlestrife?" Eif suggested. "I'd know that face in daylight or moonlight."

"And you're Eif Cluggish," Keaton said. "You have the biggest dairy in the Kentucky mountains and you peddle a very expensive and powerful brand of milk."

"How do you know so much about my business?"

"Your 'business' is to 'make,'" Keaton Battlestrife said, "and my business is to get you. That's why I'm here. I'm taking you back with me, Eif!"

"That's what you think," Eif spoke with confidence. "But I don't think you are. My customers have to have their milk! Remember I sell good milk!"

"But the price is a little steep," Keaton Battlestrife said. "Forty dollars a gallon!"

"More than that," Eif said.

"And you don't pay any State and Federal taxes," Keaton Battlestrife said. "That's why you've bought half the land in Tibert River Valley and why you've been able to run the legal liquor stores out of Blakesburg! Now you're goin' with me."

"You can't take me," Eif said. "Look at the men I've got!"

Then he quickly whipped his pistol from his pocket and shot twice into the air. This was the signal for his wagon train to stop. In five seconds after the shots were fired, all teams had stopped. And a cavalry of horses galloped along the left side of the wagon train.

When Eif saw Keaton Battlestrife's men riding up from the rear, he held his pistol in the air and shot three times. This was the signal to his men that he was leaving the wagon train.

He reined Thunderbolt to his right and Herbie followed on Rock. Thunderbolt knew that there was trouble. He'd heard this signal before. He streaked like a white ghost on the wind down the other side of the teams so Battlestrife's men couldn't get him. Rock streaked out after big Thunderbolt who was laying his hoofs to the ground like the low sounds of thunder. Eif lay down almost flat on his back and gave him full reins, his long coattail flying behind him like a black flag. Herbie leaned forward in his cowboy saddle and gave Rock the reins and whip. He had to have both to keep up with Thunderbolt.

"Pow," Eif shot one time for the wagon train to start moving when they could. But the two riders never heard the wheels start rolling for the sound of their horse's and pony's hoofs hitting the frozen ground. They cleared the end of the wagon train before Keaton Battlestrife's cavalry could turn to pursue them.

When Thunderbolt turned the curve in the turnpike Rock was at his heels. Eif and Herbie heard the pistols barking then. But these sounds didn't bother them. Eif reined Thunderbolt down the first road to the left. They were riding for Little River. Eif pulled the pistol from his left holster, as Keaton's cavalry came charging down the road, and fired four times. That signal meant for Herbie to follow him.

When they reached the river, they heard bullets hissing through the treetops above them. Thunderbolt let out a big snort, but he took to the river like an impatient diver. Herbie dreaded the plunge when he saw Thunderbolt and Eif go all the way under, but when they arose Eif was still in his saddle. Water spouted from Thunderbolt's nostrils.

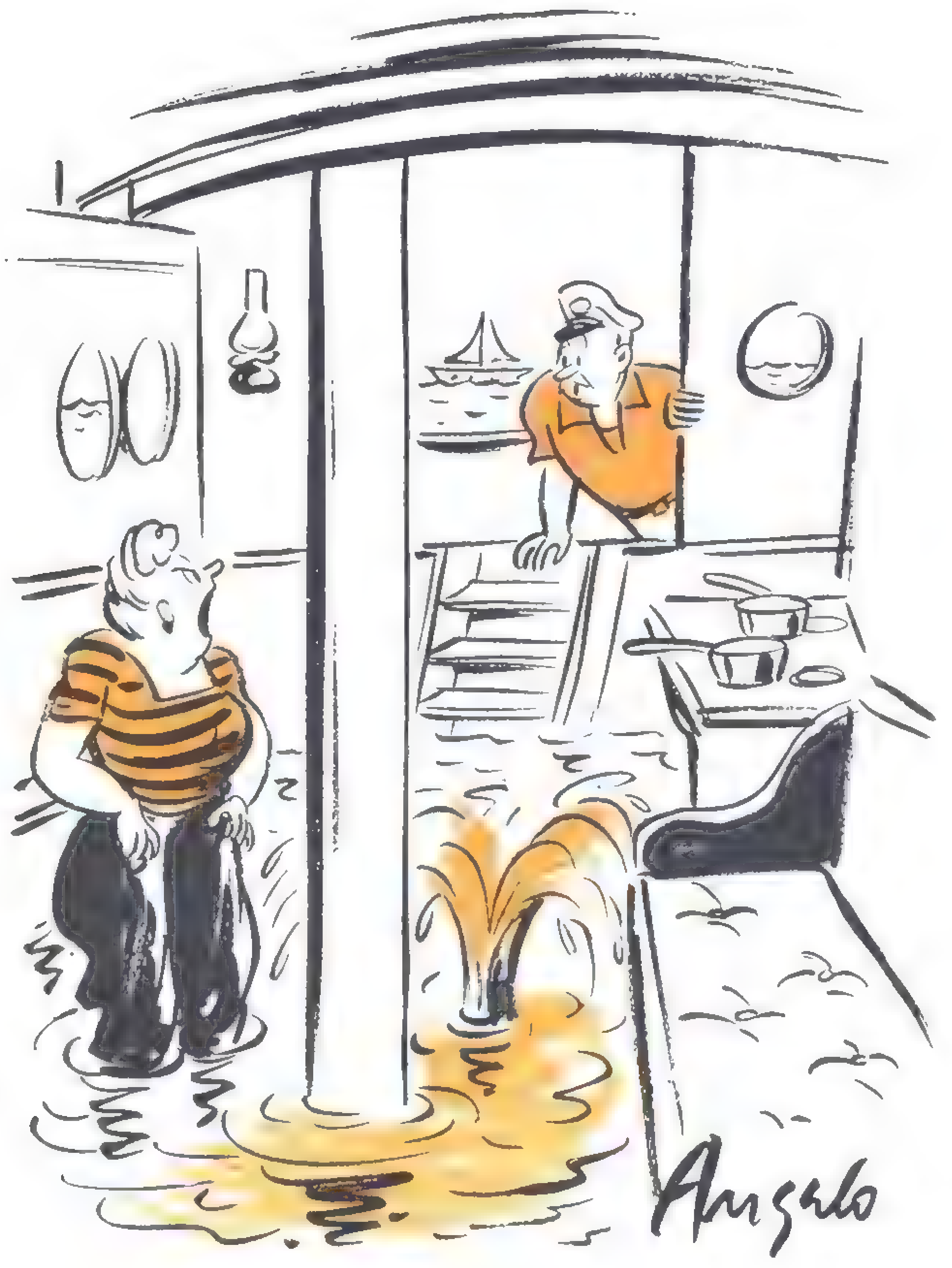
"Swim down the river and not across," Eif yelled to Herbie.

Herbie caught his words just as Rock hit Little River going all the way under and he went down in the icy water to his neck. But when Rock came to the surface he followed Thunderbolt down the river. And when they were two hundred yards or more down the river and the wind had quieted for a minute they heard Battlestrife's men back where they had hit the river. They heard them open fire into the bushes on the other side. While they were shooting, Eif and Herbie reached Put-Off Ford, and Thunderbolt was walking from the river, up the joltwagon road. Water was rolling from his body like it does from a duck's back in the rain. Water was dripping from Eif's soggy clothes. He had his nice clothes wet and his dollar cigars were ruined. Eif pulled his pistol from his holster and shot twice.

"Why do you shoot now?" Herbie asked.

"I want 'em to follow us," Eif said. "We'll lose the whole pack on one of these roads!"

"What will happen to the wagon train?" Herbie asked Eif.



"Don't just stand and gape, stupid . . . call the plumber!"

"Don't worry about that, Son," Eif said. "Only time to worry about the wagon train is when we go to Blakesburg with a load of precious milk. Old Battlestrife would have the goods on us then. He can't get the goods on us now! All we've got on the wagons is cracked corn and sorghum molasses. Come on, Son," Eif said as he gave Thunderbolt the rein, "can you take it?"

"Sure can," Herbie said, his lips trembling with cold.

It was fourteen miles across the hills and hollows to Tibert River Valley. And Eif and Herbie raced against time. Thunderbolt galloped up hill and down with a water-soaked rider wearing black gloves, but not the familiar cigar in his mouth. And Herbie followed on Rock, one of the toughest ponies in the mountains.

Once they stopped on a high ridge to let the horse and pony wind. And while they rested Eif wiped the water from his pistols with dry leaves, fondled them as if they were his children, and then he filled their magazines with cartridges. Then Eif leaped back into his saddle and was off like the wind. Herbie laid his hands on Rock's rump, leaped over his back into the saddle and was off . . . They followed the ridge, a divide between the two watershed rivers, and after a mile or so, turned left again. And now their going was easier for they were riding down, down, down, gently down but with full speed!

In a few minutes Herbie recognized Rockford's barn. He knew they were on Turkey Creek where his father had first established "the business." Since it was walled in by high cliffs, the only way one could get into Turkey Creek was to go down from the Divide or come up from the mouth.

"See, this'll save a lot of time," Eif said. "We can send the boys our signals and then move on!"

"D' you reckon Battlestrife and his gang are on our trail?" Herbie asked.

"Not when we come this way," Eif said. "They'd have to track us and that wouldn't be easy to do! He went back up Little River Road and will go over Barton Hill and come down Tibert River. He'll be here to visit us. Don't you doubt it!"

"But he doesn't know where we live," Herbie said. "And he doesn't know the different creeks and deep hollows where we've got 'the business!'"

"Don't fool yourself," Eif said. "He'll know where we live. He'll know where I've got my stills. And he'll go to each one before daylight! That's why we must hurry on to signal the men!"

"How has he found out, Pa?" Herbie asked.

"Stool pigeons, Son, stool pigeons," Eif said. "Battlestrife thinks he's smart, but let's beat him at his game!"

When they reached the right fork of Turkey Creek, Eif pulled the pistol from his right holster and shot six times. His shots were about two seconds apart so the men could get the signal.

"Nine men working at three stills on Right Fork," Eif said. "Bill Sneed, my tenth man, sits on a cliff, and listens for signals. He grapevines them to the men! All will be well here!"

On the Left Fork of Turkey Creek, Eif emptied the pistol from his left holster. He only had two stills, six shiners and a listener on Left Fork. Then they rode down the sandy road, crossed Tibert Bridge, where they turned right toward Shelf's Fork. They rode up Shelf's Fork a half mile or more before Eif reloaded his pistol. He fired six times very slowly, each shot breaking the silence of this quiet hollow where even the wind couldn't penetrate for the overhanging cliffs. Here was the place Eif got most of his precious milk, for thirty selected shiners and two listeners worked here where he had ten stills.

They rode back to the Turnpike, turned right and rode two miles up Tibert Valley. Then they came to the narrow gorge where Culp Creek followed into the Tibert and they turned right. They didn't ride more than a half mile until Eif emptied his pistol into the still night. This valley, too, was walled in by cliffs against the wind.

"That's got 'em," Eif said. "Last three stills warned! The listener got that message and he's a-grapevinin' it (*Continued on page 173*)

Lucifer recalls the good old days before men went to Hell under their own power

The Devil and Caesar's Face

by I. G. MATTINGLY & J. M. YAFFE

"THE world had gone to hell," said the Devil, throwing down his paper in disgust. "Atomic bombs, civil wars, lying politicians—there's so much evil we have nothing left to do." He lounged in his comfortable wing chair facing the window in the Satanic Club, and addressed his young Disciple. It was chilly; the temperature had dropped to the boiling point, but in the Club's reading room a cheerful fire blazed. The Disciple sipped a brimstone toddy and the Devil a double wormwood. "Before the world became so infernally evil, there was spice to the game of corruption. Under the Roman Empire, for instance. Did I ever tell you . . ."

"Frequently," said his Disciple.

". . . the real story behind the assassination of Julius Caesar? That Shakespeare—you know, in the Propaganda Department—wrote an amusing play about it, but it was pure fiction."

"Confidentially," continued the Devil, "Julius Caesar sold me his soul when he was a young captain in the cavalry. I made him rich and famous, helped him win his battles, introduced him to Cleopatra and brought him back to Rome a hero. Caesar basked in his glory and forgot all about me. But in February, 44 B.C., a soothsayer told him he would be killed on the Ides of March. So I wasn't surprised when, at the next full moon, he called me to come and help him. I was stirring up a little locust plague in Egypt at the time but I dropped everything to meet him on the Appian Way."

* * *

"Some lunatic soothsayer tells me I'm going to be killed," Caesar said. "What do you know about it?"

"That information was meant to be confidential," I answered. "But now that you know that much you may as well know the rest. You will be assassinated at a Senate meeting on the Ides of March. A man named Marcus Brutus will do it. Know him?"

"Yes," he said, "and I want you to fix it up with the Fates. Fact is, I was planning to spend a few years in my villa by the sea."

"Well, it'll mean a lot of extra work, and heavy expenses."

"What would you say to thirty hecatombs of fat young bulls sacrificed at your altars next Saturnalia?"

"Sixty hecatombs, delivered the night before the Ides of March." He came right around and signed the usual agreement in blood.

"Go home now," I told him, "and when you meet the conspirators, play dumb. The night before the Ides of March, be sure to sacrifice those bulls. The next day, start off for the Senate, but at the Romulus and Remus memorial statue, slip away down Gracchus Alley and wait for me in the wine shop behind the Temple of Vesuvius. It may be awhile before I appear, but don't get nervous, and above all, don't show yourself on the street."

My plan was fiendishly simple. While Caesar was awaiting me at the wine shop, I would appear at the Senate meeting in his place. The murderers would stab me, and I would pretend to fall, but of course you can't kill the Devil. Impersonation was my long suit and I looked so much like Caesar that I might have deceived his wife Calpurnia. As a matter of fact, that night . . .

Well, on the Ides of March, after Caesar had delivered the bulls, I made my way to Rome and appeared on the Senate steps just before noon. Brutus, Cassius, and the other conspirators greeted me:

"Hail! Great Caesar, all health and prosperity to thee."

"All hail to thee, too," I replied, in flawless Latin.

As I walked into the Senate chamber the whole group of patricians and plebeians rose and applauded wildly. I bowed graciously, bestowing a handshake here, a greeting there. Then I addressed the crowd. I spoke eloquently of the glories of Rome, dwelt with a catch in my voice on the heroes who died on the battlefields of Africa, amused them with anecdotes about Pompey and other political enemies, and aroused them to a patriotic frenzy as I invoked the founding fathers and rejoiced in the blessings of Jupiter. Just as I reached my climax, the assassins swarmed about me and started jabbing me with their little daggers. Clutching my breast realistically, I dropped to the floor. As I did so I cried out, "Et tu, Brute?"—a very neat touch, I thought.

Everyone swarmed about me shouting, "Caesar is dead! Caesar is stabbed!" The conspirators escaped through the back, Mark Antony shouted orders, and the old senators stood in the corner and moaned. It was a great show. After awhile, they carried me off in state to my home. Calpurnia was allowed to shed a few tears over me, and then I was taken in my coffin to the Forum, where Mark Antony delivered a funeral oration. A very long-winded speech, an anticlimax, really. And so, while Antony was inciting the mob to vengeance against Brutus and the other men who had killed me, I made myself invisible and by the aid of a few incantations I slipped away.

The wine shop where Caesar was waiting was a dank, ill-lighted place. The conqueror of Vercingetorix sat at a table in a dark corner, staring with bloodshot eyes into a tankard of sour mead. As he watched, the mead began to bubble wildly, and I sprang from it in a puff of smoke and seated myself across from him. "Great Ceasar's ghost!" he exclaimed. Recalling my disguise, I snapped my fingers and assumed my usual appearance. Caesar tried to be casual. "You rather frightened me," he said.

"My disguise surely fooled the Senate," I said. "And the speech I made will be read in Latin classes two thousand years hence.

"You've been assassinated. The soldiers are searching the city for Brutus and the other murderers." I told him what had passed. "And now," I said, "I need only speak a few magic words and your appearance will be so changed that no one will ever know you as Caesar again. *Arma virumque cano*," I said, and I laughed at the transformation.

He called for another tankard of mead. "Drink with me, Diabolus," he said. "Drink to my new face and my new future."

As we lifted our tankards, the sound of boots came nearer, and voices cried, "Kill the assassin!"

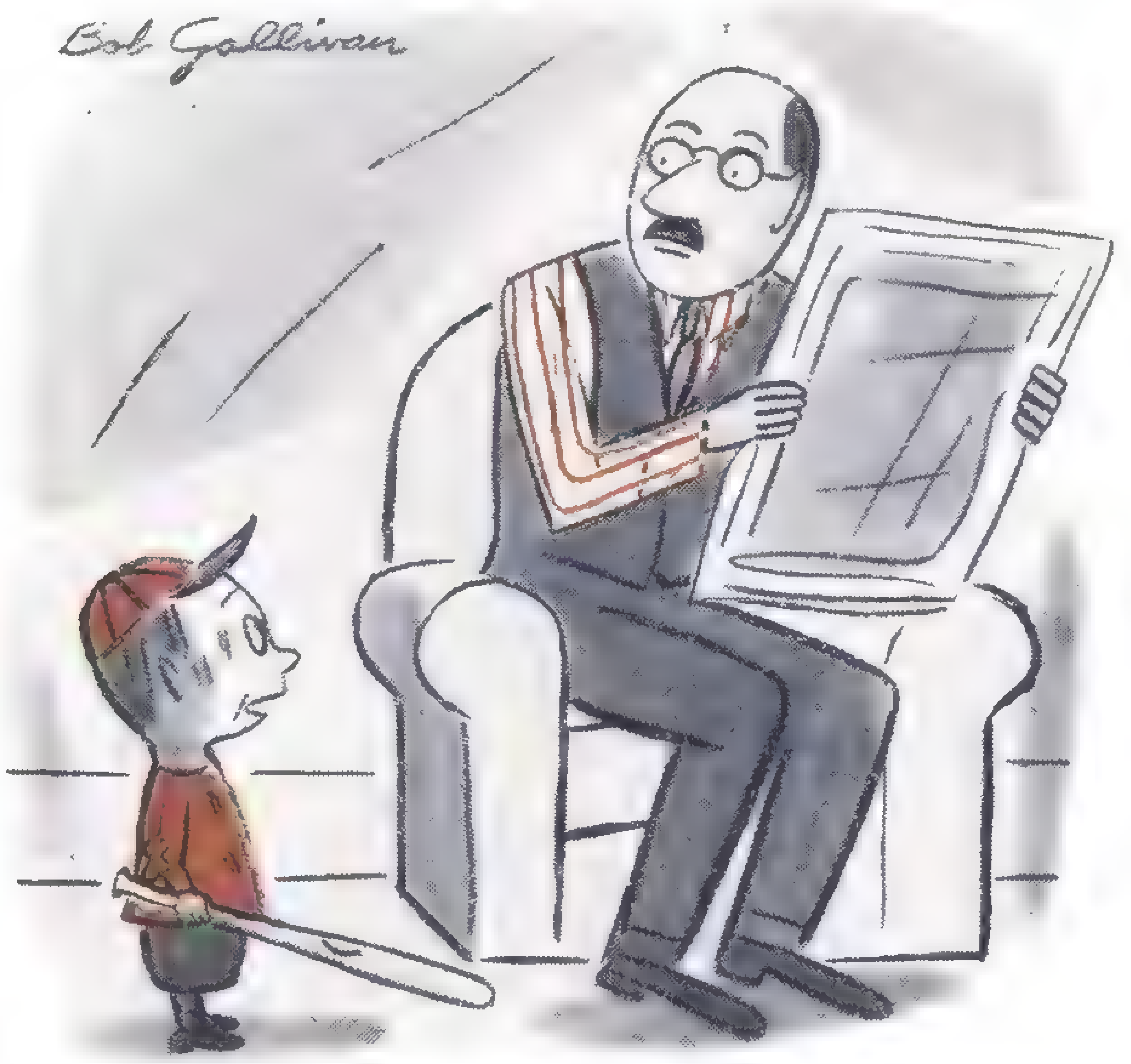
"Will those soldiers," said my client, "never catch Brutus?"

* * *

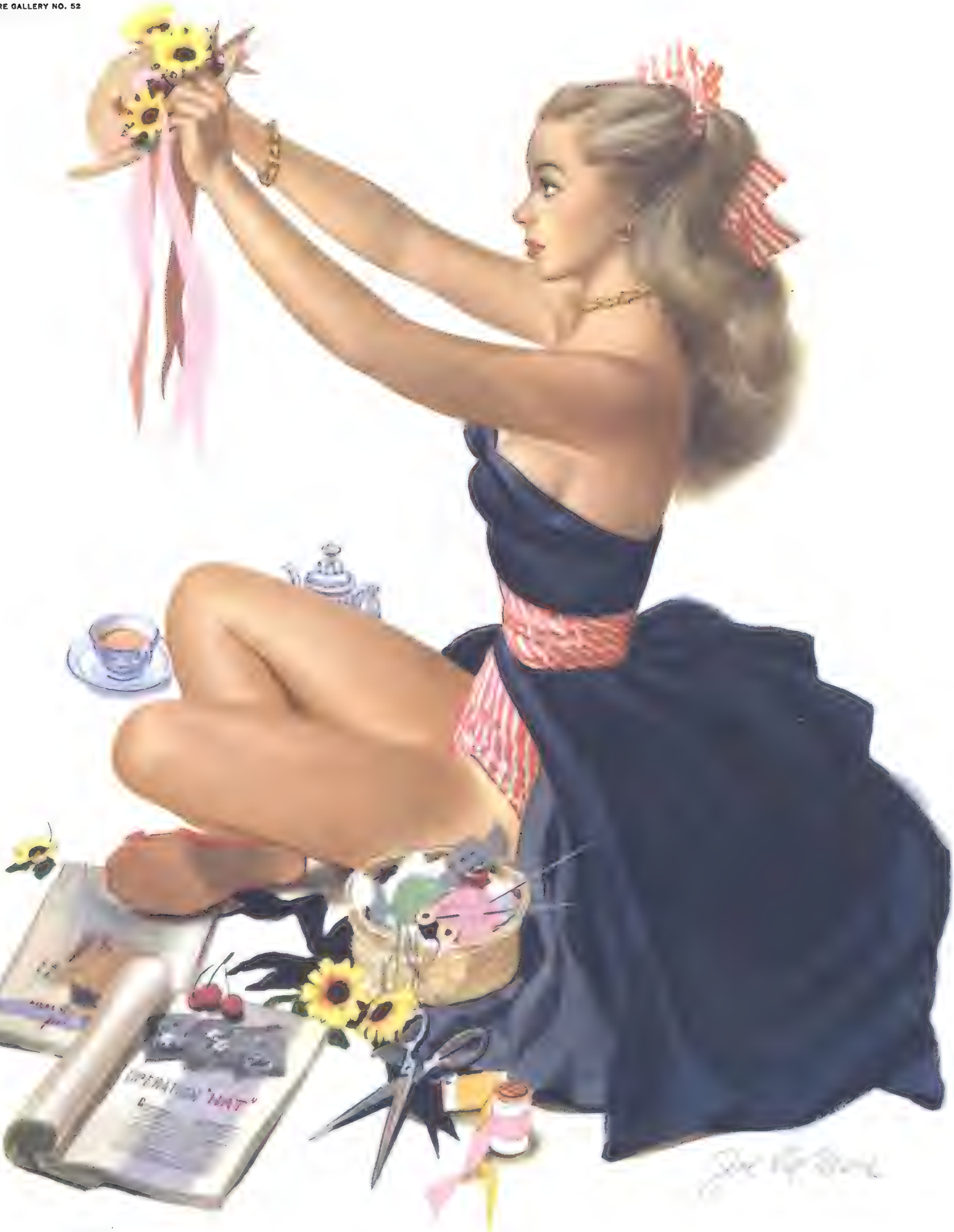
"I don't understand," said the young Disciple. "Whose face did Caesar have?"

The Devil looked at him a moment with raised eyebrows.

"You youngsters," he said. "Will you ever learn? The face that I gave him was that of—naturally—Marcus Brutus." #

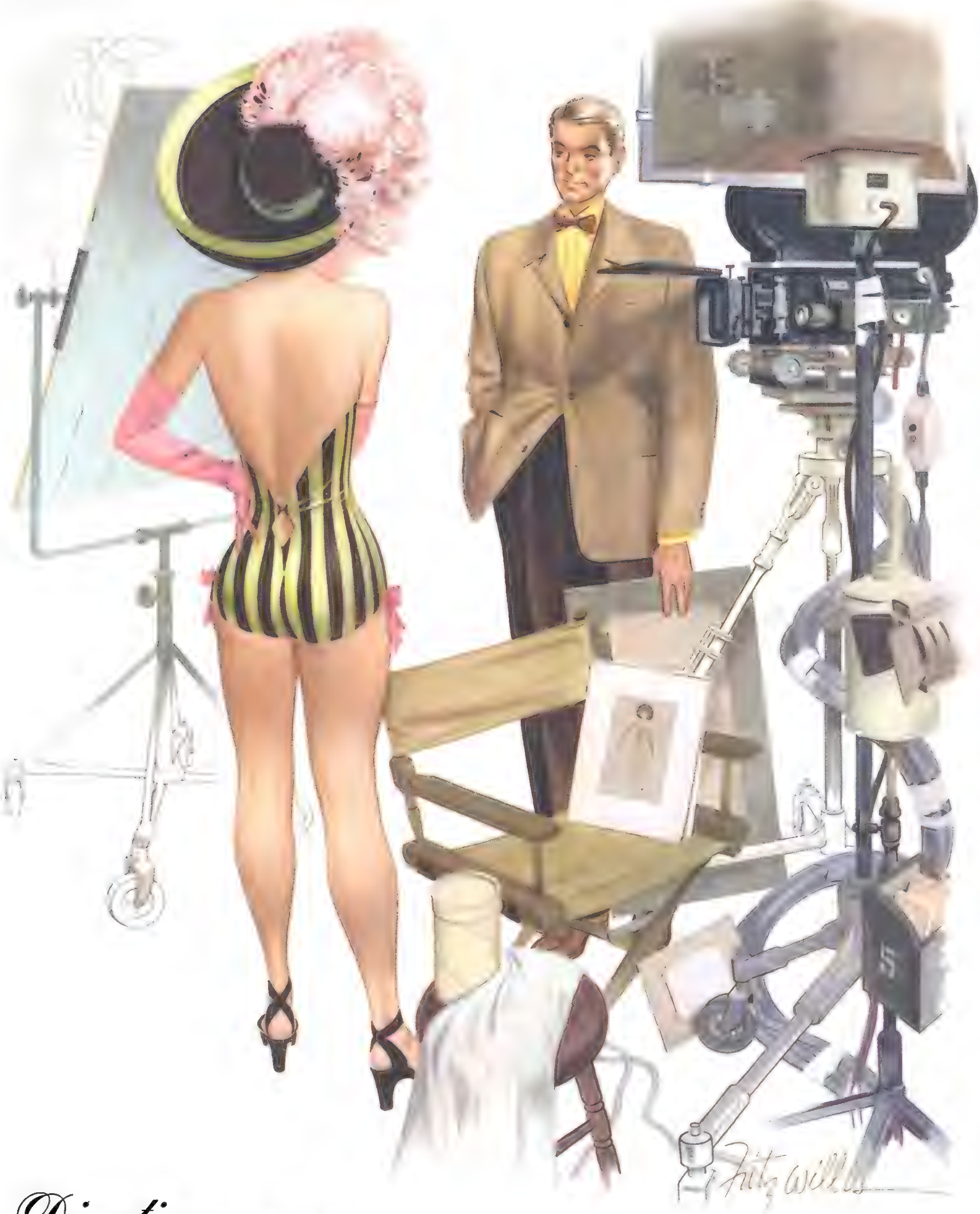


"How would you like to slug it out with Howie Murble's old man?"



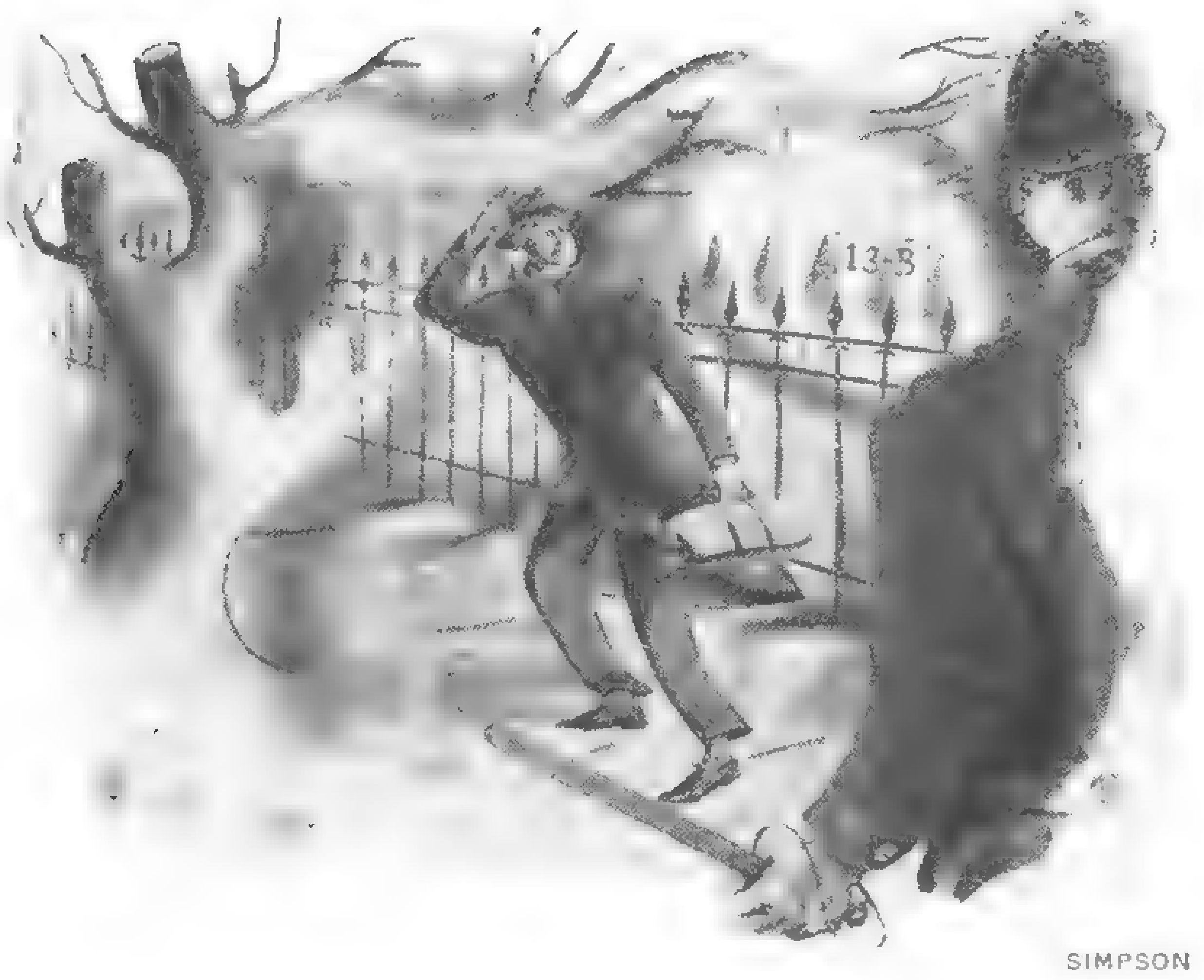
Concentration by JOE DE MERS

Joe De Mers offers the above study of a million dollars' worth of milliner as an example of twofold concentration. His precociously endowed Esquire Girl concentrates on her homemade chapeau in the making, the reader concentrates on her, and the chips fall where they may. Students of sociology and kindred matters will, no doubt, be pleased to note that the creative spark which made a helpmate out of grandma glows warmly in granddaughter, too. But the ordinary layman, we suspect, will observe the tilted profile and pleasant contours of Little Miss Hatmaker and be pleased to note period.



Direction by FRITZ WILLIS

Add to your list of jobs out of heaven the one performed by the trim Hollywood gentleman in this Fritz Willis study, whose privilege it is to direct the likes of the Esquire Girl of the present inst. Assuming they can tear their eyes forcibly from the pretty picture she makes, masculine readers are invited to observe the casual fashion adorning our director. Outfitted in the California mode, he features a yellow sport shirt, red figured-foulard tie, jacket of tan camel's hair shade and dark brown gabardine slacks. And he may be forgiven the touch of contentment about his mouth, for who would not be content to swap vocations with him sight unseen, salaries to be discussed at leisure.



It had been so brutal a murder that one would almost expect the criminal's return

The Scene of the Crime

by GERALD KERSH

The big man with the little black bag turned to the right at The Bricklayers, walked on and turned right again at St. George's Church. Then he found that he was lost. Someone had misdirected him, or he had misinterpreted the direction. He stood in a small curved street of cheap and pretentious houses with plaster columns and basements fenced in with massive, spear-headed iron railings. The snow, trampled to slush in the main road, lay here like a sheep-skin rug. Something like a pancake of yellow light lay under every lamppost. The big man with the little black bag was aware of a certain uneasiness.

Then he saw the policeman.

The policeman was standing in the penumbra beyond one of the circles of light. The top of his helmet bobbed seven feet above the snow. He was enormous in his heavy greatcoat. The big man with the little black bag approached with a certain trepidation and said: "I beg pardon, but I seem to have lost my way. Can you tell me the way to Mahogany Road?"

The policeman replied, "Mahogany Road, sir? Yes sir. Let me see now, Mahogany Road. This is Tulip Crescent. Follow the Crescent around to your left, just as you're going, then bear right along Jade Street, and when you get to a public house called The Jolly Farmers, turn sharp right and there you are."

The big man with the little black bag said: "Did you say Tulip Crescent? Now where have I heard Tulip Crescent mentioned before?"

The policeman said: "I daresay you would have heard of it in connection with the Joyce murder."

"Oh yes, yes, the Joyce murder, Tulip Crescent. Of course," said the other, uneasily. "Somewhat before my time, I believe."

"I daresay it would be," said the policeman, "but I remember it."

"It happened at No. 14, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, it happened at No. 14. But after the scandal they changed the number of the house, and the number is now 13B. Yes sir, if you want to get to Mahogany Road, follow the Crescent around to your left, then bear right along Jade Street, and when you get to a public house called The Jolly Farmers, turn sharp right and there you are."

The big man with the little black bag walked on, and the policeman walked with him. From time to time the policeman flashed his lamp into a doorway. Once he tried a lock.

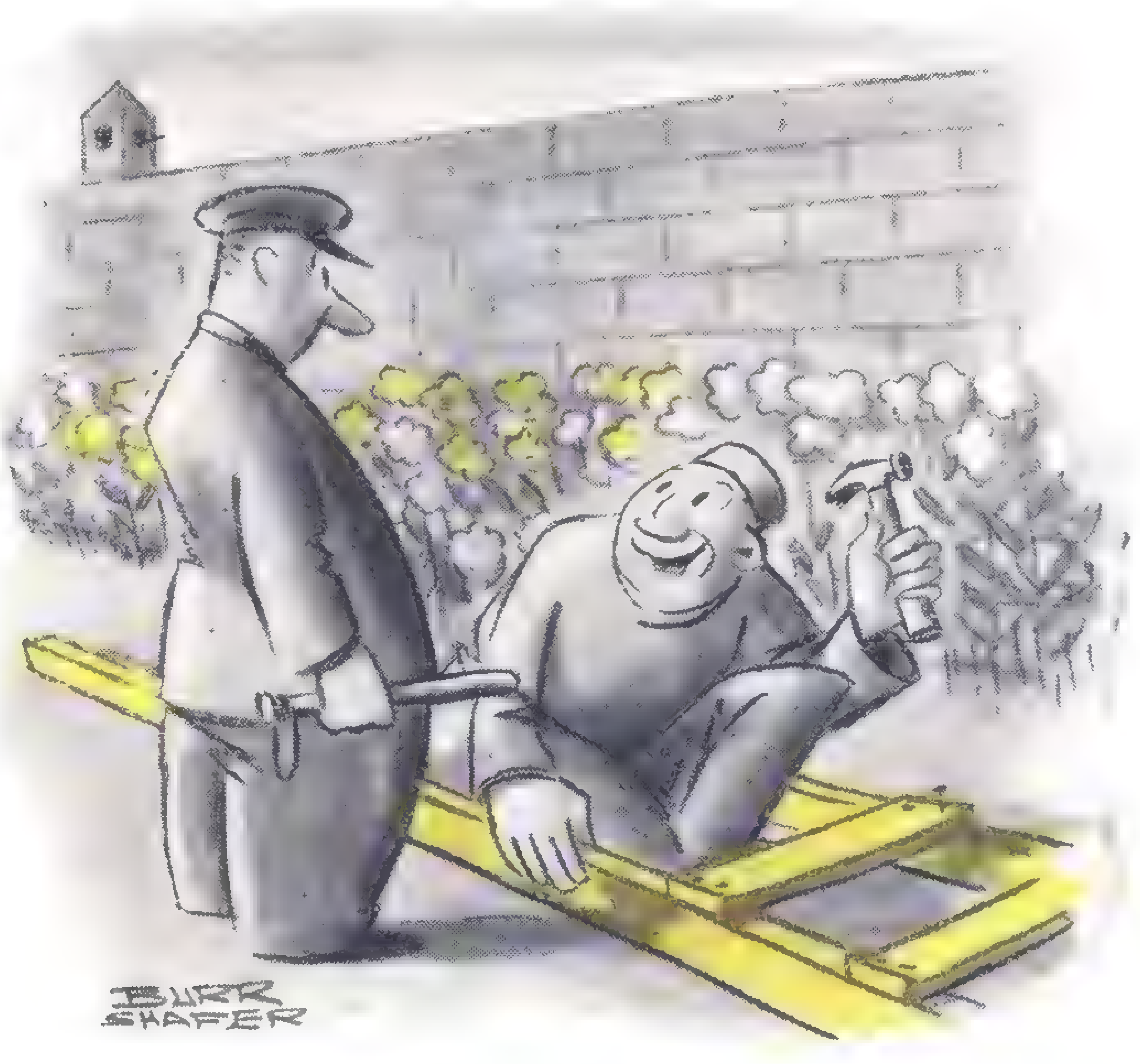
"Live near here?" he asked.

The other replied: "No, I live in Australia, in Sydney—near Sidney, at least. Not far from Sydney. I daresay you wonder what brings me here. Well, as a matter of fact, it *is* rather extraordinary but I have to go to Mahogany Road to meet a distant relation of mine whom I have never met. It's a family affair. And so *this* is Tulip Crescent?"

The policeman said, with something like relish: "This is Tulip Crescent."

He turned and threw the beam of his light upon the door of a house.

The big man with the little black bag saw 13B in brass against green paint in a halo of dried-up metal polish. "It was before my time," he said once again.



"I thought maybe I'd make a fence to put in front of the dahlias"

The policeman eased his knees and beat his gloved hands together and said: "It was quite a case, sir, as you may have read."

"An old lady and an old gentleman were murdered, I believe, and no one ever found out who did it," said the stranger.

"That's right, and after thirty years the murderer is still undiscovered," said the policeman.

"It means that he is still at large," said the big man with the little black bag. "Still at large."

The policeman cleared his throat judicially and said: "At least he has never been brought to court. You understand, sir, that this is my beat and I know a good deal about it. It is my business to know what goes on, and what has gone on, sir, on my beat."

"But this was thirty years ago."

"Yes, sir, but we have our proper professional interest in these things. I am only an ordinary police constable, as you see. But these things are interesting. And if, as I might say, I walk up and down past No. 14—or, I should say 13B—many times every night, it is only natural for me to take an interest. You know the facts of the case, I presume?"

The big man with the little black bag, shifting from foot to foot and looking nervously up and down the deserted Crescent, said: "An old lady and her brother were murdered for their money, and the murderer got away scot-free, that's all I know. And now, if you'll excuse me—"

The policeman, beating away the cold with his gloved hands, said: "It was an interesting case, sir. Mr. Spoon of the *Sunday Special* wrote very intelligently about it in his *Unsolved Murder Mysteries*. There was Miss Joyce and her brother, Mr. Joyce. They lived in what was then No. 14, you see, sir. The Joyces were people of independent means. But I daresay you've read all about this in *Unsolved Murder Mysteries*, by the gentleman whose name I have already mentioned."

"No, no."

"The father was an actuary, whatever that may be, sir."

"I believe it is a man who guesses the odds in insurance, Officer."

"I see you're a betting man, sir," said the policeman.

"No, no, not at all," said the big man with the little black bag. "I never bet."

The policeman continued: "Their father was an actuary, and he left the lady, Miss Joyce, a considerable sum of money. Her brother, Mr. Joyce, was, if I may say so, sir, a briefless barrister, who liked his bottle and got around to living on his sister—if you get what I mean, sir."

"Yes, yes."

"You understand, of course, that I have studied all this pretty closely, sir, this being my beat."

"Naturally."

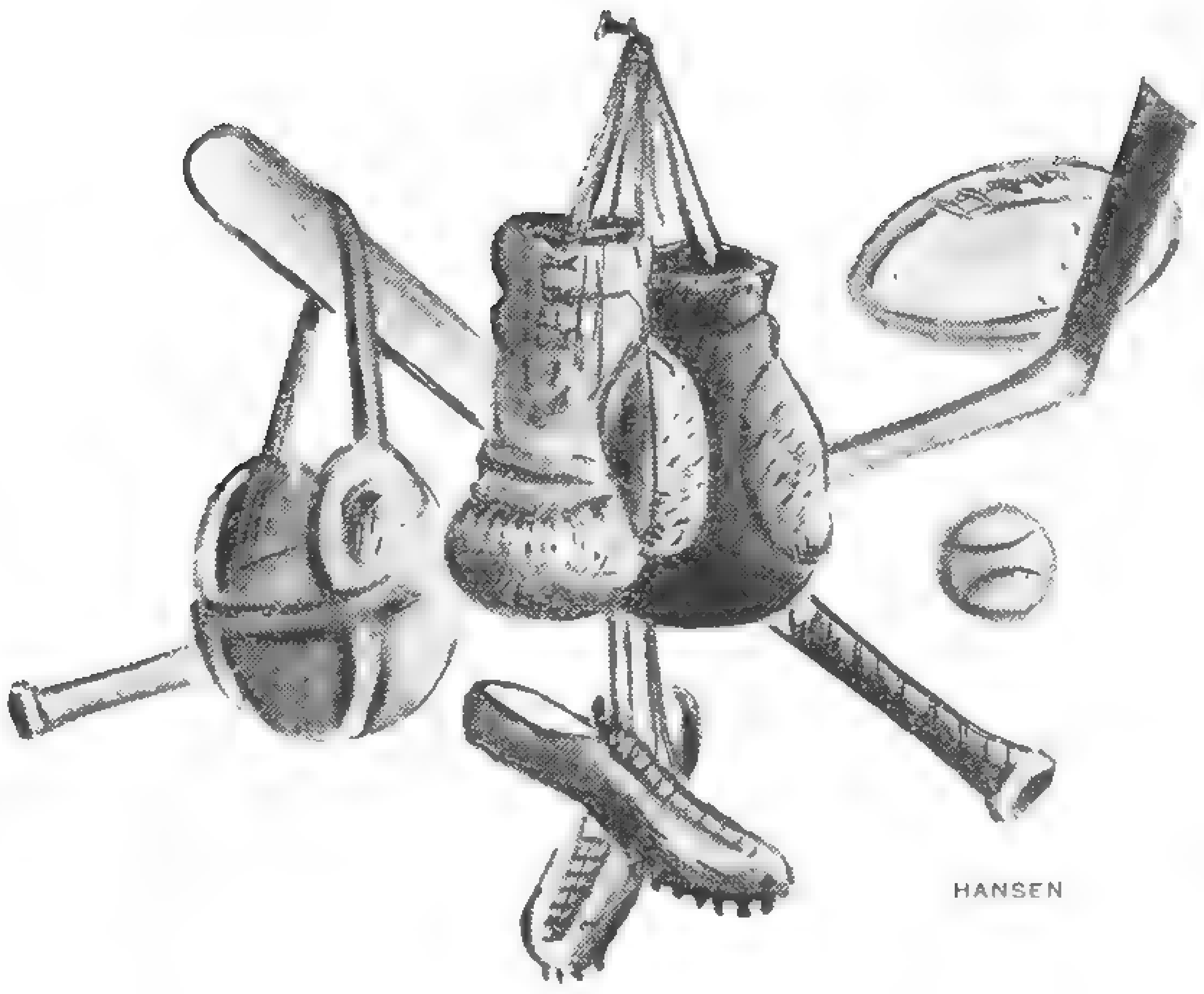
"The old lady—she was a few years older than her brother—didn't trust banks and kept most of her money, or at least a good deal of it, in the house. A bad principle," said the policeman. "For my part, give me a bank."

"Give me a bank," said the big man with the little black bag.

"Well, sir, the inevitable, as they say in the newspapers, is bound to happen. One dark night there was a

(*Continued on page 134*)

The day may come when coaches and umpires will need expert knowledge of psychology and physics



Will Science Bring a Revolution in Sports?

by **GEORG MANN**

The boys in tomorrow's hot-stove leagues aren't going to be able to make windy guesses about how fast Bob Feller could throw a baseball. Some wiseacre in the crowd will be sure to remind them that careful measurement showed it was about 98.6 miles an hour. And the know-it-alls who have every track-meet record at the tip of their tongues are going to be brought up short by science. Somebody who knows about such things as the effect of the earth's gravity and rotation upon shot-putting, hammer throwing, and broad jumping is bound to point out that it's worthless to keep records down to eighths and sixteenths of an inch. And the old grads who comb the high schools of the hinterland looking for future Glenn Davises and Buddy Youngs may not concentrate upon only the high-scoring teen-age heroes of the bobbie soxers. Instead, the scouts for the big campus teams may be armed with strange-looking sets of blocks and stacks of printed tests. These will uncover the heroes whose basic football abilities have never been revealed upon a gridiron.

All these things—and many more—are merely symptoms of the way science has already moved in on sports. They point the way toward a future in which science will straighten the keeping of sports records, improve equipment and techniques, and even pick the potentially best athletes before they are out of the grades. You needn't worry. Tomorrow's football game won't be merely a matter of two men in white lab coats scribbling formulae at each other on a blackboard. The finish of a horse race is still as exciting, even though science already has a lot to do around the track. The finish of the race, for example, is photographed and timed electronically. Simple chemical tests show whether a horse has been drugged or not. And the judges at one track are even toying with the idea of following the horses into the backstretch in a helicopter, just to have a closer look at what is going on.

A few years back science stepped in and settled once and for all an argument that has been raging for the past seventy years. Can a pitcher throw a curve or not? For years most fans agreed that he could, although there was always a small group which insisted that the ball merely looked as though it curved on the way to home plate. One magazine hired a specialist in high-speed photography to take pictures of a pitched ball in flight. The photographs, clear enough to show the stitching on the ball when it was still a good distance from home plate, indicated that the ball traveled straight as a string. On the basis of these photographs, the magazine argued that the baseball didn't curve. Everyone agreed that it was possible to throw a curve with a light ball such as a Ping-pong ball or a tennis ball by making it spin as it left the hand. But the baseball, so the skeptics argued, was thrown too hard to get any spinning effect from the pitcher's fingers.

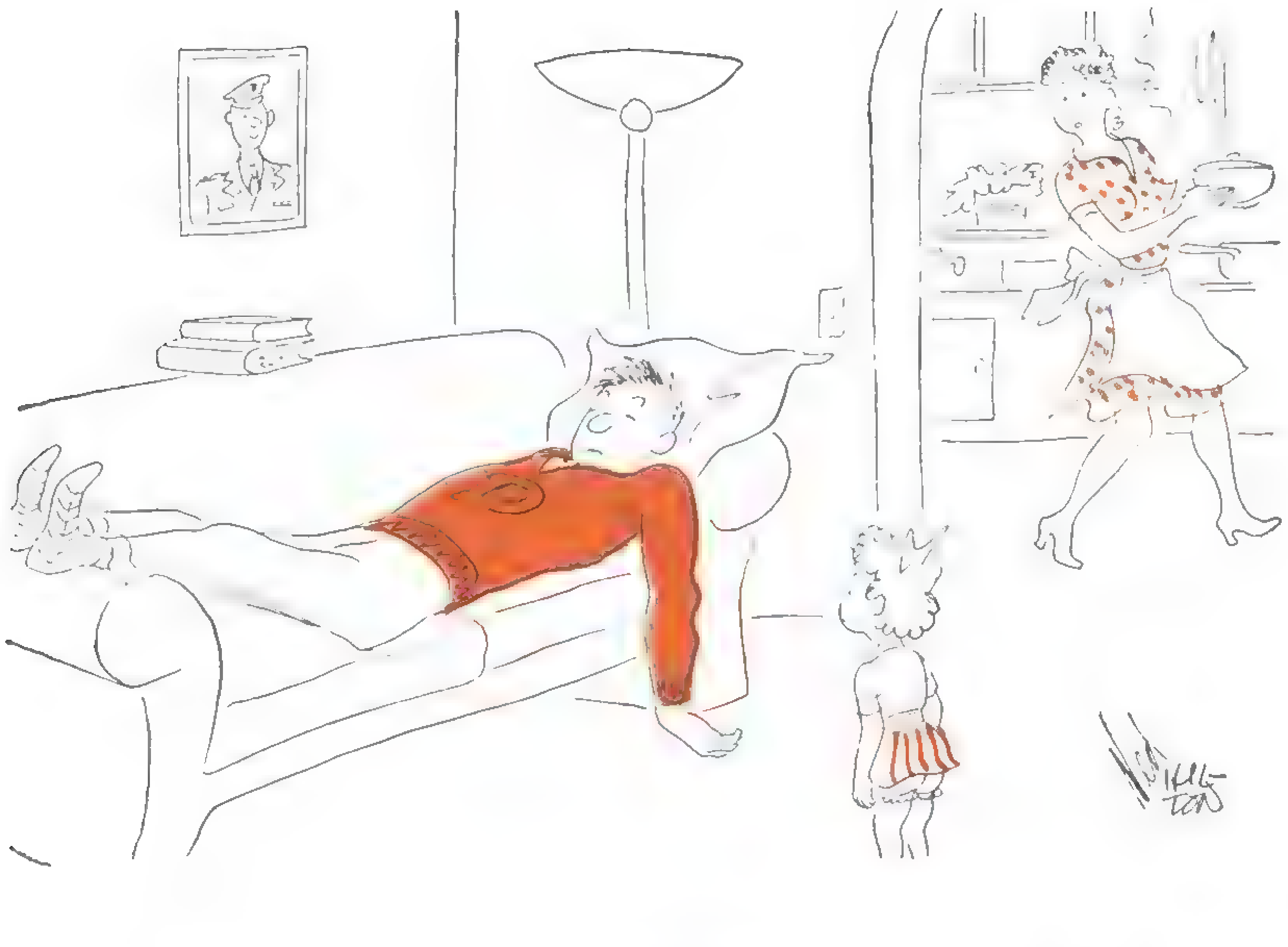
This satisfied everybody except a teacher out at Eastern Illinois State Teachers' College named Frank Verwiebe. He set up a series of five screens from the pitcher's box to home plate. These screens were crossed with tightly stretched threads. Verwiebe also employed timing devices like those used in analyzing the flight of a bullet. His experiments, reported in the official magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, showed that the ball did curve. The pitched balls he measured curved all the way from 2½ to 6½ inches on their way to the plate. And they traveled at speeds from 90 to 130 feet a second. The outdrops curved the most, and Verwiebe found that this was the easiest of all the curves to throw. And the curves all broke in the last half of their trip to the plate. Upshoots were harder to throw. A terrific spin had to be given to the ball to offset the effect of gravity, a spin that ordinarily ought to make it rise about seven inches.

Next time the batter slams the bat down into the dust and stalks back to the dugout grumbling that the pitcher wrapped that last curve around his neck, don't jeer. Chances are that the ball really did curve.

High-speed measuring has revealed other important facts about baseball. True, scientists aren't confronted with the problem of measuring time down to a thirty-millionth of a second, as they were in wartime radar, or with devices used in atomic research that can clock a speeding electron down to a one-hundred-millionth of a second. Still, not only do they know how fast Feller throws the ball, they know that a square hit will send the ball scudding out through the infield even faster. Next time the third baseman muffs a hot one, remember that it was going over one hundred miles an hour, and think twice before you boo. And an attempted steal at second base is over in just a few seconds. If the runner goes down with the pitch, the ball will cover almost 190 feet and be handled by three players in something less than three seconds.

There's a professor of physics out at Stanford University who takes the supposed exactness of modern track and field records, measured down to fractions of an inch, with a great deal of disbelief. If the bodies that certify these records were to accept Paul Kirkpatrick's arguments, they'd consider a great many abstruse physical factors before agreeing upon records. They should decide that records in throwing the discus, javelin, shot, and hammer should be established in terms of a single altitude and latitude. Furthermore, they would consider whether these objects should be thrown in a uniformly easterly or a westerly direction. And they would consider tiny deviations in apparently level ground before admitting a record to the books.

This isn't just quibbling on the part of one of the slide-rule boys. It's based upon sound arguments. In the first place, every object upon the earth, whether it's moving or at rest, is affected by the force of gravity. Every time you jump or throw a discus, you're pitting your muscles against the force of gravity. The joker is that the force of gravity isn't the same everywhere on the earth. It gets



"Let papa sleep, dear—he's been out jumping high hurdles all day"

less as you go up high mountains. And it's stronger at the poles than it is at the equator. The further you get from the center of the earth, the weaker the force of gravity. The earth's contour at the poles is flat, while at the equator it is curved. This difference is enough to affect your weight. A football tackle who weighed 200 pounds at the equator would weigh 201 pounds at the poles.

This difference in the effect of gravity has an important bearing on sports records. The Norwegian shot-putter will find the weight goes two inches further in India than in his native Oslo. The hammer thrower, by heading toward the equator, could add almost an inch to his best throw. The javelin man is in even greater luck; his best heaves toward the equator would be a foot longer. Even broad jumpers are helped by these quirks of gravity. A broad jumper at the University of Texas can spot a rival on the Harvard track team three-quarters of an inch and still match his jumps. And these contestants would be able to add to their records if they participated in a sports meet upon a fairly high mountain.

Even the condition of the ground affects records. If the place where a shot is to land is one inch higher than the place from which it is sent into the air, the throw is officially an inch shorter. If the ground is an inch lower than absolute level, the shot will be credited with traveling an inch further. Soft ground harms record-seekers. The shot sinks deeper into the ground when it lands, makes a bigger impression. The heave is measured from the rear edge, so soft ground may lop an inch or more off record heaves.

Finally, there is the question of the earth's rotation. The earth makes one complete turn on its axis every twenty-four hours. The closer to the equator, the faster any spot on the earth is moving. At the equator, a person is standing on the edge of a merry-go-round that whirls him along at the rate of 17¼ miles a minute. San Francisco is slower, traveling at the rate of 13.7 miles a minute. This means that if you throw something high enough into the air, the earth will have moved underneath it before it falls to earth again. If a shot were tossed straight up and it was possible for it to remain up for a second, independent of the gravitational effect of the earth in being carried along with it, the earth would have moved along one thousand feet before the shot fell to earth again. This has a definite effect upon the weight-throwing records. You can throw further toward the east than you can toward the west. If you throw it east, the earth in its rotation will be dropping away from the object. If you throw the same object west, the earth will be turning up toward the falling object. Practically, the difference in the earth's rotation will affect a discus throw—some of which are measured down to sixty-fourths of an inch—by about half an inch. As a matter of fact, artillery experts know about the effect of both the earth's gravity and its rotation upon shells, and take this into account when firing the big guns.

CINE
PALACIO
HOY MISMO!
BETTY GRABLE
¡HOY!
PRESENTA
LA CANCION de AMOR
CON
BETTY GR
JUAN
JOSE
DEDINI

"Mrs. Harry James"

So much, for the moment, for physics. Now let's see what the psychologists have to offer. Psychologists are already well entrenched in American industry. They have devised tests which show what kind of skills are needed to be a radio assembler or a bookkeeper. Vocational tests are regarded as sound guides for young people about to choose a career, telling them whether they are best fitted for sales or engineering, medicine or music. A professor of physical education knew about such common tests, wondered if they could not be applied to picking prospective halfbacks. The problem in sports is a great deal more difficult than in vocational guidance or personnel work. In the first place, the skills and personality qualities of various vocational and industrial groups have been fairly thoroughly plotted. But when Charles H. McCloy at the University of Iowa began his researches, he found that no one knew the special psychological talents that made a halfback who could spin his way through a hole, evade the tacklers plunging at him from all sides and romp on down the field for a touchdown. He talked to a number of coaches and players, asking their opinions, getting answers that ranged all the way from the most outrageous myths to the results of careful observation. After eliminating the theories that Red Grange could see two ways at once, McCloy came to certain basic theories. One was that a good halfback had to have a feeling for spatial relationships and be able to glimpse them closely. Furthermore, the halfback must be able to think fast—almost so fast that he is unconscious of thinking at all—and be able to adjust himself to constantly changing conditions. Tests for these abilities were rather simple to devise, for similar tests had been used by psychologists for similar purposes previously. One test for spatial relationships involved deciding which of a number of American flags, placed in varying positions on a sheet of paper, were displaying the same side. A test for quick thinking used blocks of different colors. Instructions on the bottom of each block told which block to pick up next. Speed in finishing this test accurately indicated that the potential halfback had ability to adapt himself quickly to a constantly changing set of conditions.

McCloy's researches, of course, are not so important in themselves as they are as an indication of what can be done in selecting athletes according to the abilities which psychologists can test and predict beforehand. It will take some years before the results of McCloy's work will be accepted or rejected. And it's entirely possible that other factors in the make-up of a halfback will become even more important for testing before the experiment is over. The big problem in athletics is to break down the special abilities which make for greatness. Strength can be tested easily enough; so can reaction time. The psychologists who test automobile-driving skills have many devices for seeing how quickly you can step on the brake after glimpsing a red light. The field of vision is equally easy to test. Special tests for each branch of athletics could be set up. Reaction time for boxers could test the ability to block or fade away from an oncoming punch. A tennis player could be tested for his ability to predict the course of play for several strokes ahead. The vision of prospective bowlers could be tested, in order to determine how well they could analyze the relationships between the pins left standing after the first ball had gone down the alley. With athletics, both amateur and professional, becoming big business, certainly the use of ordinary business methods in predicting efficiency in the hired help should be an asset.

One thing, of course, there is no way of testing. And that is the old competitive spirit, the ability that makes a boxer get up off the canvas after he has been beaten to a bloody pulp and go on and win, the stuff that Ty Cobb, Tony Zale and Jim Thorpe demonstrated a hundred times. The final rating in sports can be made only when the chips are down.

An old Frenchman named Louis Daguerre who tinkered with chemicals and photography a hundred years ago also contributed his bit to making sports more scientific. The camera is a good deal quicker than the eye and infinitely more honest. Properly used, it reports only what happened, not what we wish had happened. Almost every known camera possibility has been applied to sports. Motion pictures tell the football coach on Monday what happened on the preceding Saturday. Slow-motion pictures can tell him what went right—and what went wrong—on every play. High-speed photography can break down the golfer's swing into its essential, revealing components, or settle the issue of a horse race far better than the opinions of fallible judges. And high-speed X-ray photography shows exactly what happens when bat meets ball, racket strokes tennis ball, golf-club head meets ball, or place kicker kicks football. All of these pictures have been studied. The results have led to considerable improvement in both equipment and form.

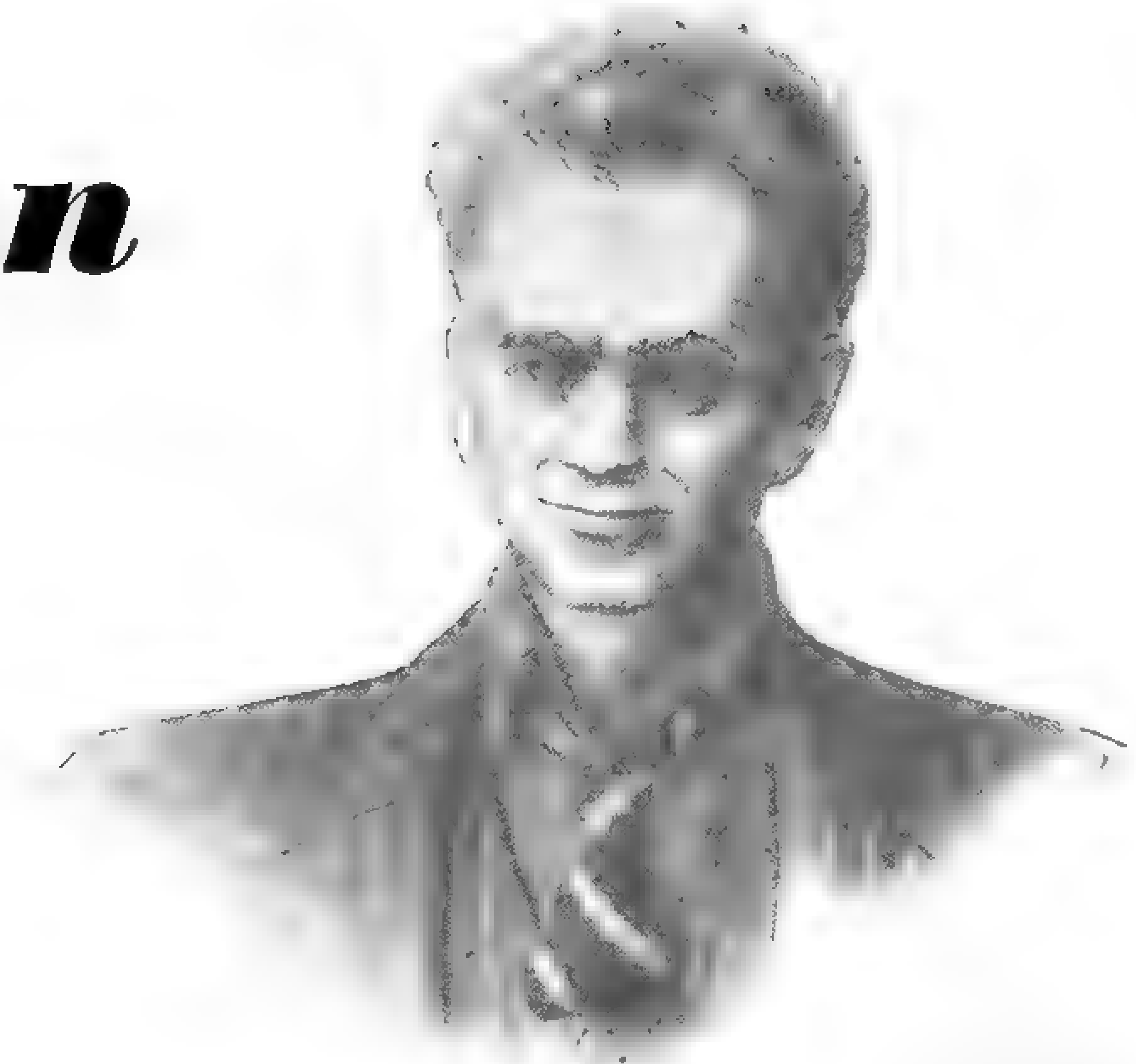
Let's look at golf. When you hit the ball with a good clean swing, the club head will be traveling at about 100 miles an hour, the ball leaves the tee at a rate of about 130 miles an hour. The ball stays in contact with the club head for only .0004 of a second. Such high-speed photographs have shown that Bobby Jones made the club swing faster just as it approached the ball

(Continued on page 136)

Song, Dance and Iceman

After playing in burlesque, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Broadway revues and *Tobacco Road*, James Barton reached actor's heaven: a play by Eugene O'Neill

by JOHN CHAPMAN



WM. DuBOIS

JAMES BARTON has behaved like a drunk for so long and so convincingly that well-meaning acquaintances continue to ask his wife if she has had much trouble with his drinking lately. The fact that he has been playing a reformed rumpot in Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* has done little as yet to better his reputation among the uninformed. Yet Mrs. Barton has seen her spouse illuminated only once in nearly twenty years—it was a particularly happy Thanksgiving—and Jim's idea of a whale of a good time is to listen to The Lone Ranger.

Barton's appearance is more raffish than actorish. He is a spare, broad-shouldered, muscular Irishman in clothes that are far from foppish. His sandy hair is an ungoverned pompadour and his face is that of a very tough yegg. His eyes are an icy blue and his voice is a deep rasp which can reach the balcony without going much above a whisper. As Jim began his long journey to the theatre on a Jericho Turnpike, Long Island, bus, passengers paid him no heed—for instead of looking like the central actor in one of the most important plays of the decade, he appears like a workman—a skilled machinist, perhaps—who could take care of himself in a saloon.

This Barton can do—and he has his own saloon to do it in. Some of the great amount of money he has made in fifty-two years on the stage has been invested in a turnpike tavern near New Hyde Park, one of the hundreds of suburbs on Long Island. In this boulevard bistro he takes care of himself by being a quiet, pleasant host, and by keeping an eye out for an occasional stiff at the bar who might give him an idea for a new drunk act.

Behind the tavern is a 5000-seat baseball stadium, ringed by light towers for games that are played three nights a week during the season. This is the home of Jim Barton's Night Hawks, a potent semipro ball club.

There is no daffier sports addict than Barton, with baseball and six-day bike races his favorite games. The première of *The Iceman Cometh* was the most noteworthy razzle-dazzle Broadway had seen in years, with the audience reporting at 4:30 p.m. Regular first-nighters were astounded to find a newcomer in their midst—the hulking Babe Ruth, sitting in about the fourth row center. Babe was a guest of Barton, and after the performance he went to Jim's dressing room to proffer the usual congratulations. "I don't know what the hell the play is all about, Jim," rumbled Ruth, "but if you're in it it's good."

In *The Iceman*, a marathon drama set in a Tenderloin saloon, which runs four hours with scarcely a pause for breath, Barton had the role of Hickey (short for Theodore Hickman), a traveling salesman whose habit has been to enjoy a semiannual binge with a fabulous assortment of male and female bums living in and above the saloon. On his present visit, however, Hickey is on the wagon, and he has come with an insane mission to show the bums the way to permanent happiness.

O'Neill wrote the drama in 1939, and when it finally was produced by the Theatre Guild at the beginning of this season it was the most talked-of play in many years. Being chosen for a role in it would be the ultimate honor to any actor—and the first to be chosen was James Barton, a theatrical roustabout who, since his debut as a policeman at the age of four, had run the gamut of songs-and-dances, burlesque, roller-skating acts and Broadway revues to a five-year run as Jeeter Lester in *Tobacco Road*.

O'Neill actors usually are chosen from the more arty set—the kind who get medals in the spring from women's matinee clubs. Only once before has a song-and-dance man been given a main role in one of the master's works—the late George M. Cohan in *Ah, Wilderness!* When Barton was tapped by Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner, who are the Guild's Skull and Bones department, he was told he had a free hand; he should read *The Iceman* . . . and pick the part he wanted. Promptly he chose, and went to work on, the character of Harry Hope, the crotchety Irish saloonkeeper. Eddie Dowling was to have the role of Hickey, but when Dowling, already charged with directing the drama, withdrew from the acting end of his job, Barton was shifted to the Hickey character and Dudley Digges became the saloon proprietor. Barton had to unlearn Hope before he could start on Hickey.

Although Babe Ruth was not alone in his estimate of the play, the first-night honors to the author and a large and superbly chosen company were considerable. Much was made of Barton's performance, which included a final speech running practically without interruption for fifteen minutes. One got the impression that the role of Hickey was the biggest thing since the uncut *Hamlet*—yet, says Barton, it is far easier and shorter than Jeeter Lester, which comprises 137 "sides" and which Jim learned in five and one-half days.

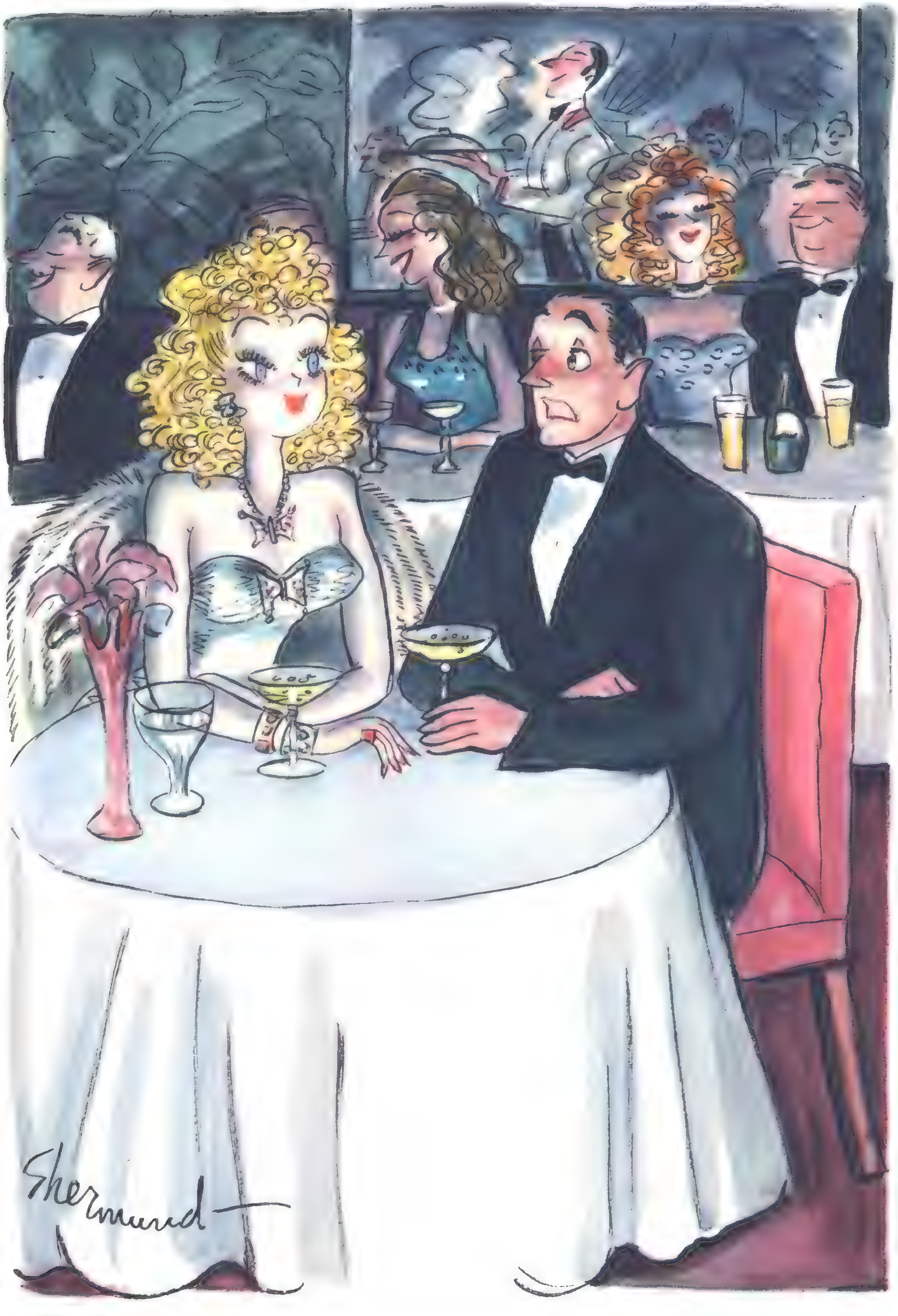
Barton occasionally is tempted to write his autobiography, but he thinks nothing much would come of it because it wouldn't tell of the usual struggle against terrific odds to get on the stage.

Jim was born in show business—at Gloucester, New Jersey, in 1890. His mother, an actress nee Anderson, was part Irish and part Danish. His father, James, was a comedian, a song-and-dance man, a member of the West & Primrose Minstrels. His paternal grandfather was a showman, operating theatres, amusement parks, a female ball club named Barton's Blue Bloomer Girls, and a variety of honky-tonks. (The movies' conception of a honky-tonk always gives Jim a pain.)

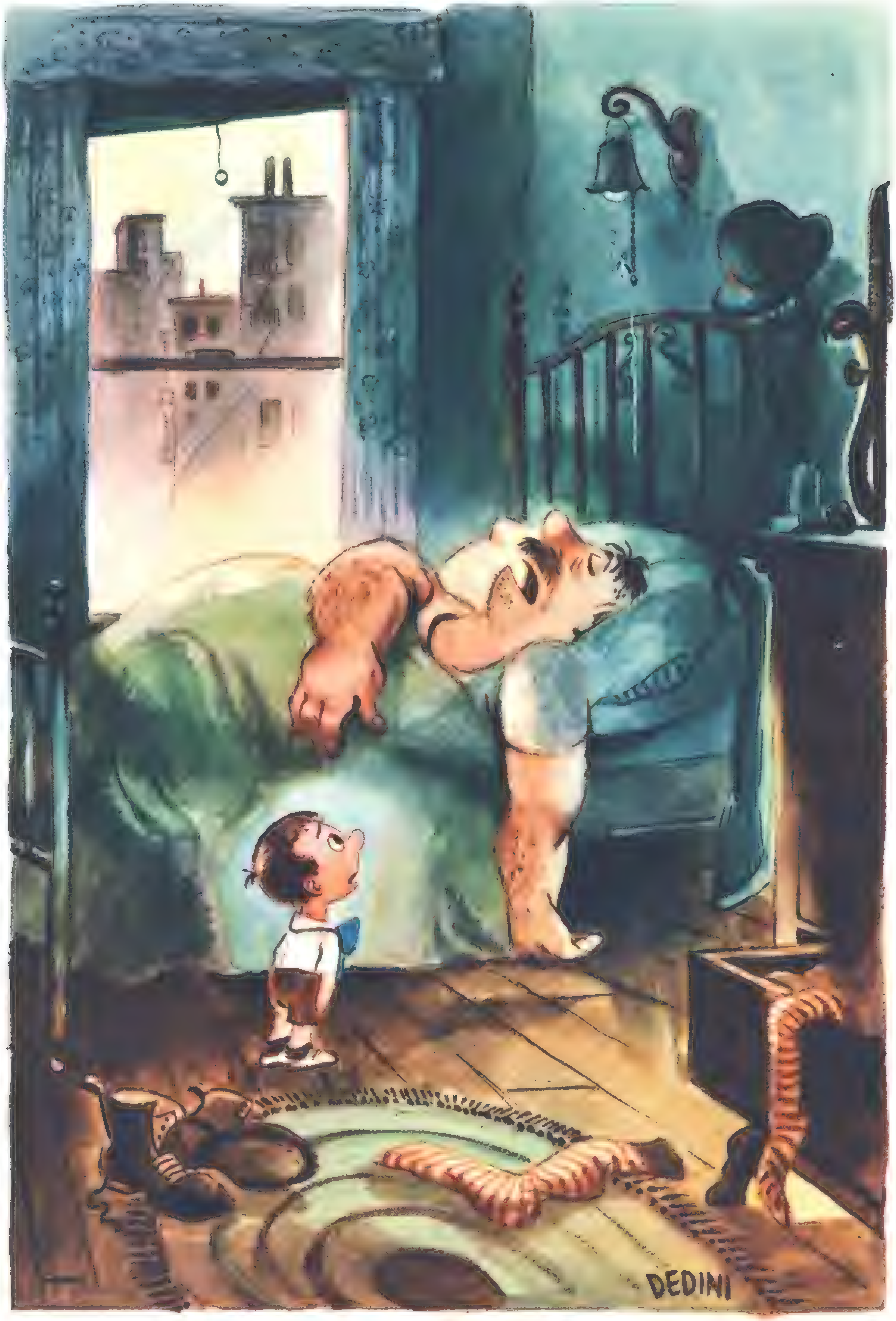
Jim's uncle Ed was another singer and dancer, of the team of Barton & Van Lear. Also in the trade was his uncle John, who once went to England for an engagement of three weeks and remained thirty years. John inherited Jeeter Lester from his nephew and played him on never-ending tours until his sudden death last December.

Another relative, Jim's (*Continued on page 149*)

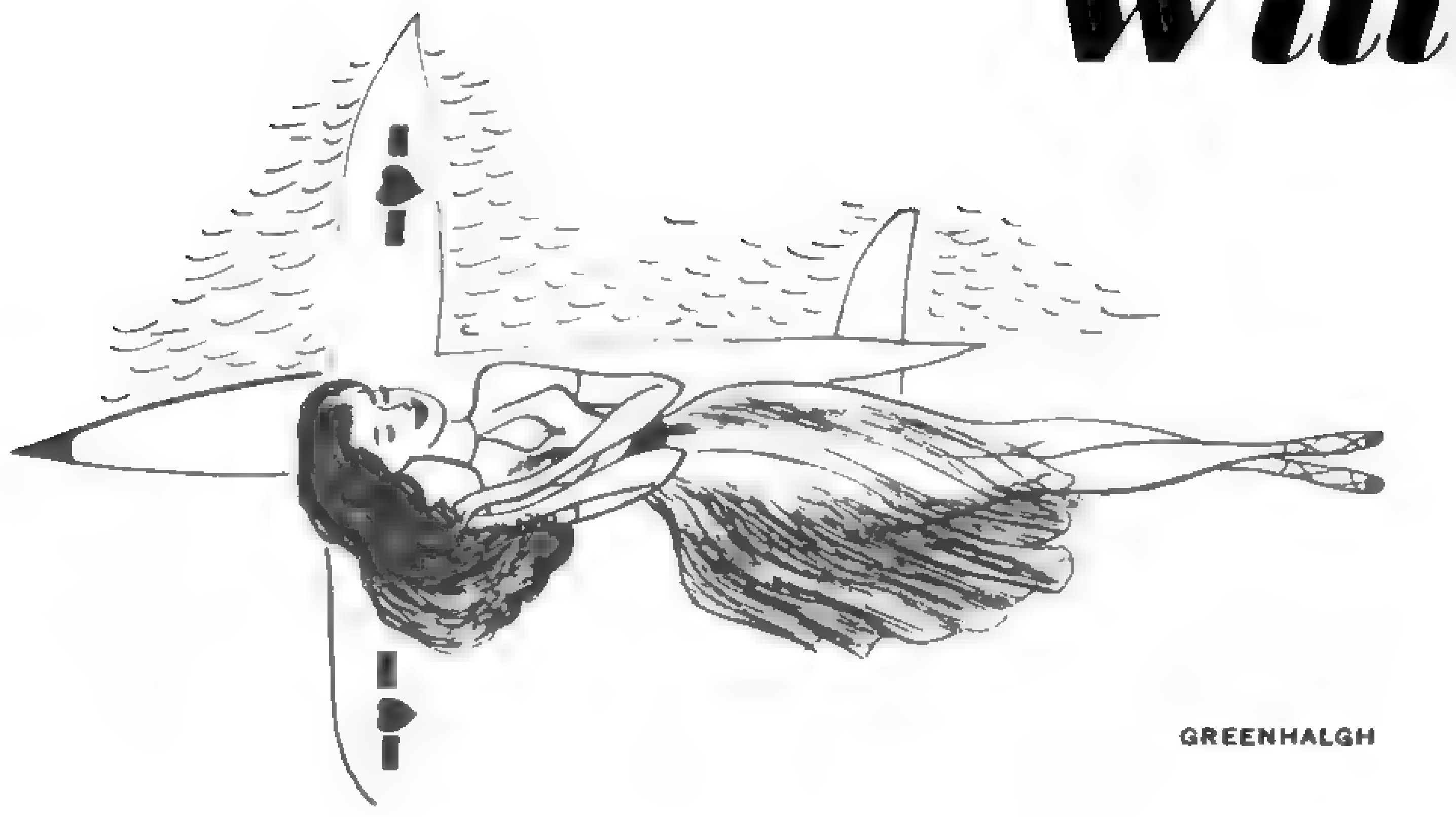
"One ham on rye to go!"



"It's funny, but I never seem to know what to talk about when I'm with you, Genevieve"



"Poppa—I'm ready for Sunday school now"



GREENHALGH

Willie Feels Dangerous

Buzzing a field spells trouble, especially if the colonel in charge happens to be the father of the world's most beautiful girl

by GEORGE W. MORSE

I do not like admitting this, but there are times when Willie feels dangerous. All male. Sure-fire, as if he can even handle women. And these times are trouble right up to here.

It starts when Timmy is singing *Never Hit Your Mother with a Pickaxe* and we are buzzing the field. His voice is crackling in my earphones.

"It . . . leaves . . . a . . . bad . . . impression . . . on . . . her . . . mind . . . " Timmy flats. "Shall we land, Junior Birdman?"

We roll neatly upwards wing tip to wing tip, and just miss an Army passenger ship coming into the traffic pattern. We land and taxi up to Base Operations and we feel just like downtown.

"I like the Midwest," Timmy remarks as we walk along, "particularly for overnight."

Then we stop as if we are one. She is walking towards us, sort of tall and deep-breathing, soft, chestnut hair, a bright sunshine-yellow dress, trim brown legs and a three-whistle figure anywhere.

"Lovely!" Timmy says softly, keeping his eyes glued on her.

"The Commanding Officer," she announces coldly, "wants to see you two. At once."

We notice a short, wiry little character standing on the Operations doorstep, waving his arms like crazy. There is a silver eagle on his collar.

"A colonel!" Timmy laments. "Did we by any chance buzz this field?"

"You two!" the Colonel bellows, closing in. "My office!"

So help me, Timmy and I have not received such an accomplished bawling out since we are caught in the Nurses' Home in Munich. After sixteen minutes of first-class raving, the colonel pauses, sputtering. "Safe!" Timmy whispers. "He's shooting blanks!"

"Names, ranks and serial numbers on this sheet!" the Colonel snaps. "Reports of this violation will be sent to your home base. Court-martial will be recommended!"

Out in the corridor Timmy sighs. "I wonder how you get a taxi driver's license, Willie?"

I am wondering too, but like that it is a thing of the past. She is walking down the corridor towards us. "Darling!" I say happily. "You waited for me!"

"On the contrary, Captain," she says icily, "I waited for Colonel Moorehouse."

She starts by, full throttle. We block the corridor at once. "No!" I say firmly. "That cage is forbidden. The lion has been fed, but he dreams of beautiful girls for dessert."

She turns brown eyes on me, sort of appraising, and right then I am jelly. Gone. Just like that.

"I . . . can't . . . go . . . in?" she says, very even.

"Sweetheart," Timmy is saying, taking her hands. "Be warned. The bloodthirsty ogre is strictly off the leash."

"He eats little girls," I said.

"Colonel Moorehouse," she says carefully, "happens to be my father. I happen to be his secretary."

It is a low blow. Timmy is already running. "A fine, upstanding ogre," he is saying over his shoulder. "Wonderful!"

Just before she disappears, she sighs, and says softly, "Father *can* be awfully unreasonable." Then the door closes.

Later, in the hotel, I am still dazed.

"Timmy," I say. "Dream Material. Mother of My Children Material."

Timmy snorts. "We will forget her, William. We are into his Nibs up to a court-martial already, without we should throw curves at his daughter. Soda," he adds into the phone.

We dig out clean uniforms and mix the soda, but I cannot concentrate.

"Timmy," I say after the third, "I am in love."

Timmy considers. "I knew a guy once who fell for a colonel's daughter. The colonel did not happen to like him and the guy's address now is Japan. We will at this time," he adds, brightening, "go downstairs and collect you a nice jill who has no relatives."

We go downstairs and eat. It is getting dark and after a few more third ones we hear music coming from something they call the Crystal Room.

"Open season," Timmy says happily. "Shall we hunt?"

It is a nice room, dim and cool, but we are sidetracked by a grey-haired, angular cove who stands at the bar in an Air Corps uniform.

"General!" Timmy whispers, awed. "Lookit the star!"

"Scatter!" I say automatically.

The general sees us. He lifts his nose out of a glass. "Captains," he says expansively, "will you join me?"

We join. We tell him no, we are not based here, and we introduce ourselves, very pert.

"McEvoy," he is saying. "Headquarters Staff. Inspection trip." He looks unhappy. "Don't like 'em. Came in this afternoon."

"Yes," Timmy says, eying something lush

(*Continued on page 165*)

KEYSTONE

Unveiling Ann Todd

When the British picture, The Seventh Veil, *was released in this country, psychiatrists decried its slam-bang treatment of emotional problems, while lay audiences waxed enthusiastic over two splendid actors: James Mason, the professional menace, and sensitive, enchanting Ann Todd. Grave Miss Todd, whose beautifully sculptured face suggests a younger Tallulah Bankhead, is actually thirty-six; she has a son, David, and a daughter, Francesca. Her husband, Nigel Tangye, a former RAF ace, now is a writer of aviation books. Miss Todd divides her talent between British and Hollywood films, is slated for Selznick's* The Paradine Case.

Contrary to public prejudice and habit, the choicest seats at a sporting event are not necessarily the highest priced

The Chairborne Sport

by **PETER SCHWED**

FREED

If you are going to be a spectator at a sporting event, where is the best place to sit? It all depends upon what you want to see and, more to the point, whether you came to see or to be seen.

There are four basic types of sports spectators. For easy reference we'll identify them respectively as the Pro, the Ham, the Preener, and the Tagalong. Both sexes are represented in each category, although the complexities of our modern social structure have seen to it that men dominate the Pro class, and women the Tagalongs.

The Pro is an *aficionado* who really understands the game he is watching, probably has played it himself, and is interested in its finer points as well as the general matter of who wins. He is the sort of chap who will take a camp chair, four hard-boiled eggs, a copy of *The Sporting News*, and wait in line overnight in order to be third in line when the box office opens for general-admission seats to the World Series. The reason he is not first or second in line is because there are always two other fans, usually from New Mexico or Manitoba, who plant themselves in front of the window early enough to achieve moderately respectable growths of beard by the time the Pro arrives.

McCARTY

Life with Lindsay and Crouse

After more than a dozen years of collaboration to produce such hits as Life with Father, Arsenic and Old Lace *and* State of the Union, *Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse remain as chummy and admiring as Damon and Pythias. Enjoying a unique community of mind they discuss each play for months with increasing pleasure before recording a line. At this writing* Life with Mother, *a sequel to* L. with F. *and similarly inspired by Clarence Day's essays, is in the process of incubation. Crouse declares that Lindsay, as an actor, has a superior sense of staging, while Lindsay says that ex-reporter Crouse has the greater gift for gags.*

The Ham has more representatives in the normal sporting crowd than any of the other classes, and it is to him that this article is chiefly addressed. He honestly enjoys sporting events and attends a good many of them. He turns to the sports page of his morning newspaper directly after hurriedly scanning the front page. (The Pro reads the sports section first—even before perusing the classifieds in search of an apartment.) Although the Ham knows the rules of the game he chooses to watch, as well as many of its subtler points, he would not qualify as a referee.

The Preeners form a bloc which deserves mention only because it takes up so many of the better seats. Not only does a male Preener sit in a good seat himself, but he is more likely than not to bring along a very good-looking young woman who would much rather be at the Stork Club. For some psychic reason, a Preener's lady is invariably a Preener too, and not just a good, healthy, well-meaning Tagalong, whose instincts will be discussed later. A Preener doesn't care a hoot about the event itself, but likes to be seen wherever it is The Thing to attend. Fight promoters know that they can underwrite a heavyweight championship with Preeners, and they make the most of it. For example, most of the $100 ringside seats at the Louis-Conn turkey were occupied by Preeners. All the Pros and Hams, who decided to skip the bout, had a good laugh and went to see the Tony Zale-Rocky Graziano fight a couple of months later where, for a $30 top, they saw the best match in recent ring history.

Our fourth category, the Tagalongs, are those ladies whom the Hams escort to sporting events. Pros usually can't be bothered with Tagalongs, and Preeners, as pointed out, are sexually attracted to other Preeners. Some ladies are Pros themselves, the most notable of them being Megaphone Lolly, who attends all of the Boston Red Sox games and shrieks pertinent comments at strategic moments. A great many ladies are Hams.

This may appear a lengthy preamble to the subject of where one should sit for a sports event, but the point is that Pros already know; Preeners are ordained for the most expensive locations regardless of their excellence; and Tagalongs sit next to the guy wot brung 'em. That is why this piece is aimed at Hams.

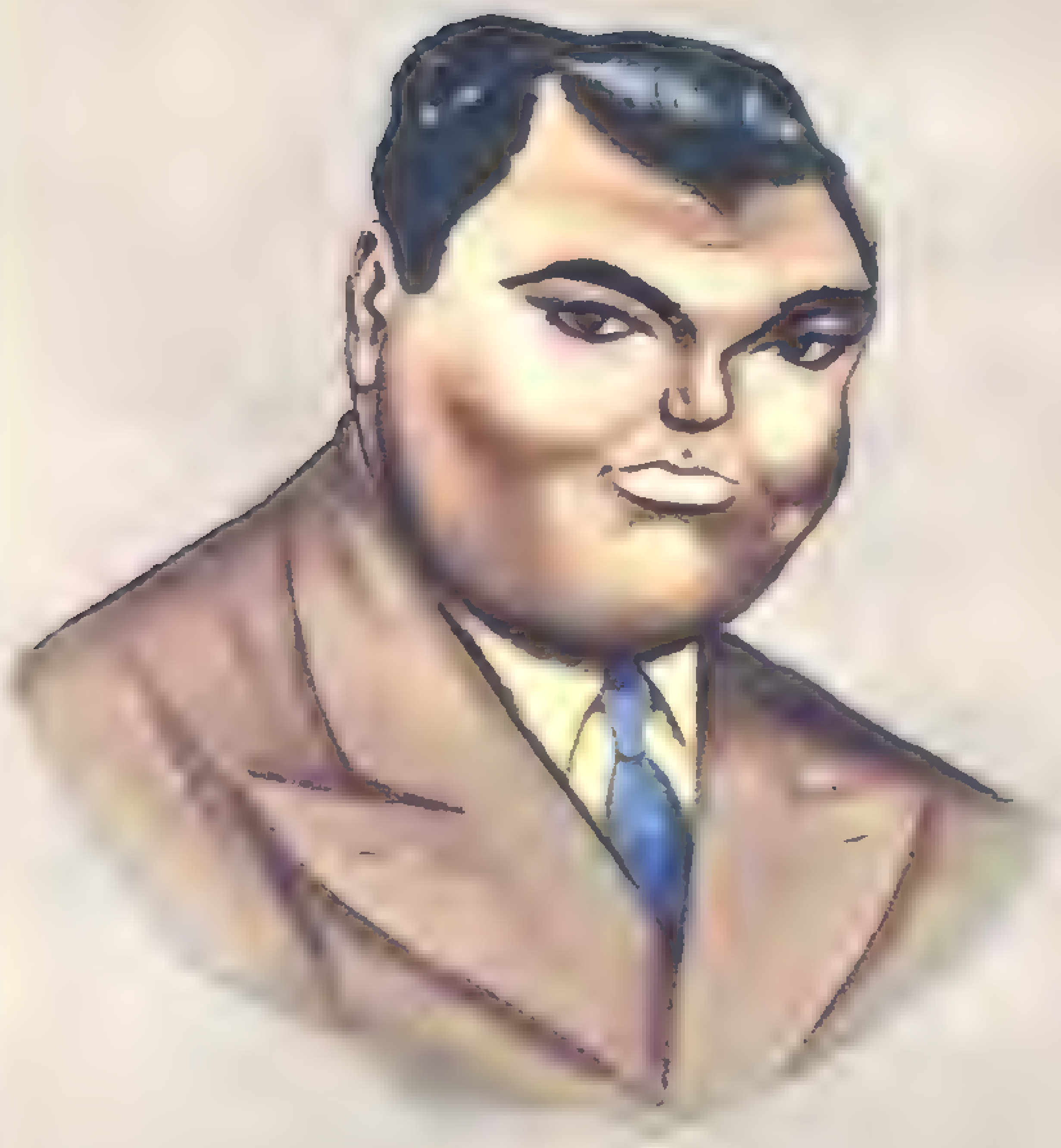
The paramount rule in choosing seat locations is to get some height. Bird's-eye view, observation post, and vantage point are all axiomatic terms and each implies height, but it is remarkable how a sporting crowd, given its free choice, tries to press down so as to be right on top of the playing field. Any theatregoer who has tried it knows that the first few rows of the balcony hold the best seats in the house, but there is a mass snob appeal which craves front orchestra. If a man maintains that you can obtain the full panoramic effect of the Radio City Music Hall stage show only from the rear balcony (which happens to be the truth), his wife or girl may uncomplainingly trudge up there with him, but her hunch is that economy was the main idea, and he knows it.

The best sports to see up close are those that are themselves close and chummy as, for instance, boxing and wrestling. Of course, you will be taking the chance of someone like Luis Firpo knocking someone like Jack Dempsey in your lap, an added attraction which would appeal only to a limited clientele. Perhaps chess is the ideal game to watch from close range. There is very little likelihood of Samuel Reshevsky dumping Herman Steiner on your newly pressed sharkskin suit, and even if he did, Steiner probably wasn't all covered with perspiration. However, with the exception of chess and a few other sports, try to get a seat high up and a little back from the playing area.

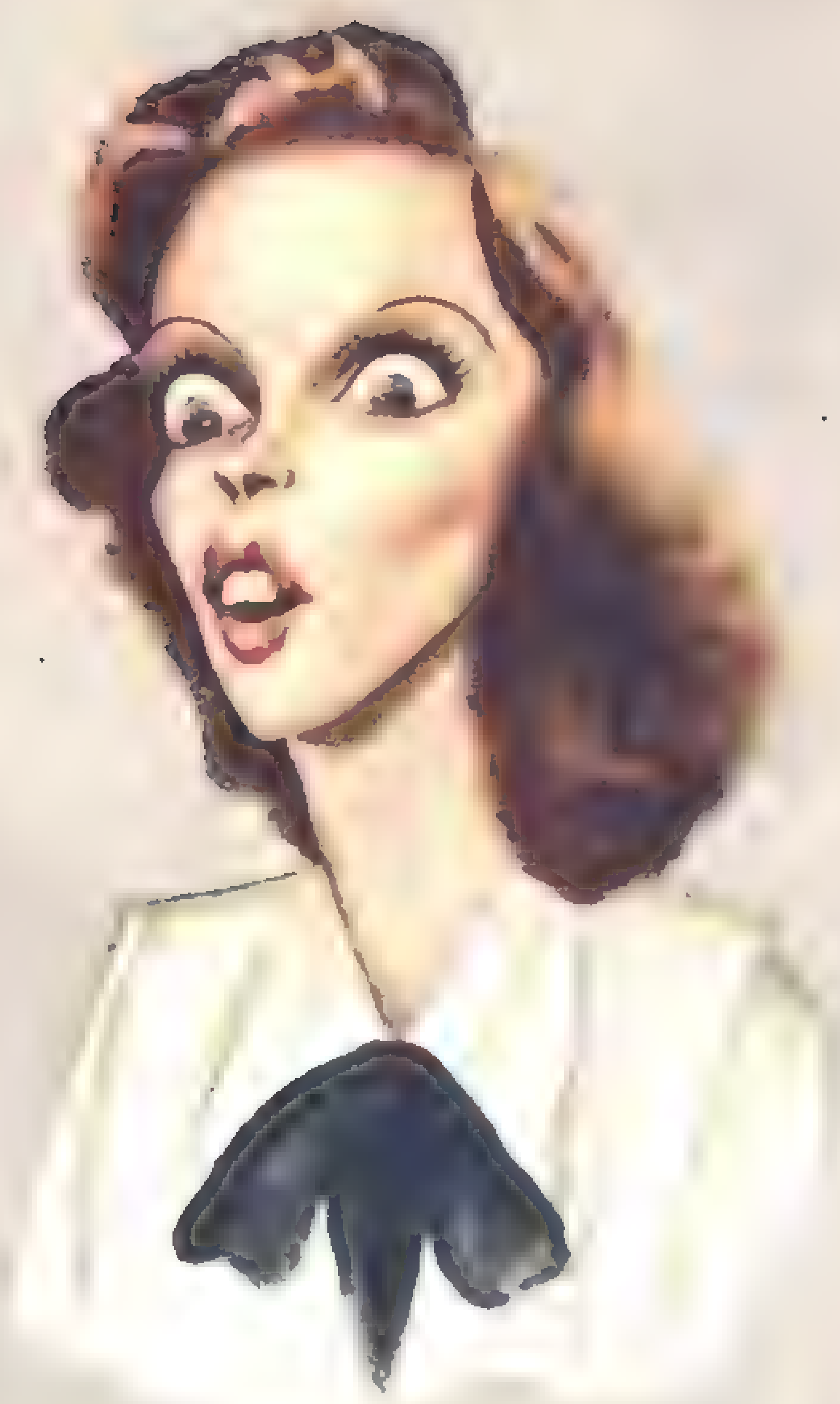
What do you want to see at a football game? Who wins? Long runs and passes? Pretty girls? Your old classmates? Someone who'll offer you a drink?

If your answer includes most or all of these

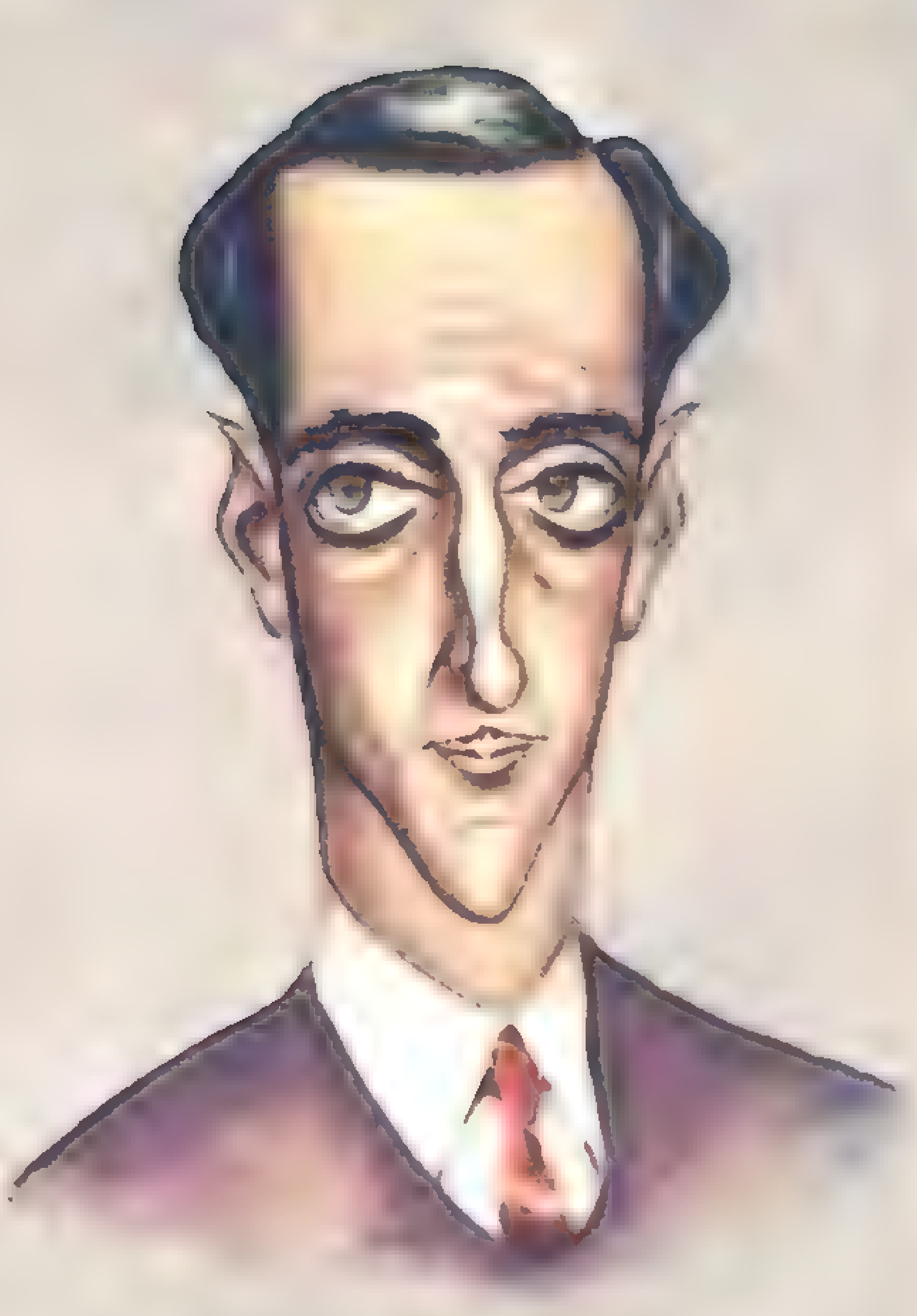
(*Continued on page 126*)



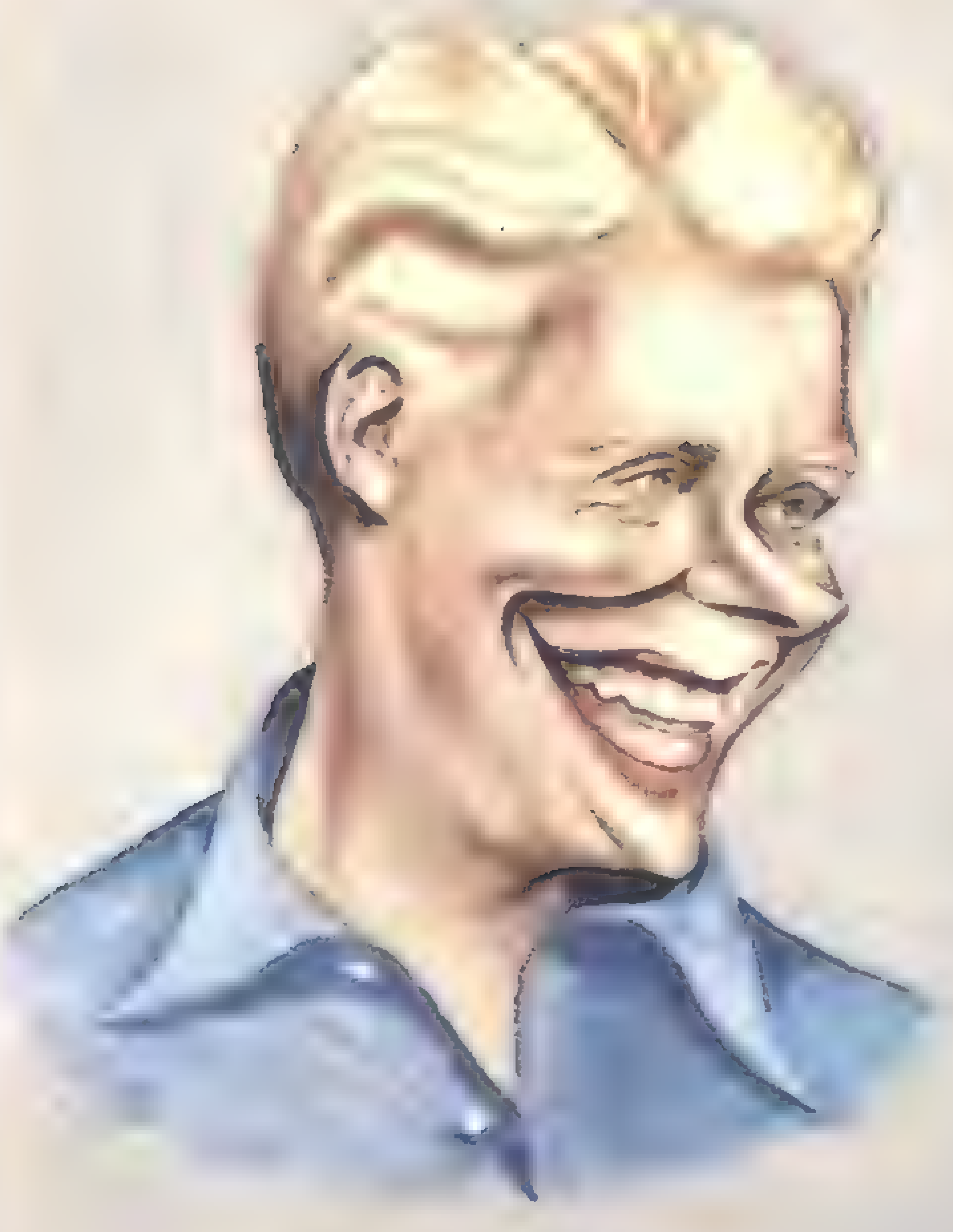
1. Mauler from Manassa
(JUNE 24)



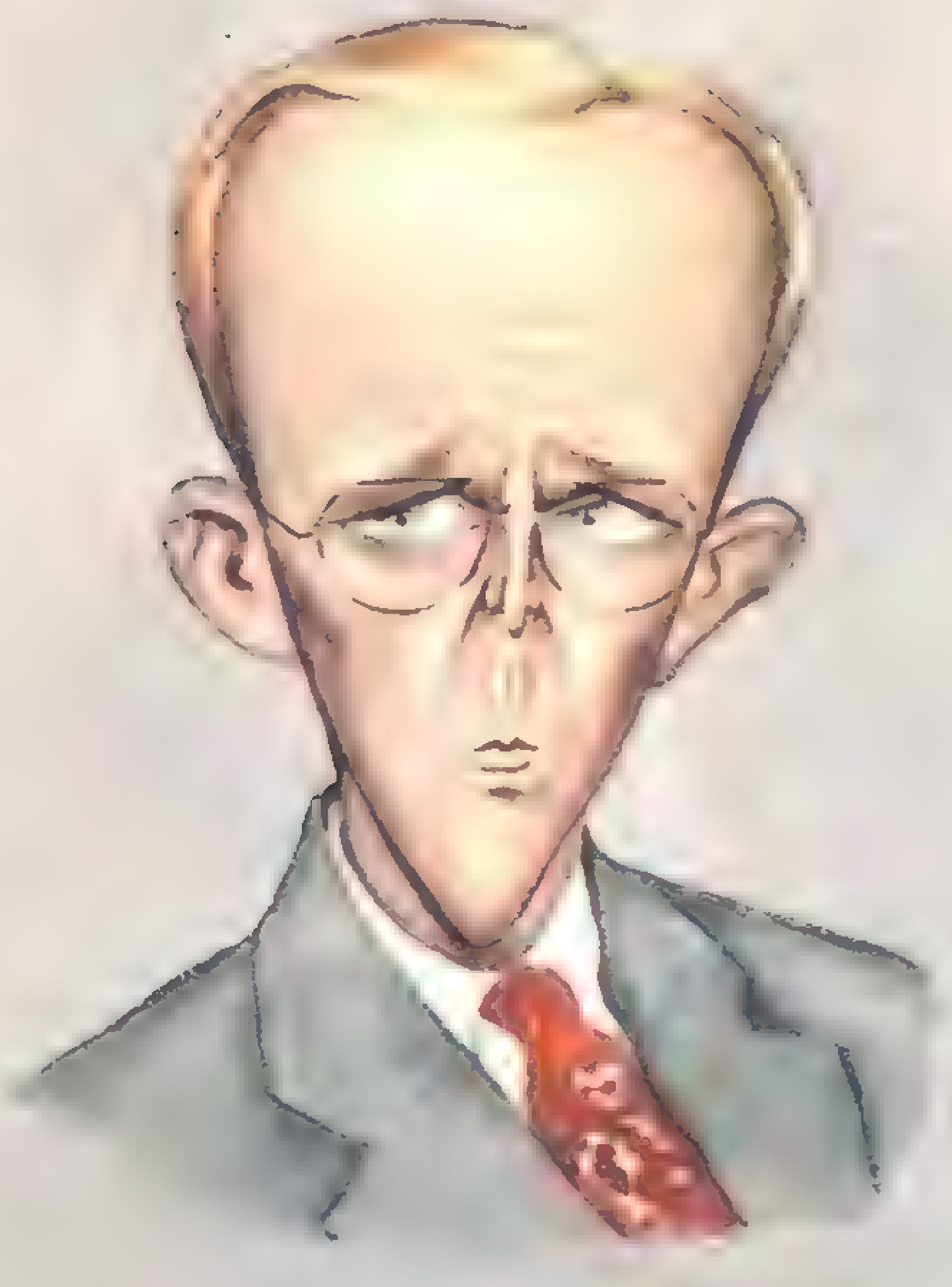
2. She went to see the Wizard
(JUNE 10)



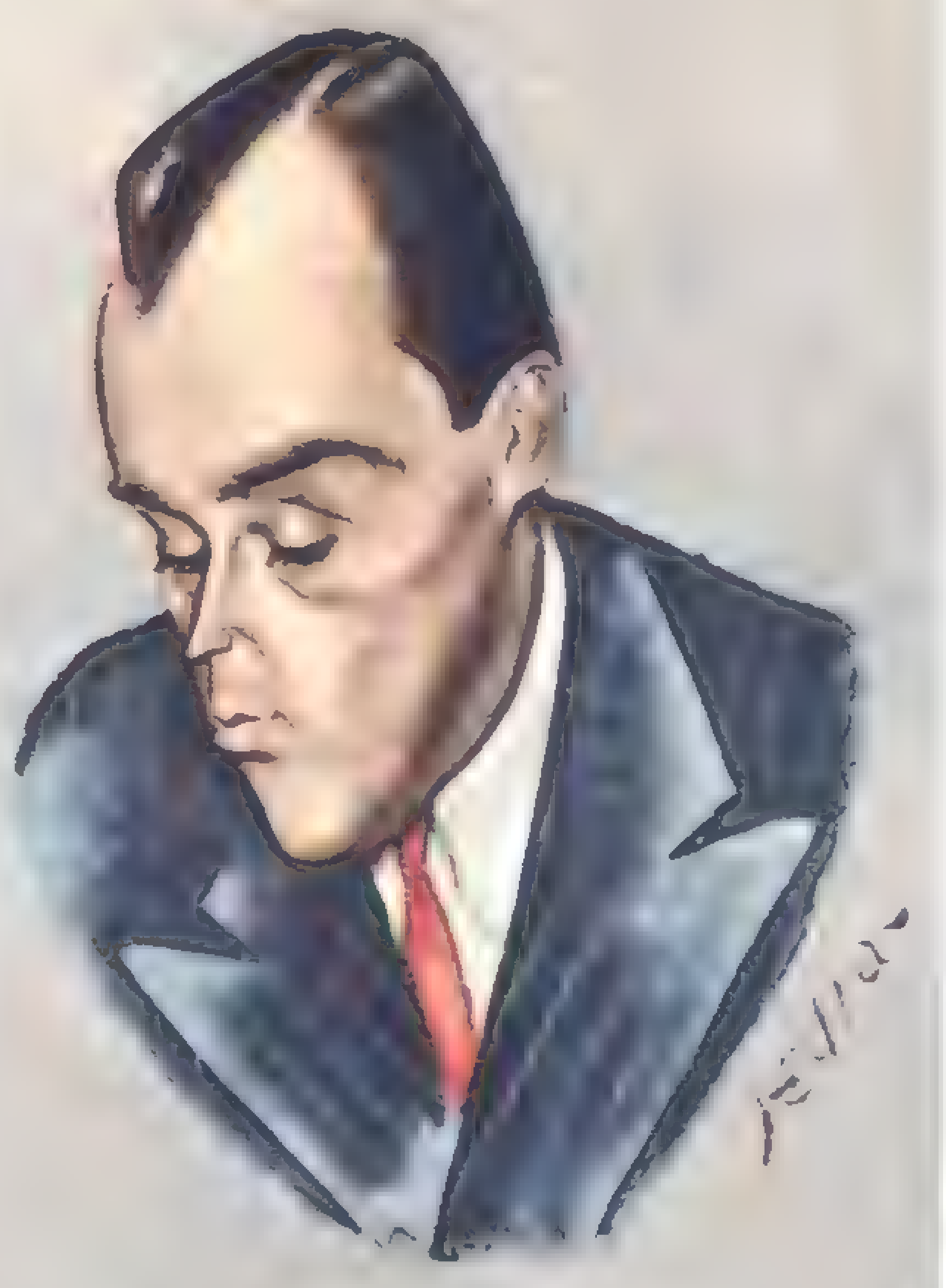
3. Baker Street sleuth
(JUNE 13)



4. Willie the Whale
(JUNE 29)



5. That's right, you're wrong
(JUNE 18)



6. Night-club pugilist
(JUNE 11)

JUNE'S CHILDREN

Caricatures by Alan Jedla

In this, the favorite month of the Tin-Pan Alley tunesmith (to discover why, try rhyming October with moon), caricaturist Jedla offers another selection of six faces that have passed our way before. They are more than familiar to any who make a habit of visiting the neighborhood movie or reading the effusions of gossip columnists. But experience has shown that editors cannot always be certain, so in accordance with custom, we provide clues to their identity, which are probably superfluous. June's half dozen run a neat gamut from the best left hook that ever poleaxed an unlucky opponent to a band leader who can't play an instrument. Sandwiched in between are such worthies as a little girl who made good, a baritone who ghosted for a cartoon character, an actor who portrays both villains and heroes, and a sportsman who spends much of his time in the divorce courts. If you can't guess them now, we'll do it for you: 1. Jack Dempsey; 2. Judy Garland; 3. Basil Rathbone; 4. Nelson Eddy; 5. Kay Kyser; 6. Dan Topping.

Critical ramblings concerning films in June, the month of the Hollywood hiatus

The Producers Take Their Midyears

by JACK MOFFITT

FAULKNER

WHAT is so rare as a good movie in June? Now is the time when all good producers start pulling their necks in and the vice of the turtle threatens to paralyze all movieland.

It is the annual Gethsemane of all movie pundits who are stuck for thirty days with nothing to be profound about. The Academy Awards have been made in March (and I quote) "in a manner free from backbiting, mudslinging, and unsportsmanlike hostility," but the bellyaches arising from this tournament of artistry are not much good for public rehashing beyond the end of May. And the conniving, baby kissing, horse trading, and electioneering to determine next year's Oscars seldom start until July.

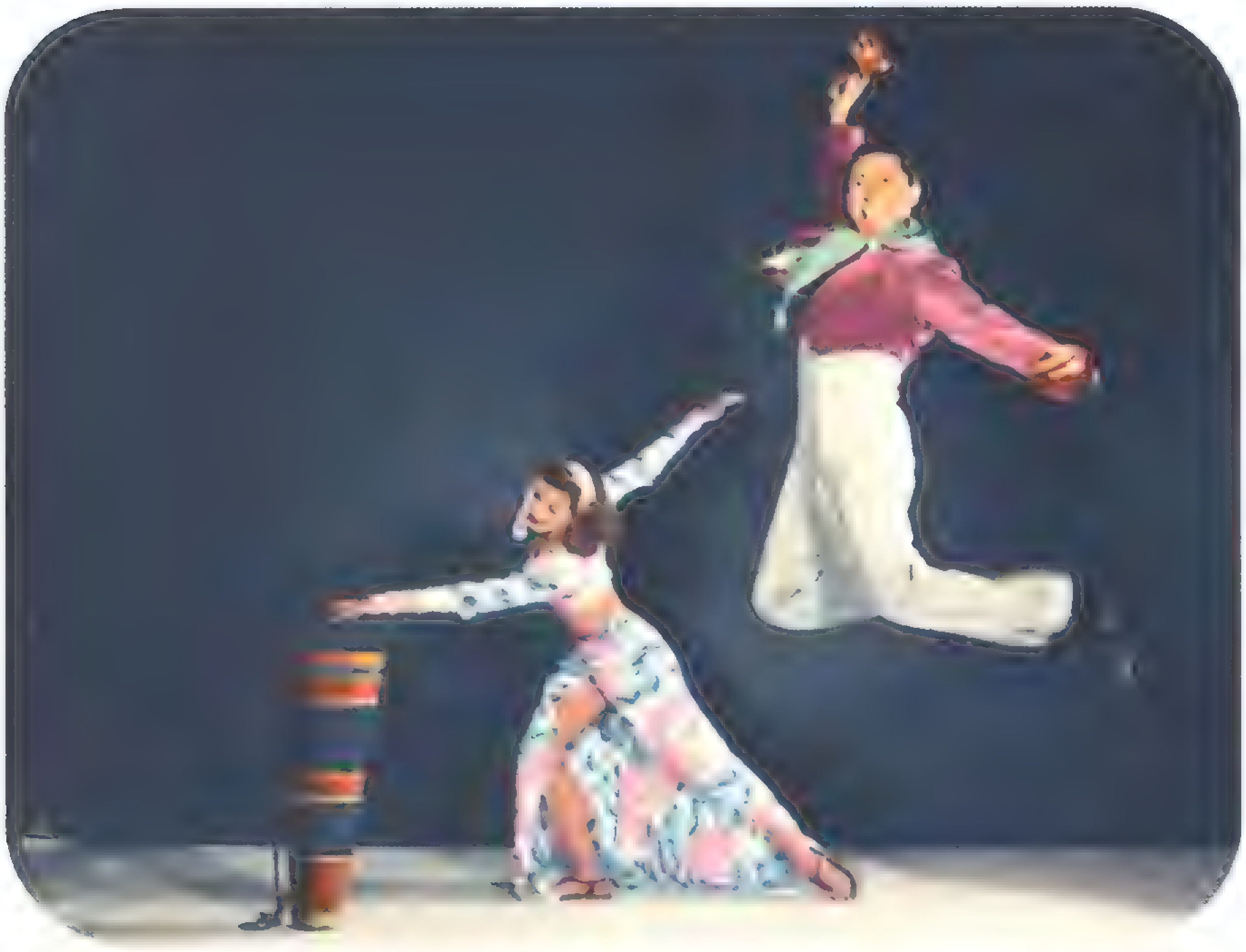
So the critics, with nothing to talk about, have to keep on talking anyway. We might use this time to consider the Forgotten Man in Hollywood, the little fellow who is not allowed to spend four million dollars in an effort to get a faceless statue worth $1.98 in any art store. Producers who have only a million to spend on a picture are as human as their overlords. It's unkind of us to forget that they appreciate an encouraging word and a friendly smile too.

Furthermore they deserve it. They're the guys whose patient "know-how" keeps the theatres open while their masters scuffle for the mantles of Shakespeare and Michelangelo. For these dough-feet in the Army of the Arts, June is a trying month also.

It is a time of financial drought for theatre managers. The lobby sales of popcorn dwindle almost to nothing as spring fever and love-sickness destroy the moviegoers' appetites. This leaves the drama merchants with nothing to sell but the picture. It's like asking Swift & Company to get by for a month by selling second-hand cowbells.

To make matters worse, June is a month when large sections of the public decide to make one more effort to tolerate the great out-of-doors. The chiggers are biting only with their baby teeth and the young man's fancy lightly turns to picnics and thoughts of canoodling on the municipal lagoon. In February a guy buys tickets to see Betty Grable marry the boss—just to get in where it's warm. He's back to see her do it again in August because of the cooling system. But in June she gets no assists from the elements.

On any movie lot, the final arbiter is the auditor—not the Oscar. Because of this, an ability to draw a crowd in June is the test (sometimes the final test) of a Hollywood entrepreneur. Every picture presents a production problem and the student of the screen can learn much of practical movie making by observing how producers solve these tests during the showman's most trying month.


FLAND

Dancer—Postgraduate Style

A talented young entertainer who got a jet-propulsion start by dancing with Paulette Goddard in a school recital, Don Costello has recently been making hoofing tracks which lead determinedly to the top. L'affaire Goddard happened when Don was a student of starmaker Ned Wayburn. After Wayburn worked his magic, Don went forth to develop his spectacular choreographic ideas with postgraduate work among the South Americanos. Since then, his routine consists of singing and dancing Yankee style south of the border and Latin style north of the same. His greatest triumphs were scored by assisting in choreography for three top shows: Let's Face It, Laughing Room Only, *and* Good Night, Ladies. *Don feels ballet is the foundation of all good dancing and is working on a book on modern tap ballet.*

The Other Love

"OH, the pity of it!" is the keynote of this excellent women's picture. If I were reviewing it for a women's magazine, I would cut loose with such a rave that the editor would be compelled to print it ahead of the article on *The Part Your Bridge Club Can Play in the United Nations* and the one entitled *We Found Happiness Remodeling a Barn in Connecticut.* That's how good *The Other Love* is from the woman's angle. And the producer who doesn't consider the woman's angle will soon wind up looking like a monkey's uncle.

Glamour was the crux of the problem facing David Lewis, who produced this one. He had to glamourize death for the matinee trade. The story by Erich Remarque deals with a woman who makes an hysterical effort to flee from the fate she feels closing in on her in a tuberculosis sanitarium. Basically, the story is the same as Eugene O'Neill's *The Straw,* a play so melancholy and touching that it never has been produced. It was Mr. Lewis' job to keep his movie from being that good. He knew that movie audiences have strange attitudes about coffins. They like to see Bela Lugosi climbing out of one and they enjoy seeing a sentimentalized Bride of Lammermoor headed toward one. But they don't like to be reminded that they're headed for a mortuary fade-out themselves. That's a last reel we'd all like to duck.

Dave shows great skill in keeping his subject from becoming too realistic. He never quite becomes so unconscious of convalescence as he did in *Frenchman's Creek* where, after the exhausted Joan Fontaine had crawled upstairs, she got a second wind which enabled her to pick up a suit of armor and to hurl it into Basil Rathbone's puss.

A chic sadness pervades *The Other Love.* With the aid of Barbara Stanwyck, David Niven, and a smoothly tailored script, the producer makes death seem fashionable, if not popular. The sanitarium is an elegant place in the Swiss Alps catering to life's upper-bracket casualties. The height of elegance is reached when Mike Romanoff shows up among the convalescents. The entire atmosphere makes you feel that any small-budget sufferer who presumed to expire on these premises should be prosecuted for trespassing.

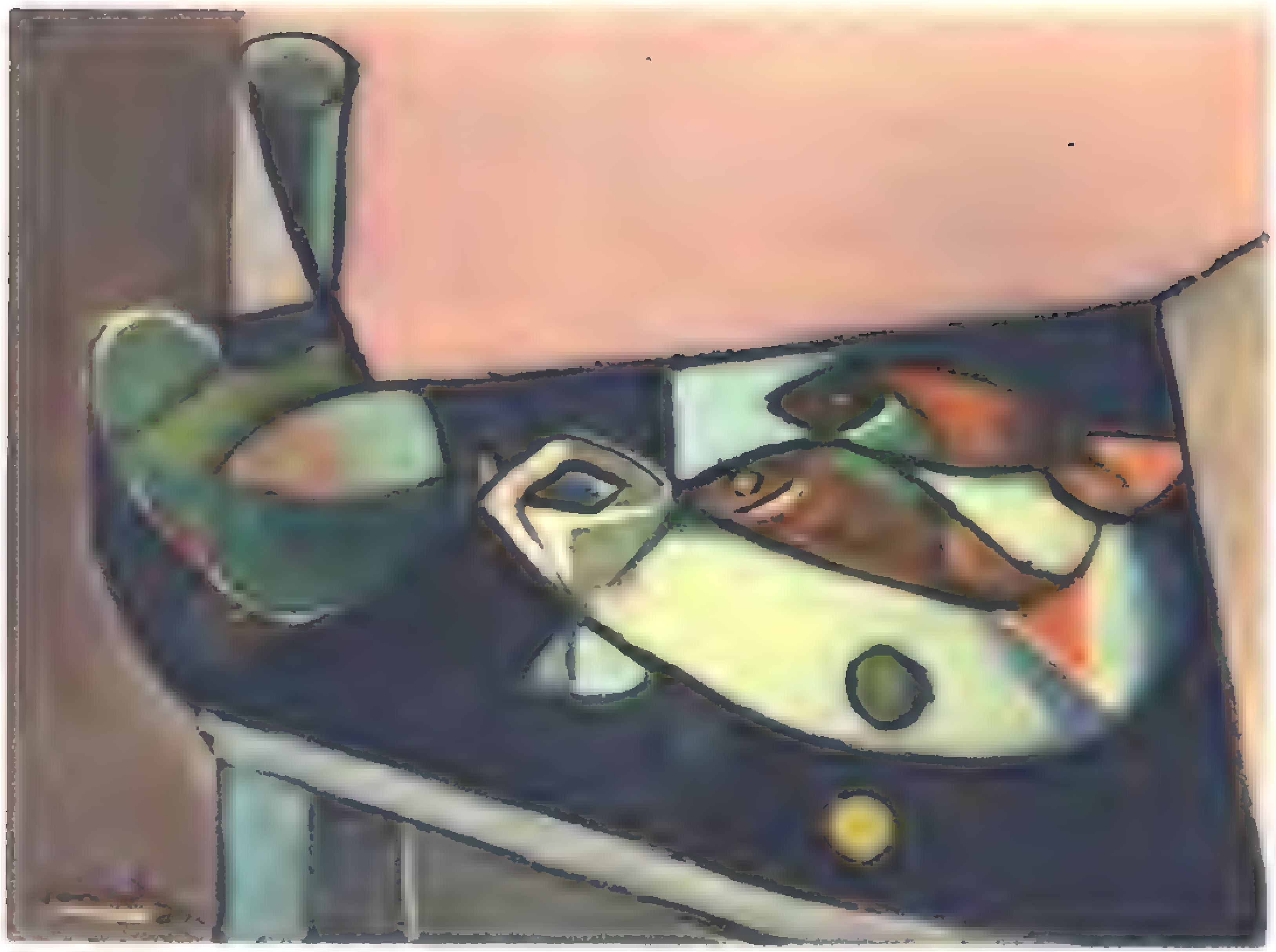
David Niven, as Miss (*Continued on page 127*)

FOREVER LINDA

Photograph by
Gene Kornman

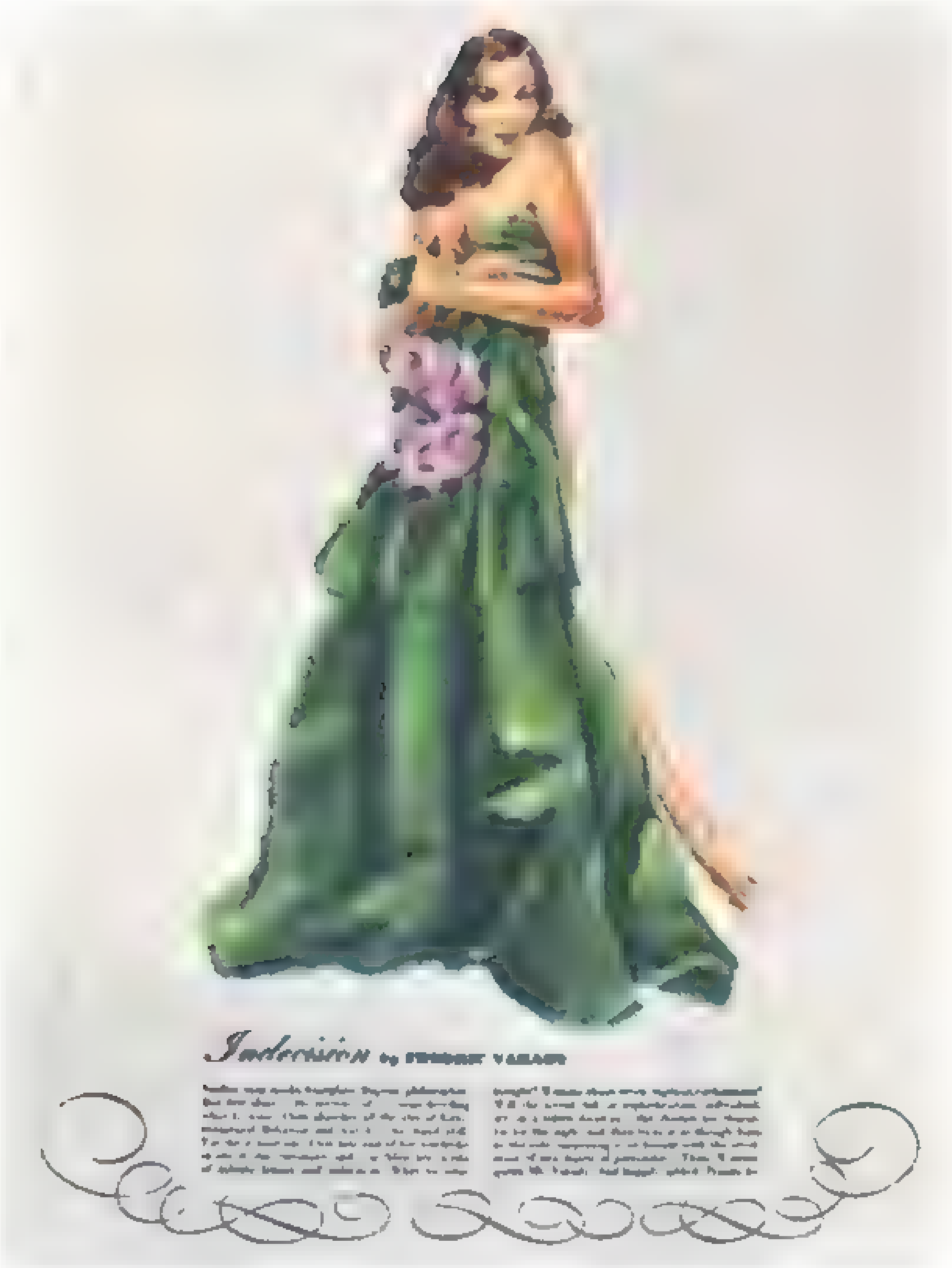
When 20th Century-Fox went hunting for the right girl to play the title role in *Forever Amber*, bystanders recalled the frenzied quest for a cinematic Scarlett and Jason's search for the Golden Fleece. After a covey of English and home girls had been screened and found wanting, Linda Darnell, "the girl with the perfect face," etc., won the fray. Miss Darnell, who acquitted herself with honor in a "sleeper," *Summer Storm*, evinced but two minor flaws. First her basic black hair was dyed amber. Then there was the matter of her Texas accent; coaching leveled it off to average American and her English co-players learned this patois. The best seller's 4,000,000 readers will be seeing the picture this autumn.

Art Portfolio:
FREDRIC VÁRADY



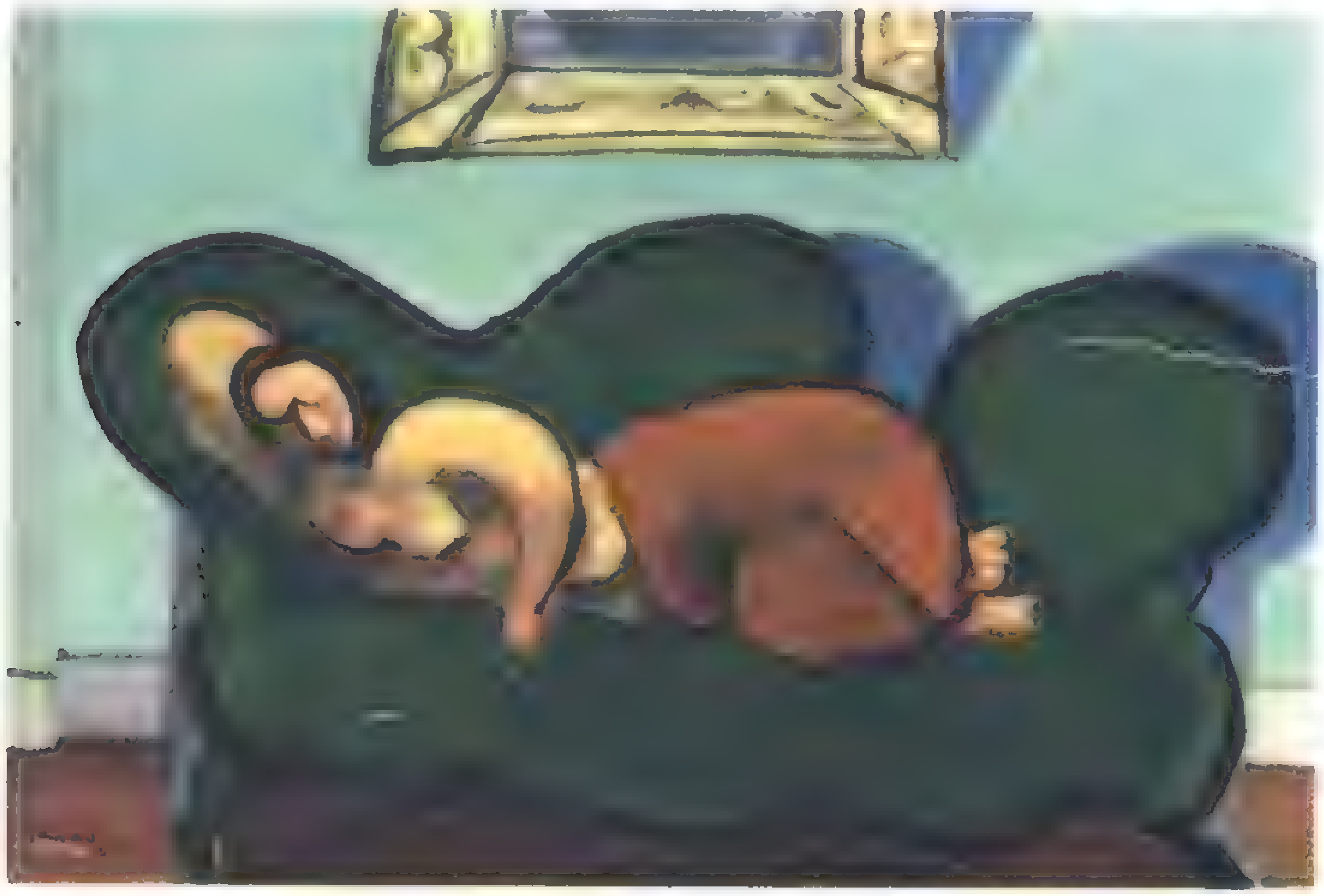
OIL 25" X 33"

NATURE MORTE



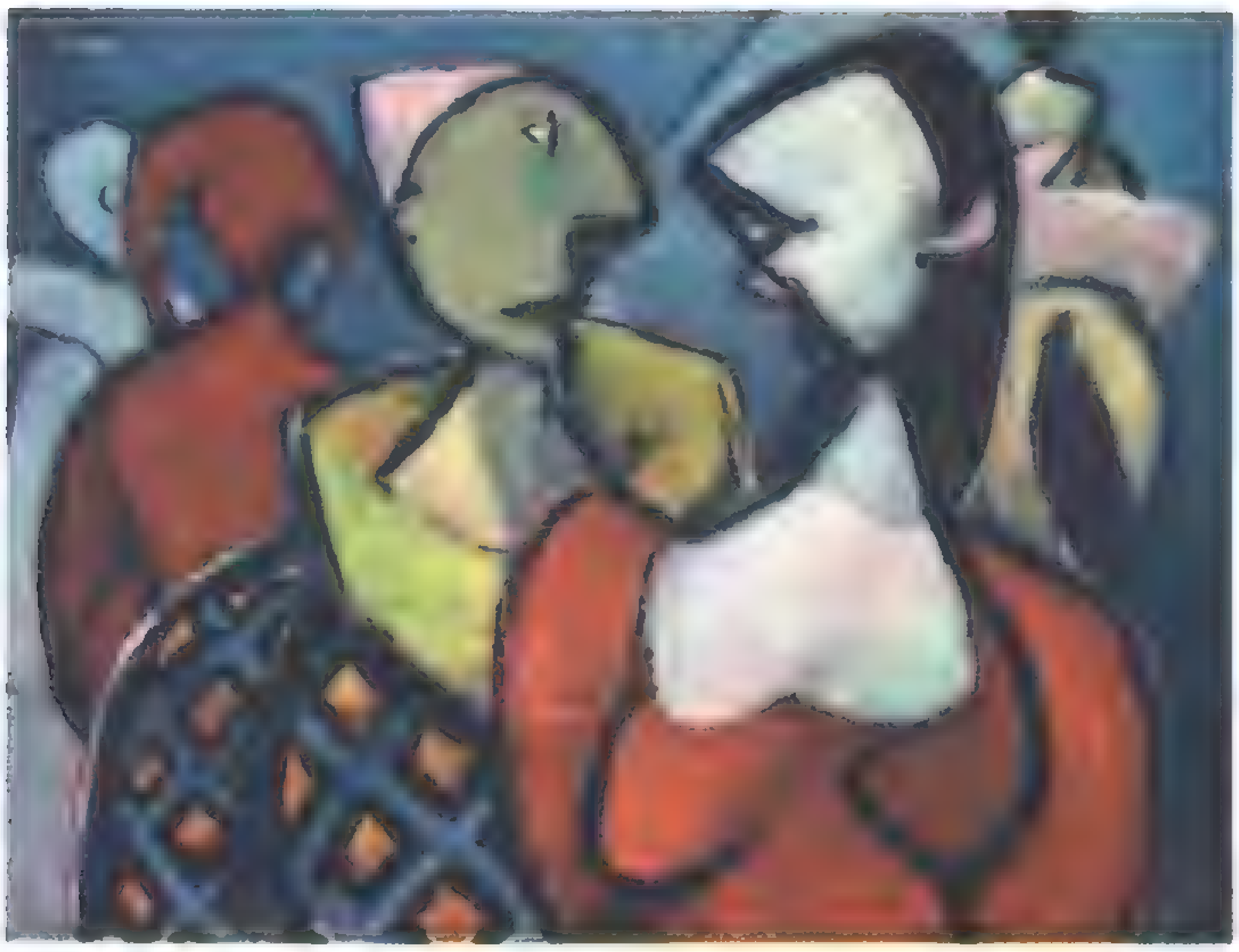
FROM ESQUIRE, SEPT., 1946

INDECISION



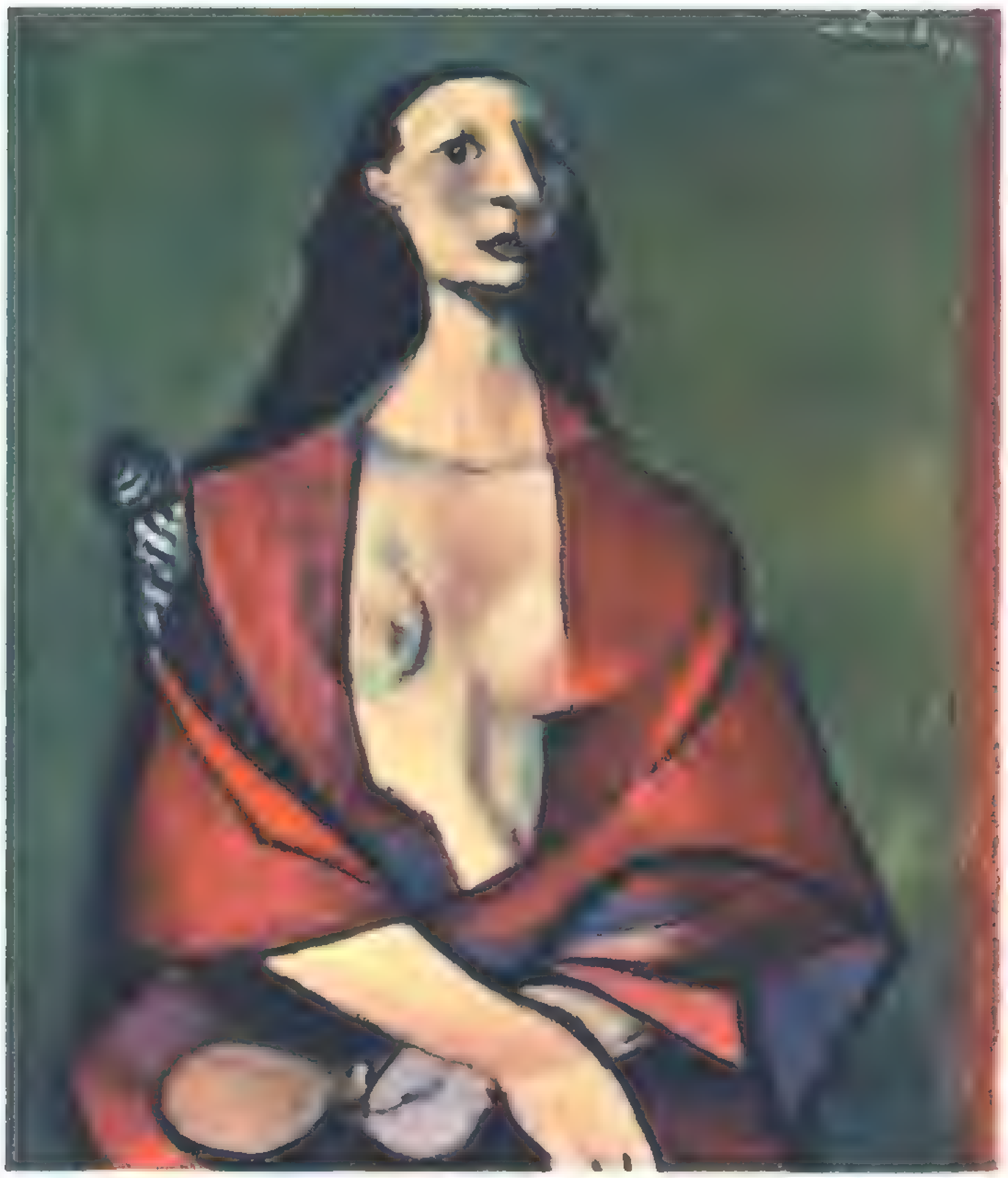
OIL 18" X 26"

RECLINING FIGURE



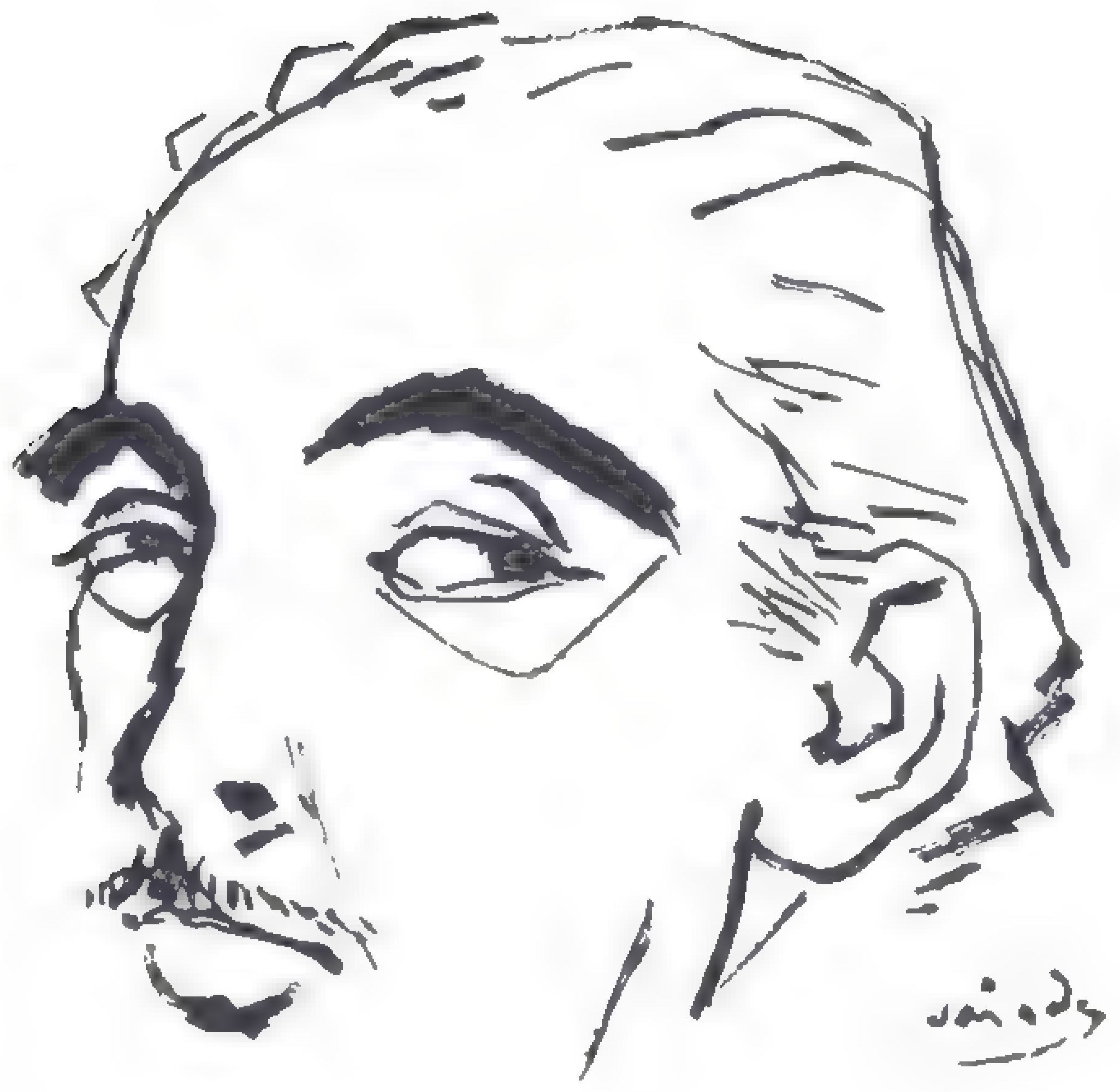
OIL 22" X 28"

MASQUERADE



OIL 30" X 25"

WOMAN IN RED



Portrait of a modern artist obsessed with the desire to make his canvas come alive

Hunter with a Brush: Fredric Várady

by ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE

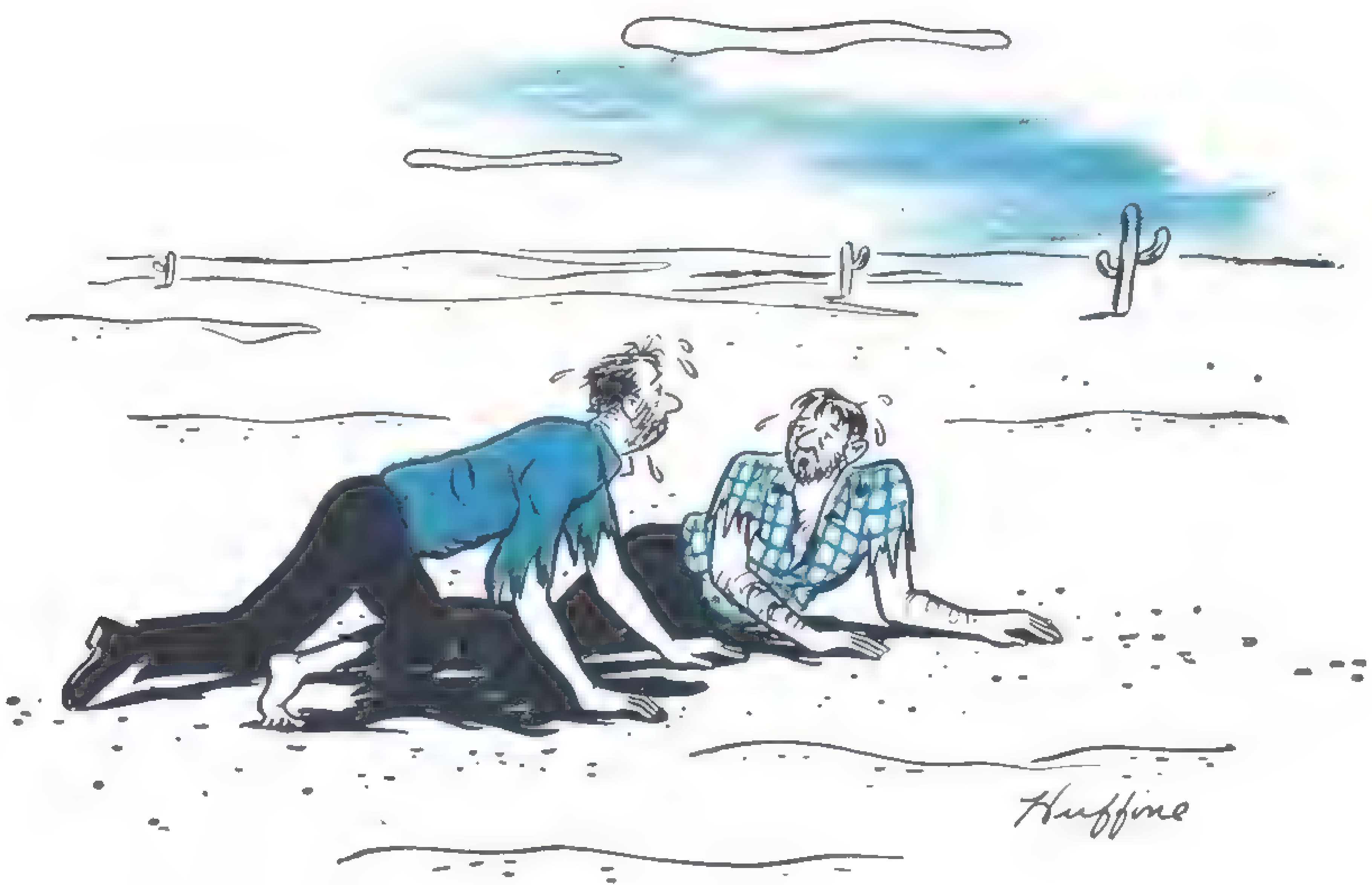
FREDRIC VÁRADY is a mild-mannered, small, finely modeled man whose heart bulges with a dream that's almost too difficult to cope with. He can't talk about it. He's obsessed as all great artists must be obsessed. He wants to say things in paint that no man has ever said before. He's one of the highest-priced commercial artists in the United States today, which means the world.

Yet, at first, looking at some of the Várady paintings—the ones he does *not* show to art directors—you wonder if he has actually bespoken his dreams. You may see only a mess of lines, angles, a few large areas of strongly contrasting color, a face which is barely recognizable as a face, a hand that isn't going to send anybody chasing out to Cartier's for a bangle. This sort of thing troubles a good many people.

It's this way. Back before the turn of the century, living in the south of France, there was a crotchety fellow named Paul Cézanne. He was a man who was never satisfied. He painted pictures. The world had never seen such pictures before. When he painted a rock he made it up out of planes of color which, at first glance, didn't seem to hang together at all. He did the same thing with a face. A lot of people thought his stuff was pretty silly. Today he is considered the daddy of all the moderns. Cézanne was after a fuller realization of form. He wanted simply to make rocks, faces, apples, the view of a town seen from a hillside, come alive in a way that artists before him had never made them come alive. Sure, if you were clever enough with a brush you could do it the old way, draw it out upon canvas meticulously, fill it in with color as close to the original as you could get it, pretty it up, slick it down, make it a photograph. Or you could do what the Impressionists, Cézanne's contemporaries, were doing, blur all the edges, break up the color into its ingredients and let the eye of the beholder do the mixing . . . that way atmospheric effects were gotten so that you could tell, theoretically, at what time of the day the artist did the picture. The Impressionists made some important discoveries. But Cézanne, working away from the salons in the south of France, wasn't satisfied. He knew showing you the time of day on canvas wasn't necessarily making forms live on canvas. Least of all did he want to take a photograph. Within the limits of his medium which, after all, were merely a flat surface, a brush, a few tubes of paint, he wanted to capture the very weight of the rock he was painting, he wanted to convince you of the bulk and the uniqueness of form before his eyes. And he wanted to convince you of the distances of objects one from another. He wanted, through the medium of paint, to make the vision live as the real scene lived without using the shorthand devices other painters had used, lines, perspective, dead shadows, the implements that had become as much a stock in trade as the props of an old-time photographer. And he wanted to do it all with color because he knew that all the human eye perceives is color. If you don't believe it, hold a piece of your old checked suit at the end of a cardboard tube and see if you can even guess at the distance of the cloth from the tube's end when you look through the opposite hole. Perspective, you see, is not as basic a property of vision as we had supposed. The eye must be trained to see distances and the shifting relationships of forms in space, one to the other, through the media of the properties of light, which is all that color is. Cézanne wanted to bring about an order on canvas that would synthesize man's vision of the world.

After Cézanne, and taking their cue from him, came the Cubists. These were the men who walked around a beautiful gal seated on a model's stand and painted her from every angle, one on top of the other; nice work if you can get it. If she had a banjo in her hand they gave you its belly and its back and her hand, repeated half a dozen times from different angles, plucking its strings. Here was a further attempt to make form come alive on canvas, to give it to you in its various aspects. A lot of what the Cubists did seems a little futile to us now because we realize that seeing every angle of an object isn't necessarily getting to the meat of a situation nor really defining the object as it exists, in paint. But the boys left mere photography to the photographer. They became interested in getting areas of paint on canvas to function. We all know what blue and green side by side do to each other. But the boys with the brushes wanted more. They wanted to know what all the variations did and what increasing or decreasing the various areas of color would do.

Várady joins the hunt somewhere about here. Before him is a blank canvas. Upon that canvas he wants to make something come alive. (Don't forget, he has friends who are photographers; he isn't interested in doing them out of jobs.) He lays in flat areas of color an object or two, maybe a platter of fish, a vase, a piece of textile. The object is to make that formerly flat monotone of canvas come alive, with a life of its own, a logical life, without photography or sentimentality. It must live without reminding you of a vacation spent in the Berkshires; it must live and excite you even though a platter of fish is not your idea of an improvement on the dingy chromo of Uncle Joe, which sentiment makes you keep hanging over the sitting room mantel. Line and form and color alone must make Várady's canvas live, live before your eyes as a new experience, something that has never happened to you before. For instance, he lays in, let's say, an area of salmon pink. It's going to be a background. He gets a woman in a green dress in, against the background. The green begins doing things to the pink. A dark line outlining her shoulder sets up another form of action. The pink, perhaps, goes dead. Something in the painter's intuition says "no." There are a lot of things he can do. A vase on the table? A blue vase? Or maybe chrome yellow? Or should the pink area change to beige? Or maybe we'll cut down the size of the *(Continued on page 201)*



"One nice thing—it's a dry heat"

When a blonde picks a guy out in a crowd, that proves he's a killer with the dolls

The Name Is Georgie Harrison

by CHARLES DE MANGIN

DAVIS

"NAT," she says. "Nat. Gee, I didn't mean to keep you waiting." First I look to the right, next to the left, then behind me. I look up at the ceiling of Grand Central Station.

"Who me?" I ask. To tell the truth I don't know this babe from Adam—or should I say Eve. To me, Goldilocks is a complete stranger.

A guy standing next to her, and occupying twice as much space, growls, "Don't act dumb, stupid. You know who she means."

"Listen," I tell the big boy, "I'm standing here waiting for Lefty to blow in from Philly and I'm minding my own business."

"Don't get fresh." The guy raises his hand which the girl grabs. She turns her cute kisser to me and says, "Please don't make trouble, Nat. Andy just wants to talk to you."

The station is pretty crowded. I could make a break. But the big boy's fat fingers close around my right bicep and clamp in front.

"Come on, double-crosser," he growls and yanks me along after him.

I protest. "Hey, let go, will you!"

When I try to stand my ground, he gives me the back of his hand, so I cease standing my ground. Moreover, I don't like the way he slips his hand into a coat pocket.

Practically in tears, the gal—a beaut of a blonde about shoulder-high to a Van Johnson—is pleading with my heart, "Come along, Nat. Do as Andy says."

With a blonde my height, but more robust, I would gladly go, even if she is a stranger. But with this big boy as chaperon, I am not so anxious. But, I ask you, what can I do?

Next we're in a cab and I'm feeling pretty blue. The big boy takes off a Panama hat so I can see his bald head is peeling from sunburn like a hard-boiled egg. It is easy to see why she prefers me to him even though I am not exactly tall, dark and handsome.

While the cab bumps along I straighten out the crease in my brown slacks and I say, "Listen, what goes on here anyhow? My name ain't Nat, I tell you, and Lefty is going to be awfully sore when he blows in from Philly and doesn't find me with the keys to his car."

Nobody says a word, so I repeat, only louder, "I'm Georgie Harrison. Harrison. I'm nat Not. Not Nat!"

"It's no use, Nat dear." The babe flashes a sorry smile my way as if I was riding the last mile. Come to think of it, maybe I am.

In a stage whisper, I hiss into the dame's dainty ear, "For Pete's sake, lady. Do you want to get me bumped off? Tell your friend the truth. Tell him you never seen me before. Please, let's quit this comedy before somebody innocent gets hurt."

It's no use. She just smiles sweetly and squeezes my arm.

Finally, the big boy says something. "Nat," he talks hardlike and looks straight ahead, "it's taken me a long time to catch up with you. But I knew I'd get you in the end."

By now I am too curious to argue. "What do you mean?" I ask.

He jerks a thumb at the babe. "May—she helped me find you."

A couple of sniffs from the gal. "I didn't mean to, Nat," she whimpers. "Andy followed me to the station. He found your note. He made me point you out to him."

What note? What Nat? Me, I'm Georgie Harrison! I glance at May, the sniveling female, but say nothing. Every time I open my mouth, somebody puts Nat into it.

The cab slams to a typical taxi shortstop. The big boy, Andy, tosses the driver some green and drags me out. It's getting pretty dark by now and I can't figure out the neighborhood. We climb a lot of stone steps and with this dame, May, in front of me I cannot help but notice a nice pair of pins.

Into a dark hallway we march and Andy raps on a door. A head pops out, the door opens, and Andy says, "Hiya fellas. I got the rat."

Not gently, Andy shoves me to the center of the room. I trip and almost land in the lap of a shirt-sleeved guy seated in a plump chair.

"He don't look like much to me." This cutting comment from a character seated on a piano stool. I look past his long nose but don't see any piano. In fact I don't see any more furniture except a hundred-watt bulb hanging from the ceiling, if this can be called furniture.

Next thing I know the big boy, Andy, reaches out and cuffs the back of my neck, knocking me to my knees. Somebody's arm goes around my neck and I'm ready for a last-ditch fight until I quit blinking long enough to look into the jane's baby-blue eyes.

"Nat! Nat!" she wails. "Oh, Nat."

Andy lifts her away, picks me up and with his left hand pins me by the chest against the wall. "Shut up!" he roars at the blubbering dame.

"Oh, Nat. Nat," the dame continues to bawl. Then she chews the edge of a little handkerchief.

"What you gonna do with him, Andy?" Shirt-sleeves blows cigar smoke in all directions.

"I don't know, Fletch. Let me think." This Andy takes his hand away and I sink to the floor. To get more comfortable, I pull up my knees and lean against the wall. I try to think this thing out, but can't. What have all these guys got against me, Georgie Harrison, a guy who never harmed nobody in his whole life?

Finally, big Andy turns to the dark, sharp-nosed stooge on the stool. "Al," he motions with his head, "take May in the next room."

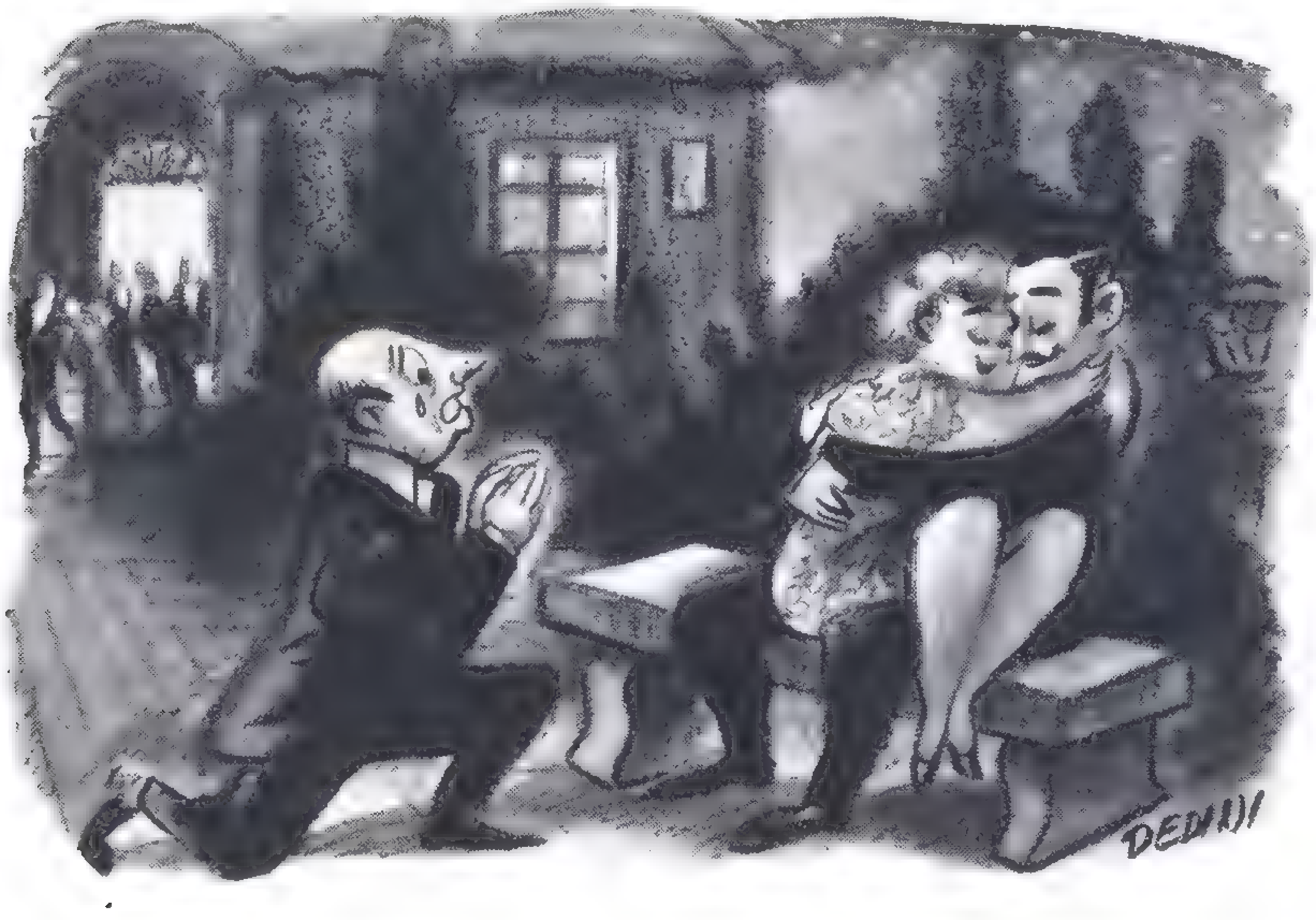
It looks like blood will be spilled. Mine.

At first the dame won't leave. Andy walks over, grabs them both and runs them out. He slams the door.

"Now." Andy sits on the empty stool, swings from one side to the other, says, "May's my girl, Nat. I ought to cut you down right now for trying to chisel in."

"Look. Look." I try to explain. "I ain't Nat. I'm Georgie. Georgie Harrison. Call Marty's poolroom and ask about me." I'm sweating bullets. I'll bet my black hair is turning grey by now.

"He's lying, Andy." The guy with the big cigar, Fletch, leans forward, blowing cigar smoke at me.



"Lucille, please, Lucille—you're breaking my heart!"

"Come on, quit stalling. What's the idea of trying to cut the boss out with May?"

"But I'm not Nat! I never saw the dame before in my life!"

Like a mad dog, Andy jumps from the stool and smacks me so hard across the side of the head that I don't know where I am. I hear a bump which I figure is my noggin bouncing off the wall.

"Let's cut him down, Andy."

My eyes are swimming, but I see Andy shake his head. "No, Fletch. It won't do any good. May will never forgive me."

He turns to me, looks down. "When did it all start, Nat?"

"At Marty's poolroom." I turn up my palms. "It was love at first sight." I figure it is better to lie than get kicked around some more.

Andy don't get sore. He nods. "I was always busy. Never had any time for her. The poor kid was lonely." He keeps talking to himself.

"Look, Andy." Suddenly I get an idea. "Take her back. I don't want her. She don't mean nothing to me."

He kicks me. When my head returns to the straight and narrow, I hear: ". . . no use, Fletch. I love her and I want to see her happy." Paying no attention to me, Andy walks to the door, jerks it open and yells.

"Al, bring May in here."

Meanwhile the louse in the chair amuses himself by flicking cigar ashes on my head. May and Andy's flunky enter the room. Grabbing me by collar and bow tie, Andy hoists me to my wobbly feet.

"There's going to be a wedding," announces Andy calmly. The jane's big blue eyes grow bigger and bluer. She's sputtering, "No. No."

"Don't worry, May." Andy's voice sounds gentle for a change. "I mean it. You love this Nat, here. Not me. So we'll see that the rat," he gives me a black look, "marries you."

"Oh." For a flash, I think this May is going to faint.

"This calls for a celebration." The high, squeaky voice belongs to Al, I see. He runs into the next room and returns with a couple of bottles. Everybody has much more than one drink except me—the happy bridegroom-to-be. I just hold my head. On top of everything else, now I'm going to get married. Sure, this May is a good-looking chick. But I don't know her; maybe she can't cook.

Besides, I'm a confirmed bachelor. What'll the boys in Marty's pool parlor say!

By this time everybody is in good spirits, so they grab onto me for a little more sport.

"I'll be the parson." That big cigar almost butts me in the eye as Fletch pushes me alongside the babe. I feel the dame's hand in mine. My palm is hot from perspiration and hers hits me like an icicle.

"Let's dress up the groom." Andy shoves my arms into his suit coat and it hangs to my finger tips and knees. After that I don't hear much except parson Fletch's, "Now I pronounce you man and wife."

The whiskey on his breath brings me to. "Kiss the dame. Kiss the bride." He lifts the telephone book he is holding so I wrap my arms around the jane in self-protection. Looking up, I casually notice an open door, a guy and a gun.

"Get your dirty hands off her!" Into the room steps guy and gun and across my face he gives me the back of his hand.

Up and down he looks me over. "So you're Andy." He practically snarls the words and foam comes from the corner of his mouth.

"No. No." I'm all mixed up. "No, I'm not Andy."

Not a word from anybody. The gun bobs up and down under my eyes.

"Ask anybody." I hold out my hands. "Nat, that's me. Not Andy, Nat."

"Yeh," the new guy wiggles the gun. "Wise guy, eh. I'm Nat."

My heart, stomach, and knees all sink together. "Georgie," I tell him. "Nat not. I mean, not Nat. Georgie Harrison, that's me."

"So finally I meet up with the great Andy Laski. Tough Andy Laski." Through his straight grin, I can see clenched teeth. I don't like it.

"No, I'm Georgie." I grab Andy by the arm. "Tell him who I am."

"This is what I promised him if he brought home all A's on his report card"

"Andy Laski." With the words, big Andy sure cooks my goose.

Nat nods his head. To the dame I lift an appealing eye. "Who am I? I'm Georgie Harrison, tell this guy."

The dame looks at Andy, sees he is clenching his fists. She don't say a word.

"All right, my dear friend Andy." Now this Nat is addressing me. "You come along with me and May. We'll go for a nice long ride."

At the door he stops, looks over my shoulder and yells, "Now don't any of you guys try to pull nothing."

Fat chance!

We look into three cars and drive off in one, a coupé, with me behind the wheel, Nat sitting next to me with his gun in my ribs and the dame on the far side. "Just keep driving, Andy my boy," Nat growls. I drive. He keeps directing me and I soon see we are leaving the city. I also see a traffic cop so I steer straight at him and almost take the back wheel off his motorcycle.

"You rat," Nat hisses at me. "Drive! Down to the floor, you bum, with your foot."

A siren growls louder in my ear. Spotting a dirt road, I rip the steering wheel and we skid to a stop. Nat's head hits the dashboard and I have no trouble taking the gun away from him.

Then I see the cop looking through the window at me. He spots the rod in my hand, reaches for his and drops it. I hand him mine.

"Am I glad to see you," I sigh.

"All right, everybody out. Line up alongside the car.

"Let's see your license," he growls at me.

"I ain't got none."

"What's your name?"

A couple of seconds it takes me, but I mumble finally, "Georgie. Georgie. Georgie Harrison."

The cop frisks me and removes a wallet from my inside coat pocket. "Andy Laski," he reads. My heart sinks. I forget I am wearing Andy's coat.

"Look," I tell him, shaking the coat sleeves which hang down over my finger tips. "I'm Georgie Harrison. This ain't my coat. Any fool can see that."

Ignoring my remark, the cop looks at the car. "Yeh," he mutters, "car checks with the license. Well, well, Andy Laski. We've been after you for a long time."

In less time than it takes to say Nat, we three are all down at the station. I should say four, because the cop comes too. For a while things look bad for me until someone has the presence of mind to call Marty's billiard emporium and then the boys from the back room clear me.

When Nat finds out that I'm not Andy, he becomes furious with the dame. Boy you should hear him blow up. "Fooling around with two guys, eh! What a sucker I've been," he says.

"Nice going, Nat." I cheer in front of the bigwigs at headquarters. "Give it to her good, boy."

The dame spins around, whips up her hand and socks me across the kisser so hard I stop to count my teeth.

Then the cops ask me to show them the way to Andy's hide-out, which I am only too glad to do. With somebody else leading, I and the cops enter the first-floor apartment and trap the whole repulsive trio, Andy, Fletch and Al. I am so happy I haul off and whack big Andy—while the cops have him covered.

Again my head rattles. One of the big coppers belts me. "Lay off," he growls.

Andy and his boys threaten to square things with me. I tell them, "Okay. Nat's the name. Look me up when you guys get out in the 25th century."

Next thing I do is to hurry back to Marty's poolroom. I'm busting out all over with news for the gang. I can't wait to tell them what a big hero I suddenly am.

First guy I bump into is Lefty. "Hiya, Lefty," I greet him. "How was the trip to Philly?"

"You rat. Keep me waiting around Grand Central all night, will you!"

I see it coming, but I don't duck. He flattens me with one punch.

I don't mind. At least I got a way with women. From five thousand guys, this dame picks me out at Grand Central Station. #

Agreeing that it is about time, our critic takes a few potent swipes at the Yankee myth of bucolic enterprise and integrity

NAT LOWELL

Down with Out-of-Town

by A. J. LIEBLING

All of the United States, from the Atlantic Coast in, was won from the wilderness by no-account people. A sensible shiftlessness, rather than the idiot enterprise extolled in the schoolbooks, motivated the rifle companies of the army of settlers that moved across the continent. "Never work a day," was their sapient motto. The unimaginative ancestors of most Americans west of the Alleghenies came along in the rear echelons, after the loafers had killed off the Indians of a given area with bad whiskey and eaten all the bears. They occupied the billets abandoned by the gallant unemployables, who had moved on ahead, leaving enough bad debts and unexplained corpses to deter them permanently from coming back.

This coda for American history, which resolves many of the apparent inconsistencies of the conventional version, is not the result of any lucubration of my own. I got it from reading an Englishman named Morris Birkbeck, who in 1818 wrote *Notes on a Journey in America, from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois.* It fitted in well with a number of personal observations for which I had never been able to formulate an historical basis—the dullness of novels about Out-of-Town, for example. So I adopted it.

"An unsettled country, lying contiguous to one that is settled, is always a place of retreat for rude and even abandoned characters, who find the regulations of society intolerable; and such, no doubt, had taken up their abode in Indiana," Birkbeck wrote, after the rude and even abandoned characters had moved on to Illinois, and Indiana was already in the hands of the real-estate sharks. "These people retire, with the wolves, from the regular colonists, keeping always to the outside of civilized settlements . . . I suspect, that indolence is the epidemic evil of the Americans. 'We live in freedom,' they say, 'we need not work like the English!' . . . they consider it their privilege to do nothing . . . They cultivate indolence as a privilege; 'You English are very industrious, but we have freedom.' And thus they exist in yawning indifference . . . Indolence seems to be the besetting sin of the Americans . . . The Indian probably stands highest on the scale, as an example; the backwoodsman the next."

Birkbeck, on his journey, was looking for a place to buy land for an agricultural development in the English manner. So he went right out to the front lines where the rude and abandoned characters were.

"They *must* live where there is plenty of 'bear and deer, and wild honey.' Bear-hunting is their supreme delight; to enjoy this they are content to live in all manner of wretchedness and poverty; yet they are not savage in disposition, but honest and kind; ready to forward our wishes though our coming will compel them to move to the 'outside' again."

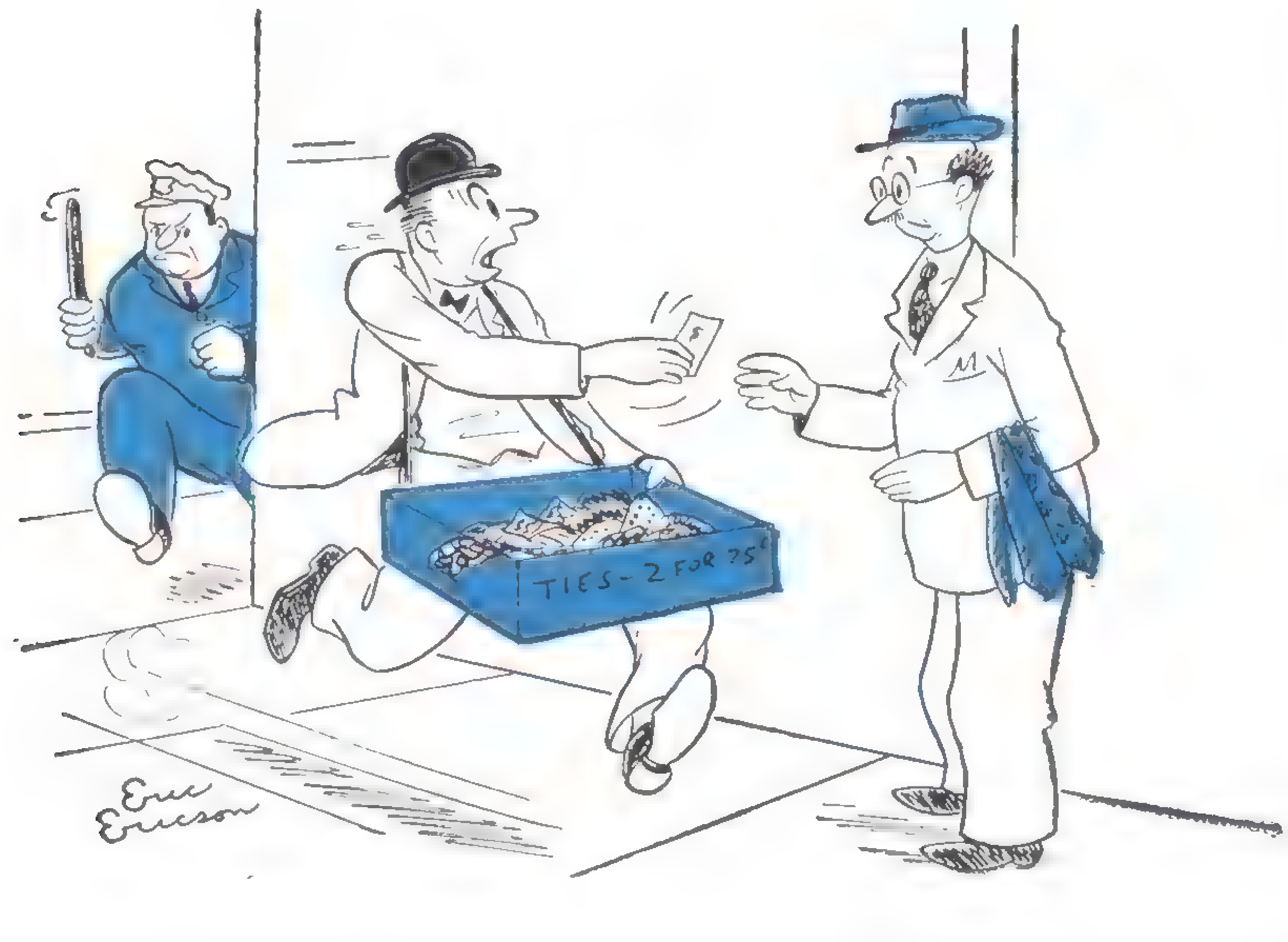
They undoubtedly did move on, with the least timid Babbitts always about 100 miles back, until they reached the edge of the Pacific Ocean. Then they apparently marched right on into the sea, leaving most of the continent in the hands of people like the characters in a book by Sinclair Lewis or Bernard De Voto.

De Voto, for example, has written a novel called *Mountain Time,* about a couple of young apple-knockers who come to New York and get all scrambled up, after which they return to their native Custis (resemblance to any real place disclaimed, but De Voto was born in Ogden, Utah) where Things Are Real, and sure enough the Grandeur of the Mountains or the Pioneer Spirit heals them. There is an assumption throughout the book that New York is a pretty nasty place, and Custis a pretty fine one, chock-full of Pioneer tradition. Really a place like Custis is only a remote extension of Bronxville. The pioneers, as Birkbeck explained, kept right on moving. One thing Dr. Cy Kinsman, De Voto's hero, does to cure himself when he gets home is to take a job in a garage, working with his hands. A real bear hunter would have swum ten miles to get out of doing anything like that. Sam Langford, the great old colored fighter, once said to me, describing a particularly doleful period in his fortunes, "I was so broke that I almost had to work with my *hands.*" He sounded horrified. Sam has the old pioneer spirit.

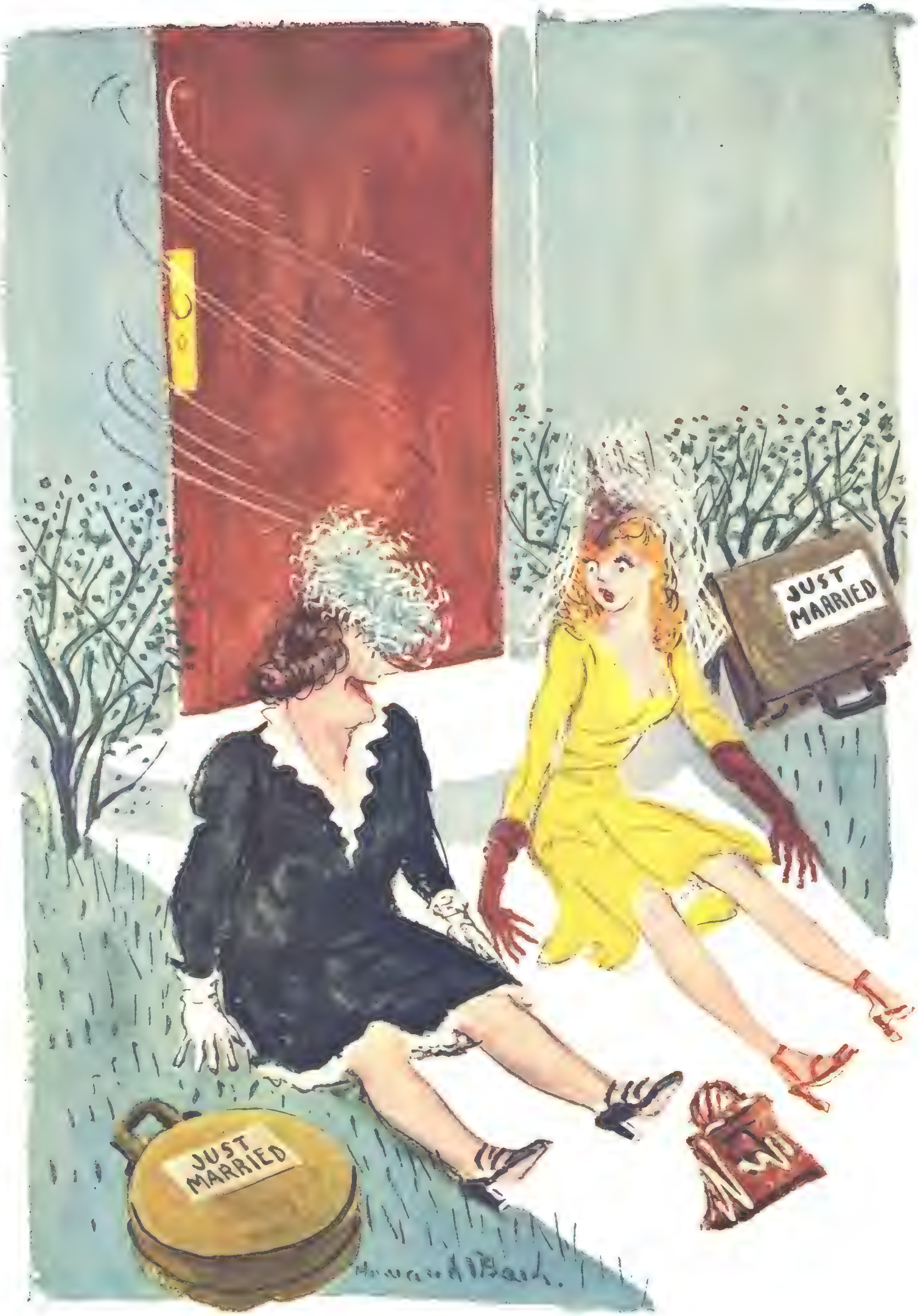
This Dr. Kinsman is a brilliant surgeon, Mr. De Voto says, with a pair of marvelous hands. Such hands are a labor-saving device for a novelist who wants to have a hero of respectable intellectual stature without going to the trouble of inventing any intelligent thoughts for him. If you have a protagonist who is supposed to be a brilliant writer or philosopher or historian, you have to give him some attributes that will convince a reader of the guy's capacities. But if you make him a surgeon, or a trumpet player, or a painter, he can be a dummy and still be brilliant. Kinsman is resident surgeon at a great New York hospital; he abandons the practice of medicine, as nearly as I could make out, because it is impossible to know in advance whether an operation is going to be successful. Or else because he hates his dead father, whom he identifies with Dr. Alexander MacAllister, his chief at the hospital, also a great surgeon, by grace of the author. It is lucky he has those marvelous hands, because he is not a very clear thinker. Anyway he goes home to Custis.

Cy's girl Josephine is a Custis professor's daughter who has come to New York to sing at the Metropolitan, but who succeeds only in making the grade as a singer at small churches on Sundays, for $15 a shot. This is obviously New York's fault. Her father is a professor of geology, which leads me to suspect some symbolism—rocks, Rockies, firm as a rock. She has a husband named Sam, from Utica, New York, who chases other women. So she goes home to Custis, too.

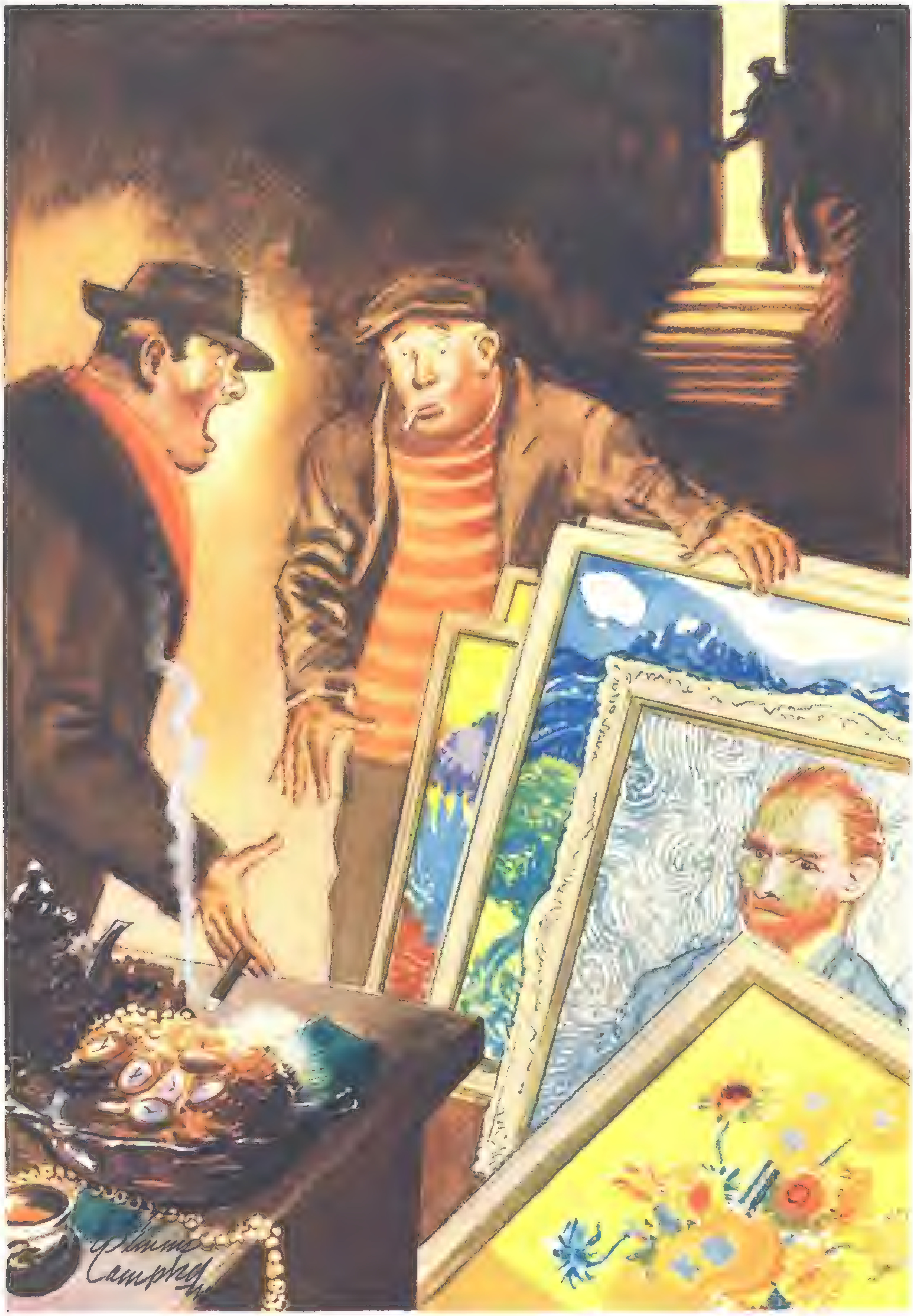
Cy and Josephine have never slept together, which is an indication of deep passion in this year's crop of novels—it was the same with the fellow and girl in *All the King's Men.* But at the end of the book they get around (*Continued on page 213*)



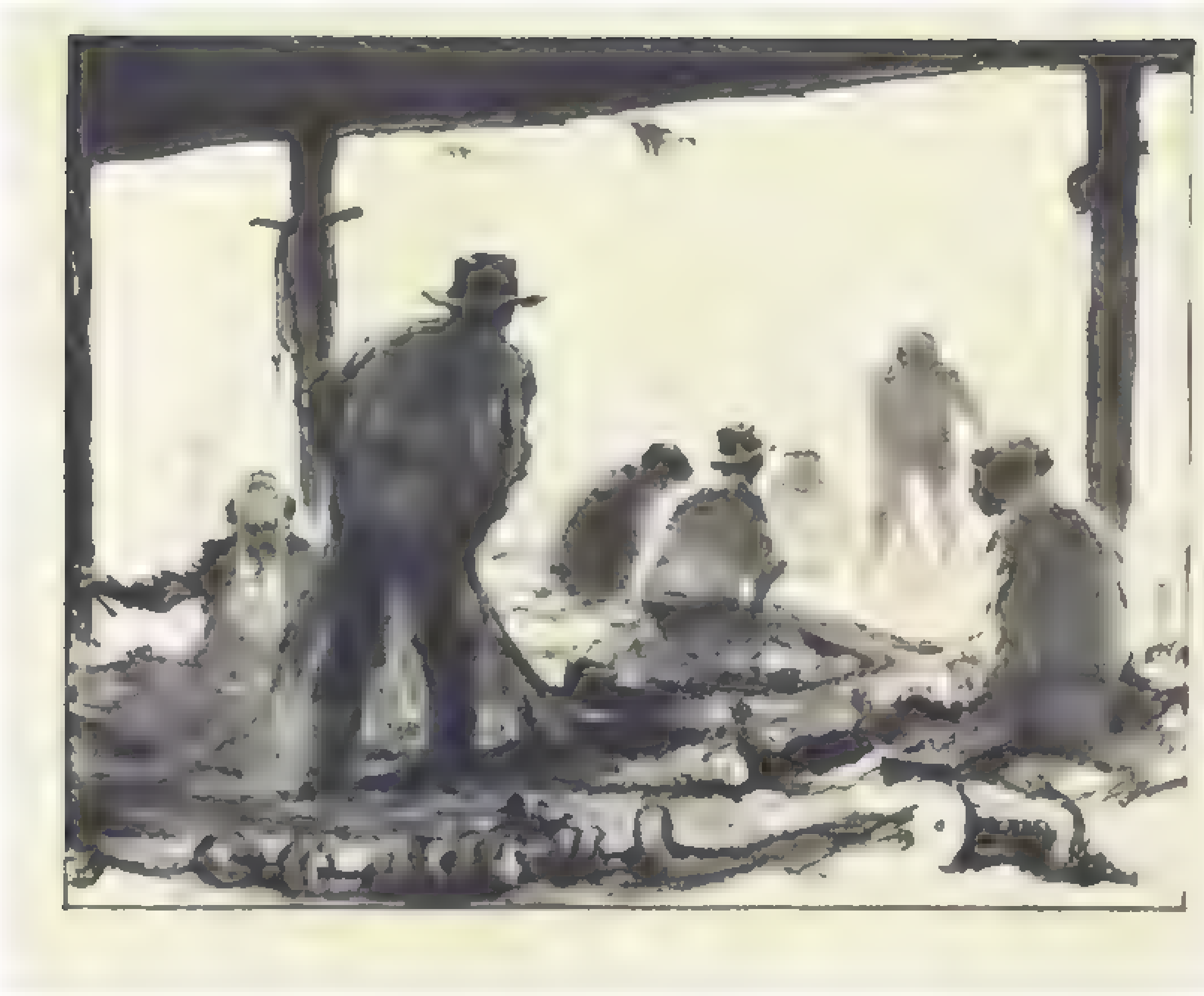
"Stay here and I'll come around again with your change"


JUST MARRIED
JUST MARRIED
Howard Baer

"Well, daughter, I'm glad you picked a husband with spunk!"



"How many times have I told you—no Van Goghs! Just Cezannes, Renoirs and Manets!"



GORDON GRANT

Little Mike had long dreamed of sailing the seas while Big Mike, his teacher, knew all about ships and too much about women

Lash Up, Fellow Rover

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

Big Mike sprawled in a deck chair in the cockpit aft, puffing his pipe and looking out over the middle finger of the Patapsco. I lifted the lid on the simmering crab soup and its steaming, savory tang filled the galley. I spooned up some, good and rich and tan, and it tasted just right. I had the shad gutted and laid on a plank, with parsley and several strips of bacon and onion cuddled alongside, and ready to heave into the oven the minute Little Mike stepped on the ramshackle catwalk leading through the tall weeds to where I tie up the *Helen V.*

Big Mike didn't want to talk, so I kept afoot and set the table with the best and only dishes we had, the cups of which actually possess handles, and kept wishing for a shindig like we used to throw a year or so ago. Not like that last one. That's when Big Mike and Little Mike busted up, and when shipmates who live together and would do anything for one another bust up, and over a woman, it's always sad.

I really laid out a meal that night, starting off with Chincoteagues. They're tough to pry open, but it's worth it, and that Margaret could handle an oyster knife. She was in the middle in this thing, and I can't say it was her fault. I almost fell for her myself, the way she kissed the oysters right off the shell, no fingers or fork or blanket of sauce. Just oyster, just right.

Little Mike hoisted himself kind of slow after he'd finished one of the broiled chickens and three or four ears of late corn, and dragged himself aft. I waited and pretty soon he started loving life out loud, just like I thought he would. "The stars are encrusted in heaven's crown tonight," he said. "There's Sirius, the dog star, bright as a diamond. And a cusp of moon. Listen, hear the harbor breathing? You can feel the pulse of the harbor, that low throb. It comes from the heart of the sea, far out, and here it is a faint, faint throb."

I can remember that word for word, and the blaring of a tug that cut into the Ferry Bar Channel with two sand barges in tandem just as Little Mike finished. It was as if the tug put an exclamation point on what he said. Big Mike moored his eyes to my checked tablecloth and took Margaret's hand. You could feel something was about to happen. I watched Big Mike closely. Finally he swallowed hard and said, "Margaret and I are getting married."

Little Mike grinned. "Who do you think you're kidding, you big ape?"

"I'm not kidding," Big Mike said, making fast his eyes on the bridge of Mike's nose. Margaret drew her hand back. She seemed to want to cry. "That's right," she said. "We got the license today."

Little Mike's try for a chuckle sounded like a gurgle. He stammered and strove to say something, but couldn't get it loose. He blinked hard a couple of times and then suddenly swung around, clambered up to the dock and hurriedly stomped away. "You go to the movies or something," I yelled to Big Mike and Margaret. "I'll straighten out the little guy."

That was tougher than I'd thought. I caught up with Little Mike at the trolley stop, but he shoved me away. "Take it easy, kid," I said. "Let's get a drink and talk this over." I jawed and jawed, but it didn't move him. I leaped onto the trolley after him and as it thumped and bumped up Fort Avenue and up South Charles I kept at him. He just turned away and stared out the window. Finally, though, I got him off at Baltimore Street and hauled him into a bar on Hanover Street.

"I'm going to sea," Little Mike announced after his first drink. "To hell with a rotten pal like Big Mike."

I stood him drink on drink, agreeing with him. That seemed the only navigable course. He ended up with a crying jag and the barkeep asked me to get him out of there. That was easy, but Little Mike wouldn't come home to Big Mike's boat, the *Tarpon*, nor would he bunk with me, because the *Helen V* is too close to Big Mike's boat. I had to settle for a flophouse on West Fayette Street, and I left him there, lying wretchedly across the bed, cursing out Big Mike.

I couldn't sleep that night, worrying about him. I rolled out of the sack, put on a sweater, dungarees and sneakers, and smoked in the deck chair. I kept wishing Little Mike had come to my boat first. Maybe it would never have happened then. But as it was, he found Big Mike first, and when I got there Big Mike was telling him about the Mediterranean.

Little Mike had boarded the *Tarpon* and said he was a waterfront reporter looking for stories. He located the right guy all right. Big Mike's been everywhere, and he was saying, "The further down the Mediterranean you go the tougher it gets. When you come to the Adriatic you've left the good part of the Mediterranean behind you. At Port Said a sailor is crazy to go ashore alone. You always must travel five or six together. The Arabs conk a sailor on the head, strip him, clothes, cash and all. I know one fellow who sneaked ashore alone and he didn't walk *(Continued on page 232)*

STONE

The Return of Lady Windermere

Lady Windermere's Fan, *produced for the first time since Margaret Anglin played the lead in 1914, offers a farcical portrait of Edwardian society, executed by that immortal snob, Oscar Wilde. The play's principal tenet, that a divorcée, if truly penitent, may be accepted by nice people, has obviously lost its shock value. But an admirable cast and exquisite settings by Cecil Beaton, together with Wilde's witty dialogue, make the presentation good theatre. Cornelia Otis Skinner, most intelligent of actresses, is "that woman," Mrs. Erlynne—an amiable blackmailer with a heart of 24-carat gold. Lovely Penelope Ward plays Lady Windermere who nearly forsakes a perfectly good husband for a brute whose classic approach over the teacups is: "I can resist everything—except temptation."*

Crazy Over Freewheeling

HANSEN

Enemy of the bustle and menace to morals though it was, the bicycle breezed straight to a nation's heart

by TRACEY PERKINS

A SCOTSMAN named Kirkpatrick MacMillan started it all. He took an ancient scooterlike gadget called the walk-along, hooked a pair of swinging pedals on it and beat a horse over a ten-mile course. Whether he knew it or not, he had perpetrated the bicycle.

MacMillan's seed, planted in Scotland in 1839, grew wild in the U. S. A half century later the United States of Grover Cleveland, William McKinley and Admiral Dewey was hopelessly bike-happy. The American house without a wheel was benighted indeed. Cycle racing was the sport sensation and racing champs were the heroes of the day. Poets and song writers filled volumes with verses in which boy met girl on a wheel, became intoxicated over a handle bar and finished life with her on a tandem. Reformers glimmed the ladies in their bloomers and warned that the nation was hell-bent for brimstone. God, the Devil, and medical science were arrayed pro and con on the matter, and the populace pumped the two-wheel contraptions as never before or since.

It is impossible to exaggerate the social effect of the bicycle. You can, for instance, demonstrate that the wheel emancipated American womanhood just as surely as did the suffrage amendment. You couldn't ride a bike in the ground-length, mud-catching skirts grandma wore. So the more daring ladies pulled on bulging bloomers and made time that way. The more timid settled for a little number called the Lucy skirt which spread out like trousers in the back. In every respect, emancipation set in with the wheel and that was all to the mustard with everybody except the bluer-nosed.

While social reactionaries viewed with distinct alarm and predicted that a nation awheel would breed a misshapen progeny which would eventually evolute us back to the orangutan, liberal ministers, public officials and doctors struck solid blows in defense of the "silent steed." Said Victor Neesen, M.D., leading scientific spokesman for cycling, "Wheeling, when properly indulged, is the grandest institution of the nineteenth century," and pointed out that riding a bicycle was good for more ailments than were the little pink pills advertised in the pulps.

Bolstering the citizen's health wasn't all the wheel did for America. It brought extra—though more dubious—blessings to the nation as well. Expressed in tepid terms, the bike aided romance by taking the nation out into the open country of a Sunday and drenching it in the blissful music of the birds, the fresh wafting of the breeze, the blue and green of sky and grass. Expressed in the more potent terms of the poet, romance via the bicycle meant love and—in the best circles—marriage.

Right about here is where the song writer enters the picture. First as a rash and then as an epidemic, the freewheel muse overtook lyric writers and shook them at will. New verses were composed and sung to such ancient ditties as *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, *Ben Bolt*, *Yankee Doodle*, and *Marching Through Georgia*. "The bards of the bicycle have invaded Helicon in force and drunk deeply from the waters of its sacred rill," wrote the bards of the bicycle.

Then the inevitable happened—not just a song, but a classic. An English song writer, Harry Dacre, brought his bicycle with him to America, and was shocked at the high customs duty he had to pay on the wheel. He told his misfortune to William Jerome, dean of American song writers. Jerome remarked that Dacre could be thankful he hadn't brought a tandem. The Englishman hied him to his room and wrote *A Bicycle Built for Two*.

In the true tradition, Dacre's little tandem classic was laggard in catching on. But singer Kate Lawrence took it with her to England and innoculated the British with the Daisy mania, after which Tony Pastor featured the song in his music hall on lower Broadway, and the United States, slow to adopt the tune, more than made up for that oversight with vehemence of affection thereafter.

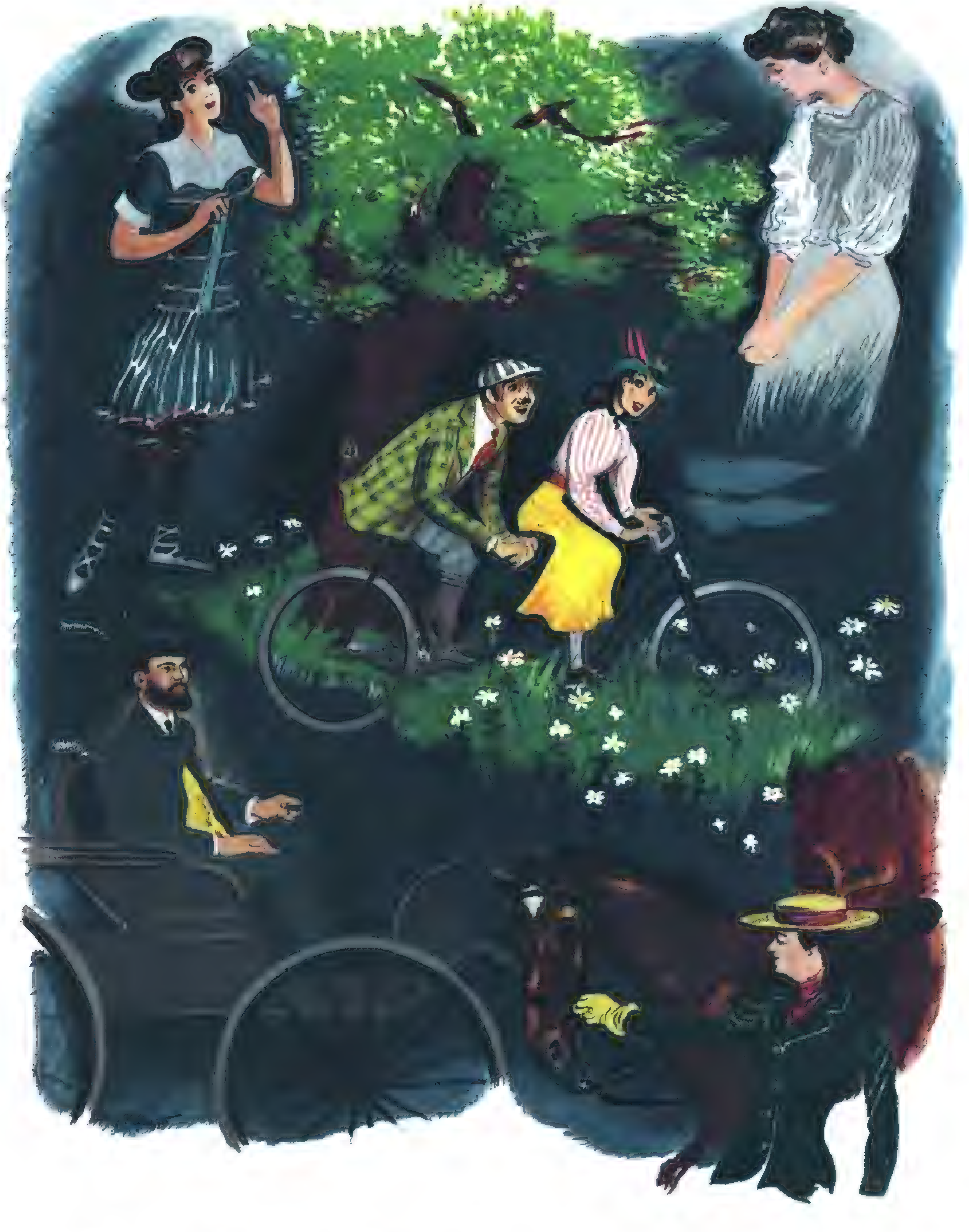
It is a rather sad commentary that the bicycle craze which swept the nation like no other national fad ever has, followed the burn-wild-die-quick pattern after all. Scarcely had the United States turned the century than the gas buggy gave the hip to the romantic wheel in the esteem of laymen and tunesmiths alike. Daisy and other sweethearts were being cajoled to enter some gallant's "merry Oldsmobile" or "flying machine."

But a good song, like the memory of a good man, has a habit of latching on to history and sticking. Today, Dacre's musical exhortation to "Daisy Bell" rolls from the mouths of gentlemen who haven't been awheel since they operated delivery routes in grammar school. Now the bicycle is a toy and the tandem a museum piece, but the emotion which moved our forebears to dream of life awheel together thrives apace. If lovers now do their wheeling in a convertible, the mood is no less genuine or reminiscent for all that. And the nice thing about the twentieth-century Daisy Bells is that, with them, the sentiment is still the thing. ###

GLANTZ

Elliot Lawrence: Young Man with a Band

English horns, oboes, French horns, and bassoons are, of course, not usually associated with popular orchestras, but in the case of Elliot Lawrence the matter is strictly copesetic. Twenty-two-year-old Mr. Lawrence is a dance-band conductor with a 14-carat long-hair background. A prodigy who debuted over the radio at three and was leading a fifteen-piece kid band at eleven, he has made a habit of precocity. He was musical director of WCAU Philadelphia at nineteen. His Suite for Animals *will soon be introduced by the Philadelphia Symphony. And his own full band, now playing about the country, has been no less than sensational the past two years. Everywhere they've listened to Lawrence—at New York's Pennsylvania, Chicago's Sherman or Los Angeles' Palladium—they've pleaded for more.*



A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Drawing by Tony Palazzo

Ah, the early nineties! When fiction was blandly romantic; politics, stormy; journalism, wildly partisan. An *avant-garde* of women reefed skirts and knickers well above the ankle for tandem bicycling and water-wing splashing. Adolescent Ethel Barrymore stepped into a mature role in *The Bauble Shop* when Elsie de Wolfe was ill, proved her potentialities for becoming the theatre's First Lady. "Daisy, Daisy . . ."* caught on with the bicycling craze: while the masses warbled "we can't afford a carriage,"* Consuelo Vanderbilt's papa built an $11,000,000 cottage at Newport and married her to a duke. Charles E. Duryea built the gasoline motor that drove his Buggyaut. By '93 he had it out on the roads, tearing up turf at 10 mph!

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*By permission of Francis Day & Hunter, Ltd.

Sarradin's tigers usually rewarded his kindly training with perfect obedience, but one exception proved nearly fatal

A Tiger's Heart

by CARL ZUCKMAYER

REHBERGER

"I THINK it's a cruelty," said the lady I brought along, "a cruelty and an abuse—towards the animals which certainly do not like to stand up on their hind legs or leap through a flaming ring, and towards the man who risks his life for the money and the pleasure of a reckless audience."

Nobody answered for an embarrassing minute.

"Well," said Sarradin then, "we've heard this before. Yet it isn't true. May I be excused? I still have a little way to go."

The old tigerman took his leave with a bow. His tanned, rugged face under his silver-grey hair showed no sign of anger or offense—just a slight disapproval. Young Kedrick got up and followed his master.

I knew the way they would take. I had accompanied them several times at this hour of the night, from Copenhagen's Tivoli where we used to meet each other after the show in a corner of the Restaurant Garden, to the near-by circus. There, Sarradin had kept me in the shadows of the dimly lit tent with himself, while young Kedrick, almost a beginner with only a few years of training experience, went close to the transportable cages in which the tigers were sleeping or dozing with open eyes. He would step from cage to cage and talk to them in a low voice, like a nurse to sleepy babies.

He would call each of them by name. He would put his arm in the cage and pet their necks and their faces while the tigers rubbed their cheekbones on the iron bars and produced very soft and gentle noises which sound like a long breath through their fluttering whiskers, and mean the same as the friendly and comfortable purring of a cat.

I liked to watch this performance of mutual confidence and affection, and I liked the scent of wet sawdust, of hay, of elephant, horses and ammonia from the neighboring stables, spiced with the peculiar tiger perfume.

"It's my old group," whispered Sarradin, who now held the position of an assistant manager of the circus as a sort of old-age pension, "the last one I trained. I don't go close to them any more. They must only be attached to one man."

His eyes followed each movement of his young successor without a shade of envy or jealousy; perhaps with a little nostalgia, but with much more pride and tenderness.

Old Sarradin was the dean of the wild-animal trainers. In his day he had been a man of world-wide fame and reputation, and he's still well-remembered among the circus fans and the professionals as one of the first who introduced and developed the so-called "school of tame training." He certainly became the greatest master of this school which—in contrast to the old-fashioned "wild" showmanship, working with whips, iron bars, pistols and burning torches—only believed in educating the animals by friendliness, understanding and a very careful observation of their individual talents and characters.

Sarradin's style was almost classical—noble and quiet, though effective. He loathed any kind of sensational tricks, such as the exhibition of imminent danger or exaggerated behavior; he disliked even the colorful gala uniform of the conventional performers. He liked to work in evening dress or in a light, simple sport suit, like a man who trains young ladies for tennis. He entered the ring with bare hands and, except for the occasional offering of a slice of meat as an award or an encouragement to his animals, he would use a long stick of a soft wood in which they could dig their claws and their fang teeth, because—as he often said—they ought to be playful. He never pretended that he had to keep the beasts within his sight. He liked to sit down in an easy chair in the middle of the caged ring, directing the work of one of his special feline artists only by the sound of his voice, while the music very softly played his favorite tune, a slow Boston waltz named *La Destinee.* He turned his back to the other tigers and he seemed not to bother or notice if some of them approached him from behind, to push their noses against the pocket in which he kept his tidbits of raw meat.

"Get away, old girl," he would say if a tigress became too familiar; or, "Take it easy, fellow," if a huge cat began to growl or to show signs of a bad mood. "Tigers are moody," he said, "very nervous and very sensitive, and you mustn't pay too much or too little attention to their whims—otherwise they become spoiled or naughty. You have to show them a certain kind of equanimity, but at the same time a great deal of affection and recognition, in order to keep their morale high, and you never may become nervous yourself. In short, you've got to have a tiger's heart."

During our long acquaintance and our many meetings, I heard old Sarradin talking now and then (in general he spoke little) about his idea of animal training, sometimes defending it against the usual discrimination.

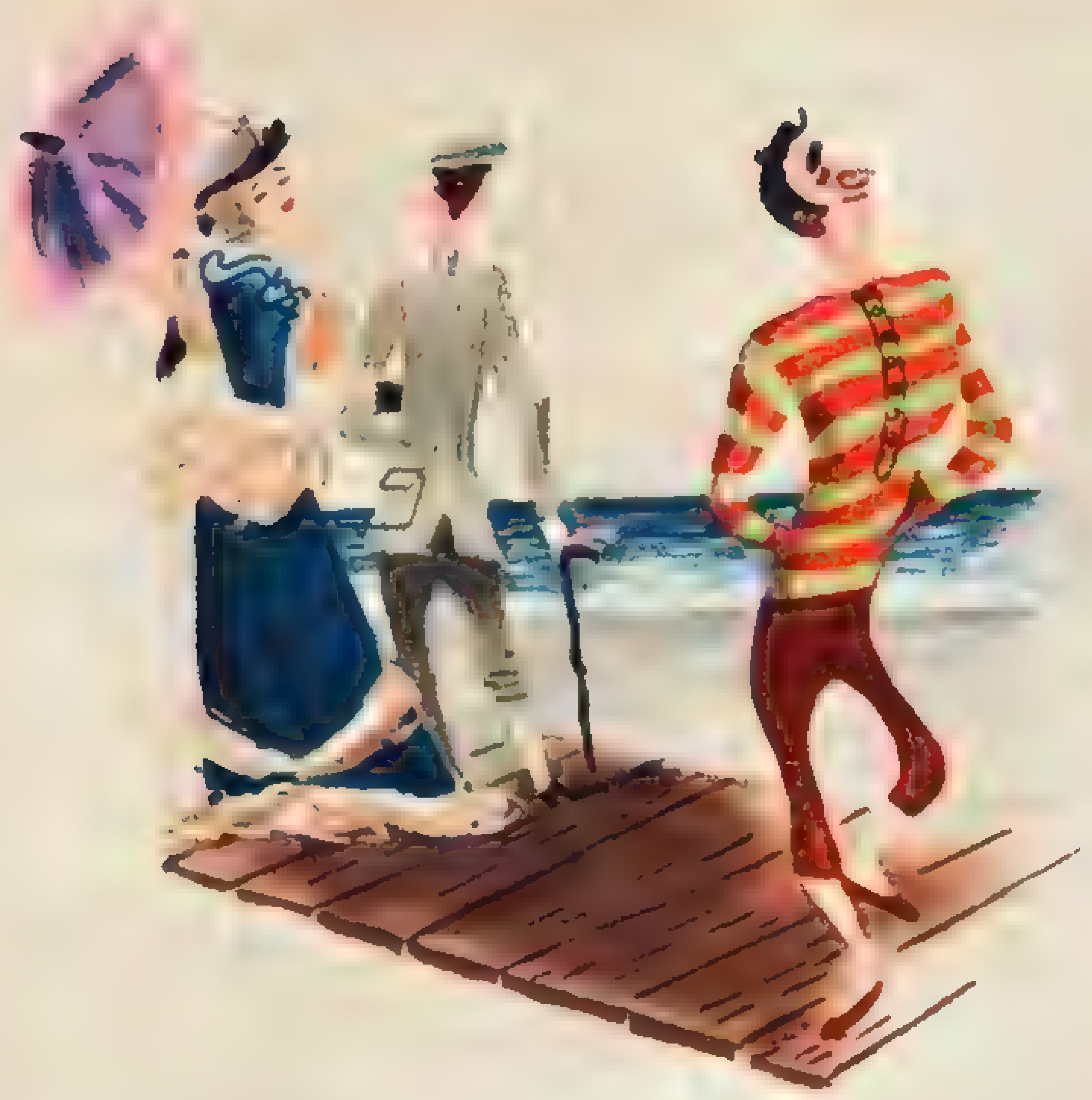
"Sure it is cruel," he would say. "to catch a creature and to take it away from its natural environment. But as long as this is done, to satisfy human curiosity, or desire for (Continued on page 176)

SAWIN

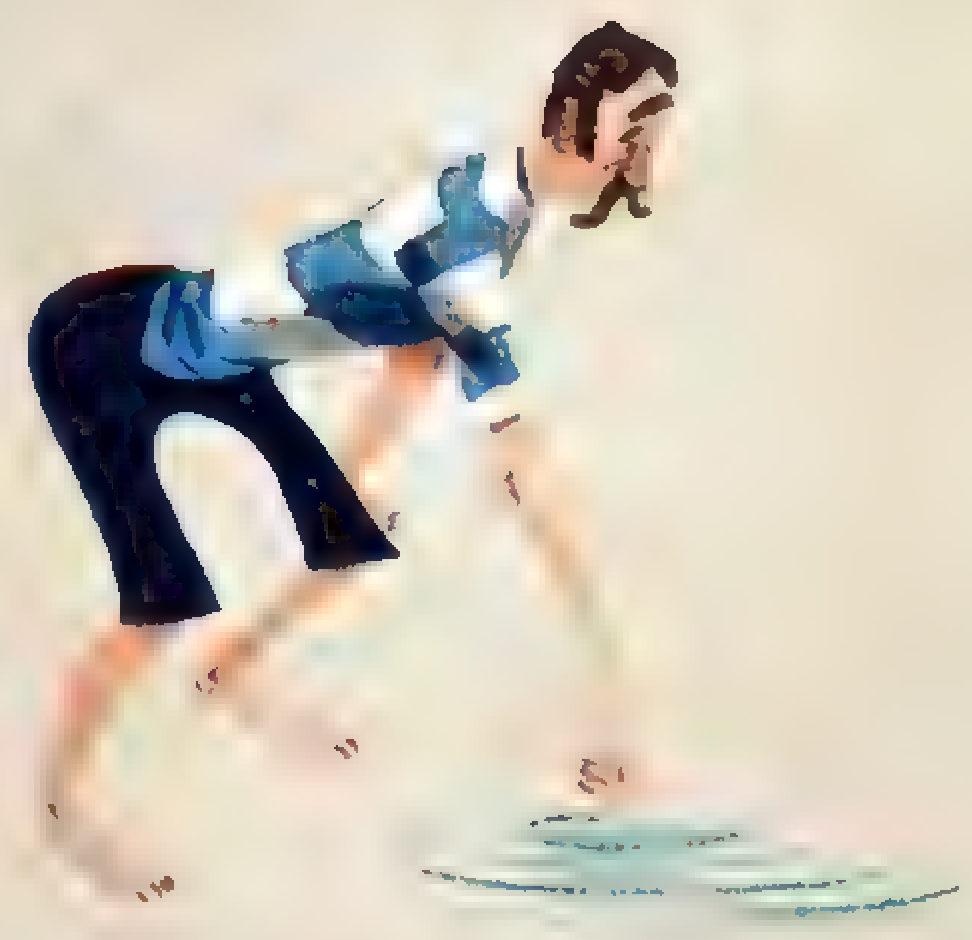
Starlet Spangled

Last year Esky introduced Barbara Brewer as a champion nymph who would one day be seen in Hollywood's best pools and pictures. Immediately afterward, Hollywood's competitive scouts found Barbara no farther away than the U. of C. in Los Angeles. As an experienced lifeguard who knew about changing tides, she smiled disarmingly and said nothing could interfere with her education. Paramount signed her at her own judicious terms. Now a sophomore, she gets a salary while attending college, reports to the studio weekly for diction, drama, ballet lessons. Proving there is a royal road to learning—if you know how to ride the waves.

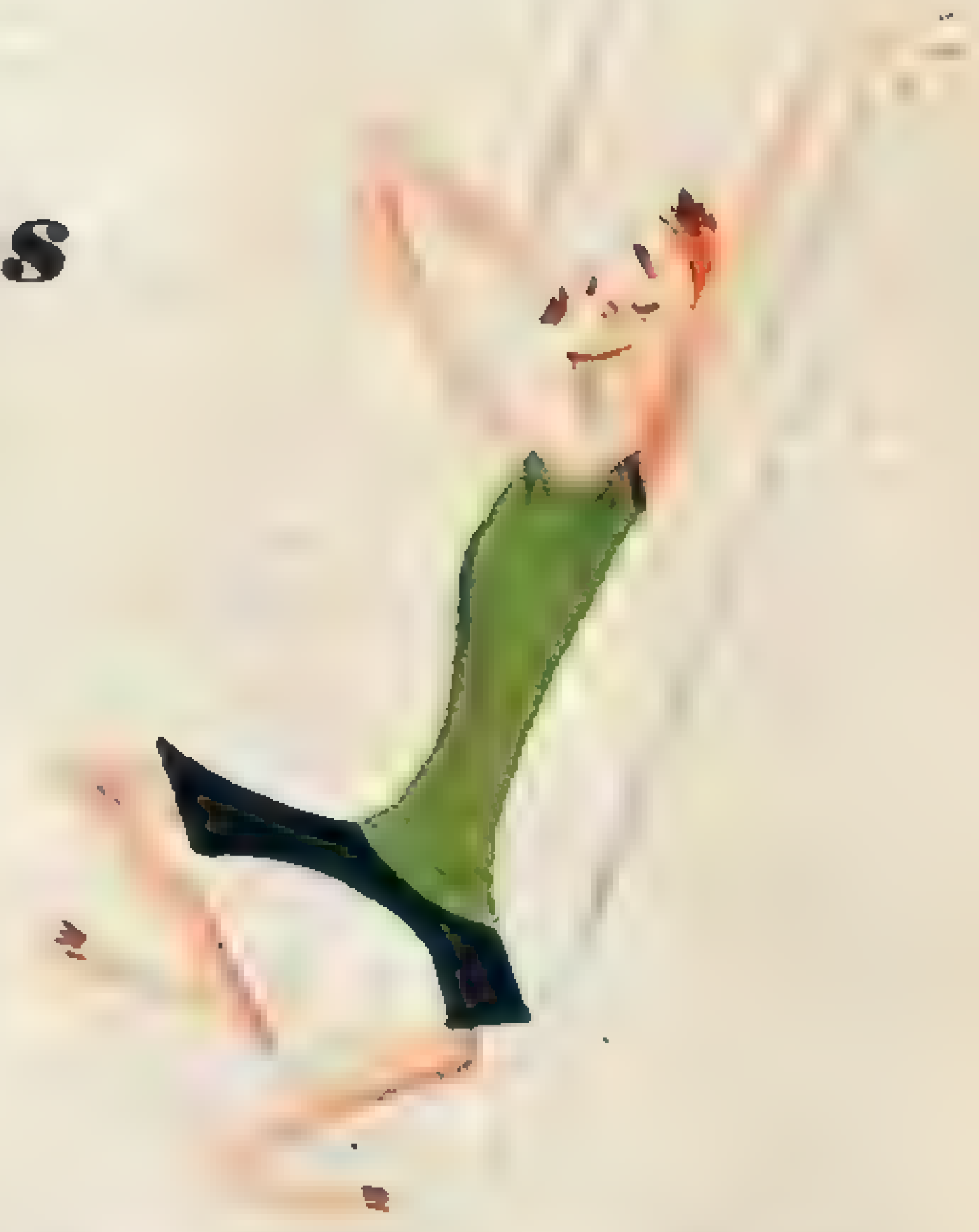
Mr. America Takes a Swim



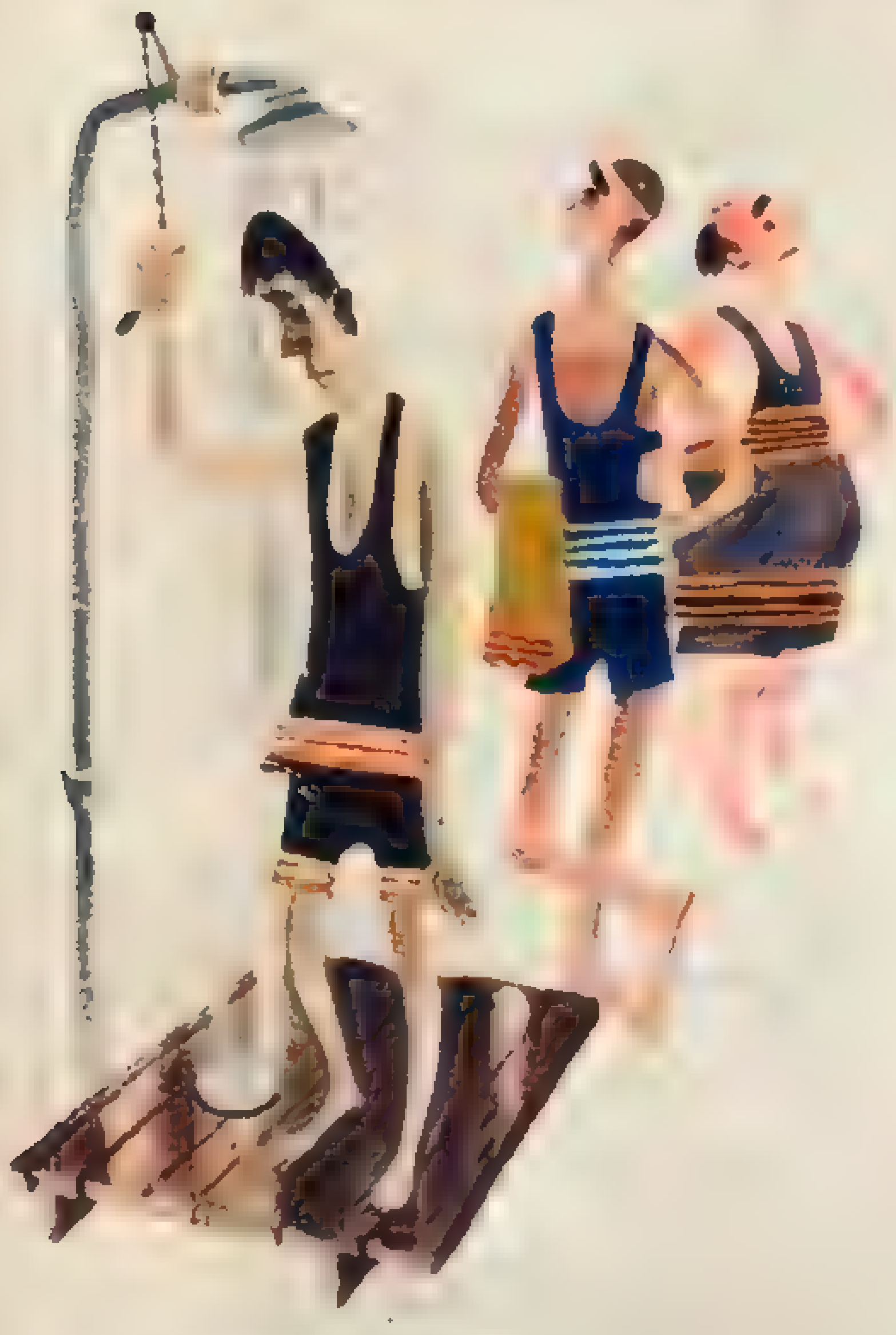
Boardwalk Beau Brummell—Gad, what a specimen 'neath those stripes, pants and pumps; in the 90's you hid what you had or hadn't.



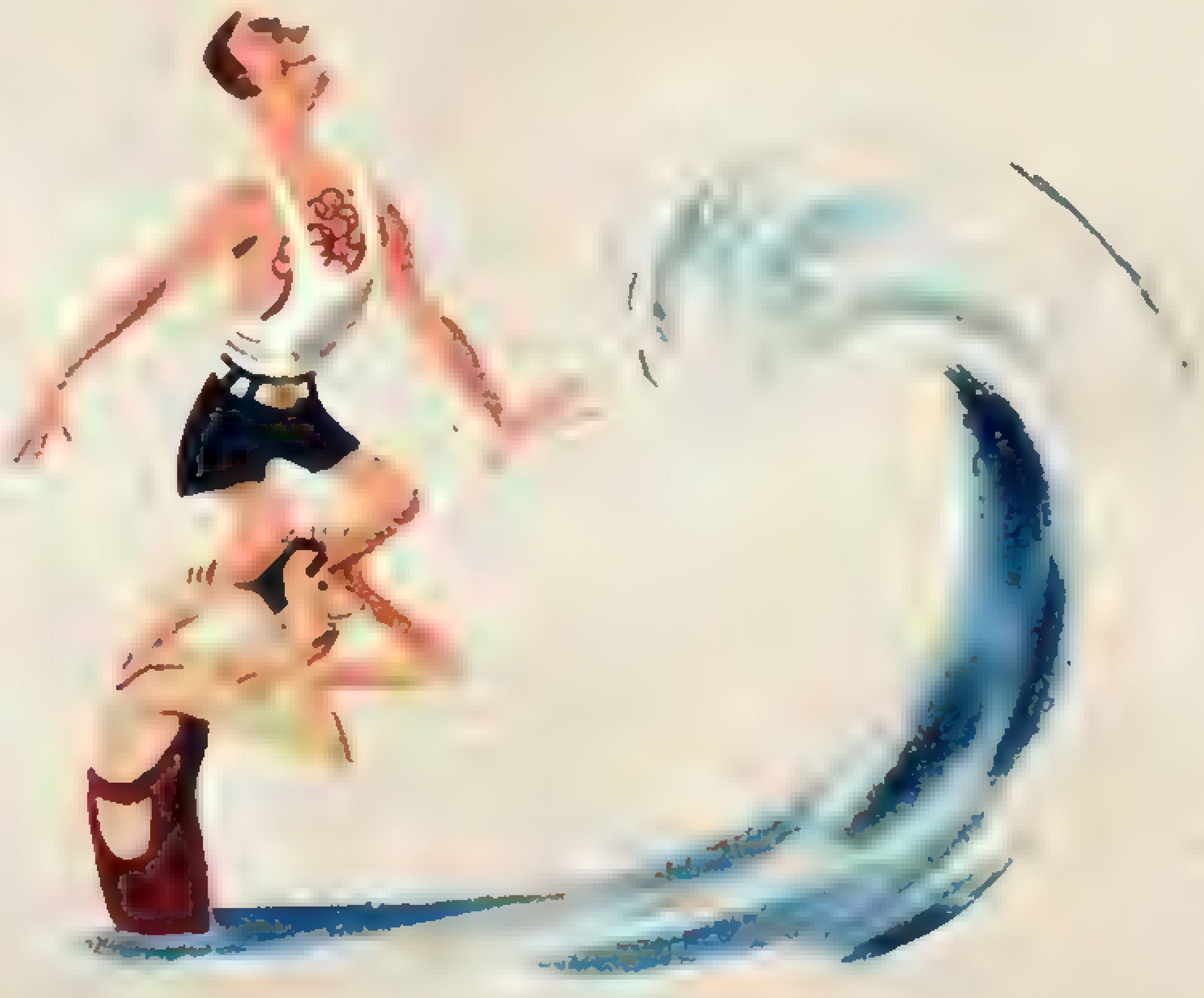
The Finger Man—Just a few years later the sleeves shrank up, the toes protruded, and here's Brummell, Jr., about to dunk his mustache.



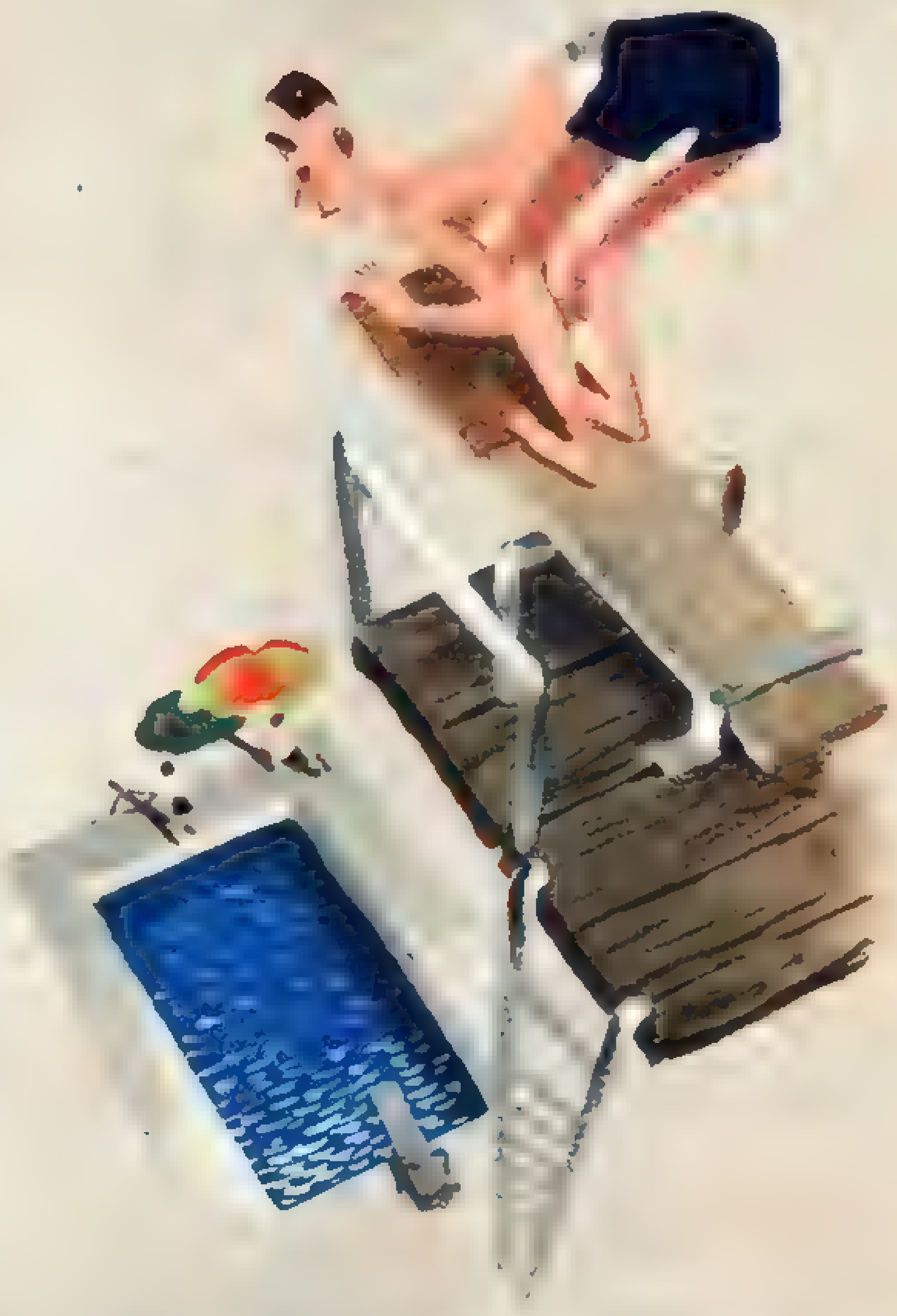
Gravity Gus—This daring leap by this daring man reveals the rashness of this era. The sleeves are gone, the trunks thigh-high.



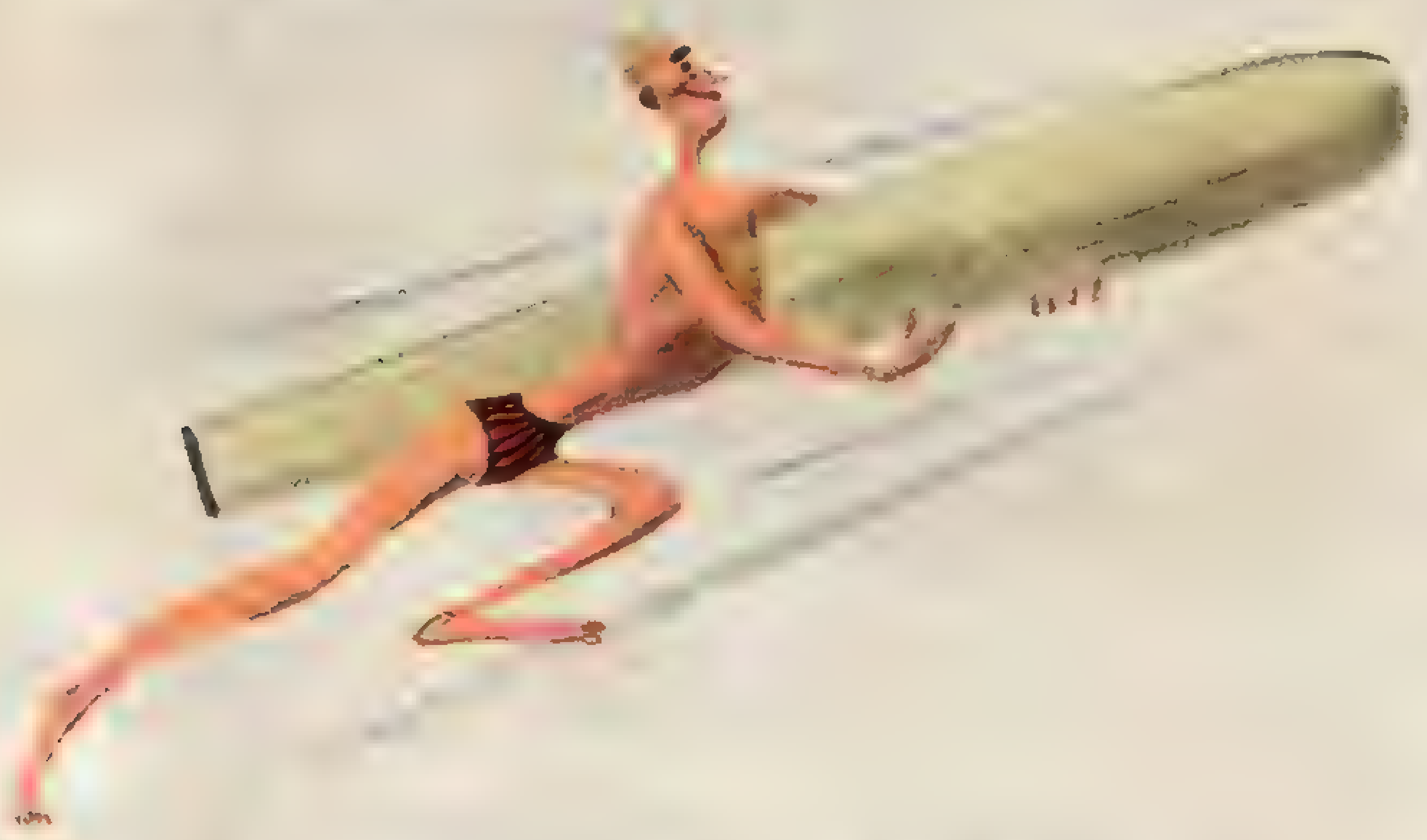
Form-fit—Here's Dour Dagbert showering to make the droop of his one-piece suit form-fitting. Note the décolleté neckline.



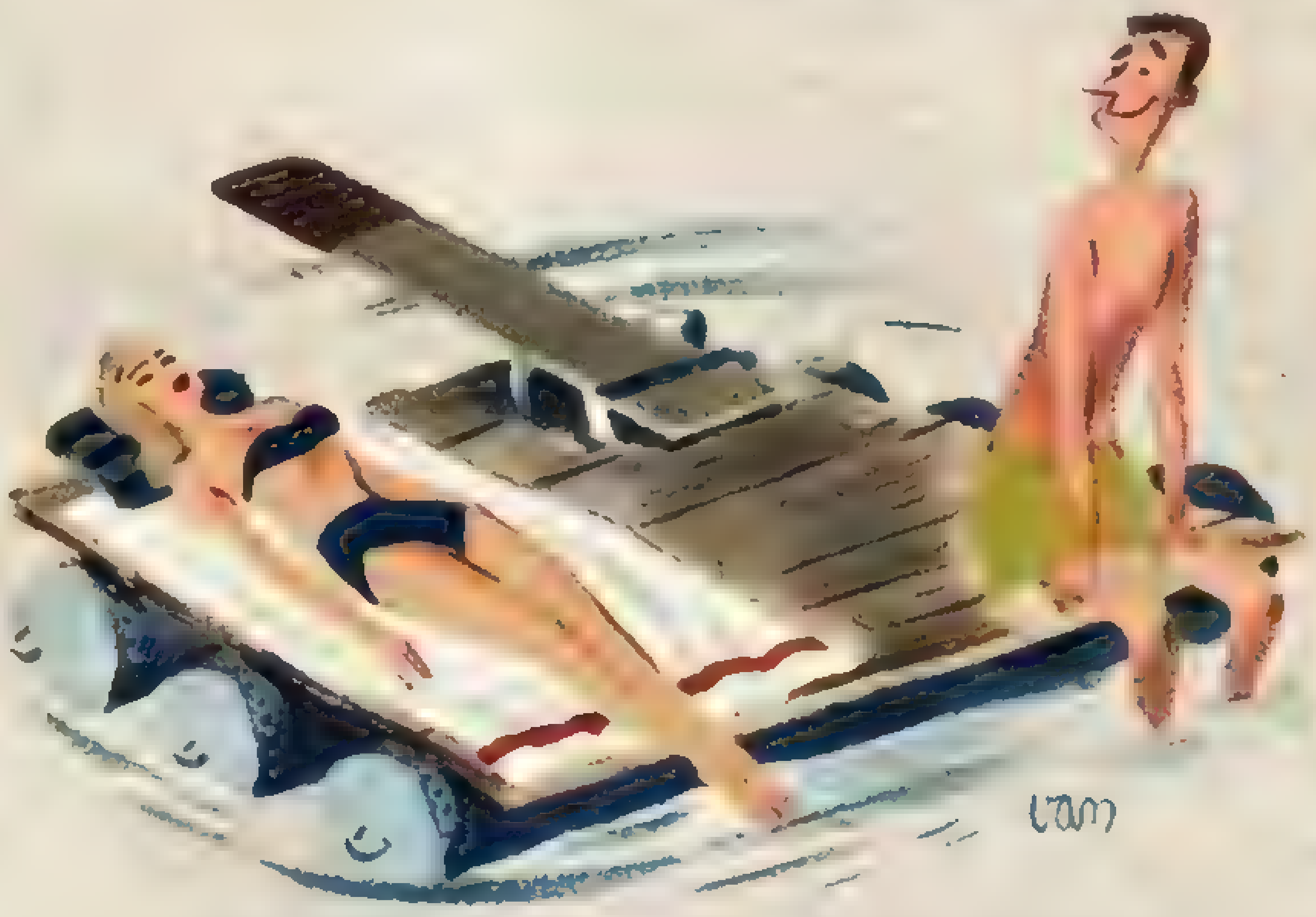
Boy Meets Swirl—Top man sports the latest, the two-piecer —a definite rift at the midriff.



Humpty Dumpty—Topless top man, he probably climbed up there to preserve his modesty when he first introduced this daring attire.



Surfboard Sampson—With perhaps more on his chest than his head, this muscle man of the daring 40's has a real chance to show his tufts and brawn.

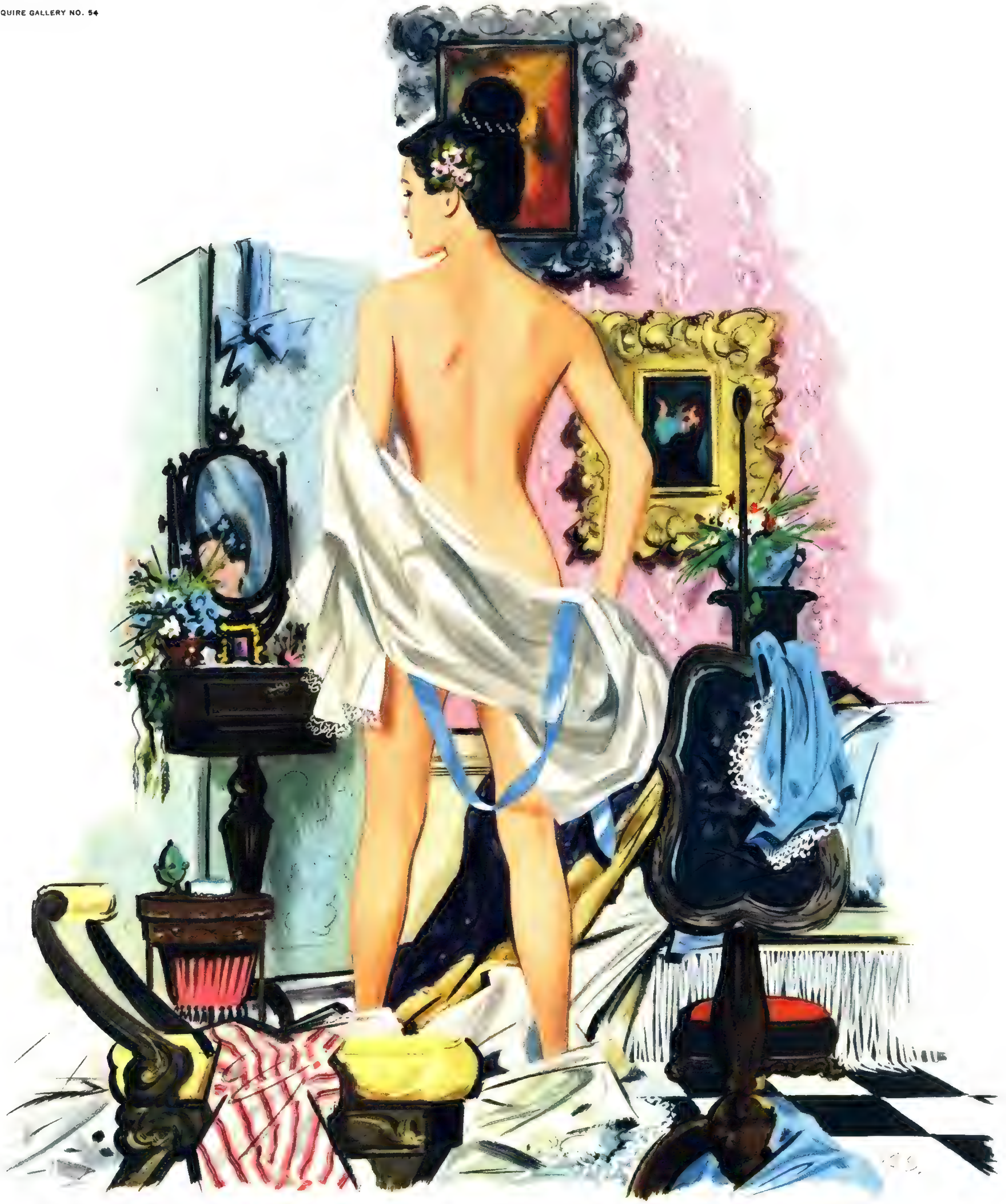


Water Cooler—Cooling his heels to keep from melting, this modern man coyly studies the amazing atavism of womankind back to Eve.

RECIPE FOR FUN

Drawings by Van Kaufman

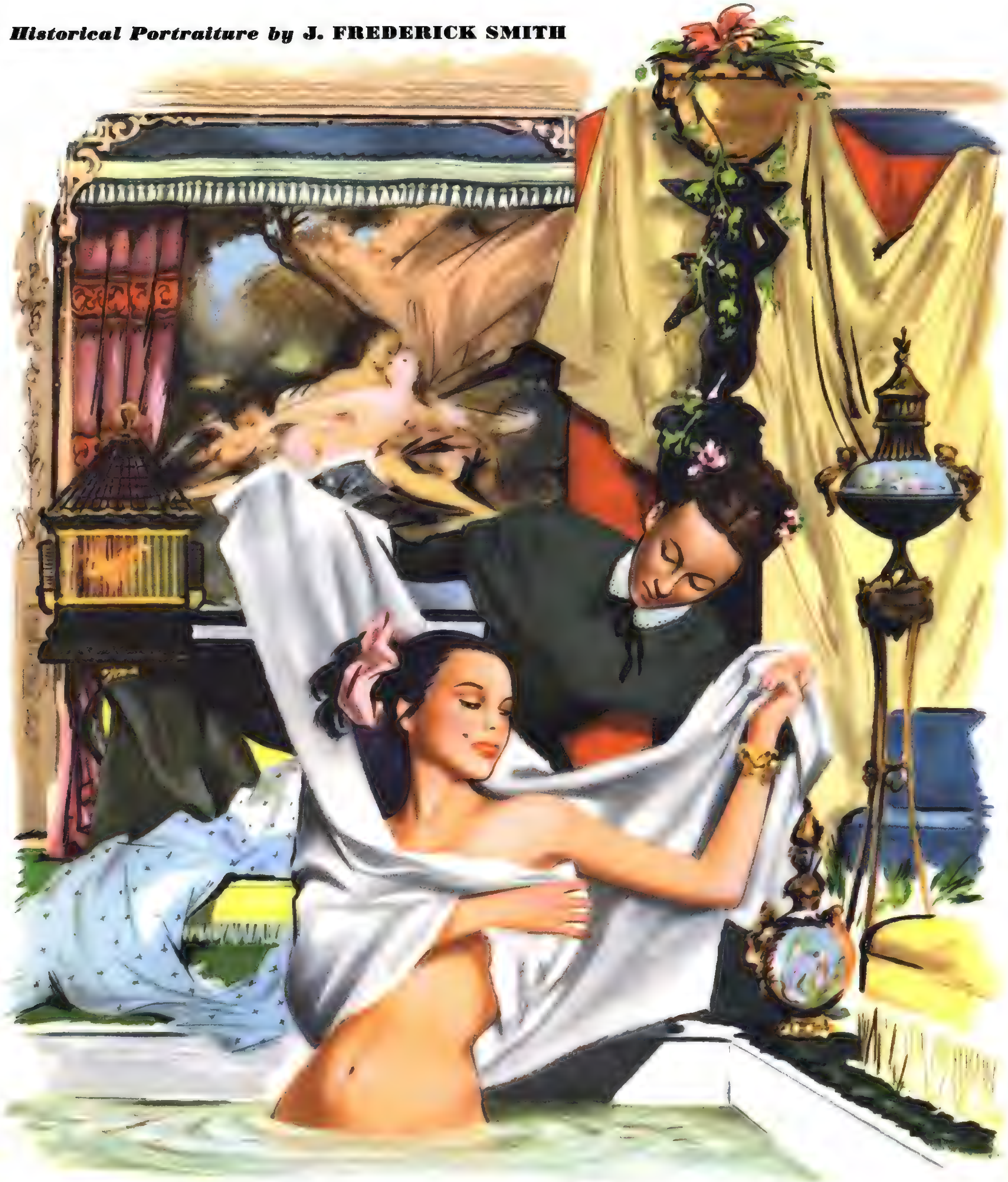
Blend one trip South with a good part of swimming and add the right touch in swimming trunks. And don't forget to be grateful that, when you go swimming, you don't have to don the bathing vestments that Grandpappy had to years ago. To prove our point, pictured above is a daring exposé of aquatic man from the 90's through the early 40's, which all goes to show what peculiar forms progress can take. From Stereopticon Steve, Esq., top left, in his striped bathing vestments, sleeves, slippers, *et al.*, to Leering Louie on the bottom right, bare to the midriff, we pass through a series of gentle unveilings of the male torso and more so. We doubt if you will remember the first ones in this series—but the water's still the same.



Danseuse by J. FREDERICK SMITH

Lola Montez, although once billed in London as "the mysterious and bewitchingly beautiful Castilian dancer," could hardly live up to such a title. Not that it mattered—it was only the "Castilian" and the "dancer" which were untruths, for she was indeed mysterious and bewitching. There was a rumor that the sprite of a child born to an Irish schoolgirl in 1818 was the daughter of the great lover, rogue, and wandering poet, Lord Byron. A later, when her mother married a Sir Edward Gilbert, the girl was christened Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna. With such a name and tempestuous Irish temper it was but a short step to her role as a fiery Spanish minx. That role took her around the world, and broke a dozen hearts in every land she touched.

Historical Portraiture by J. FREDERICK SMITH



Long before Hollywood was invented, Lola's indoor pool was the talk of five continents

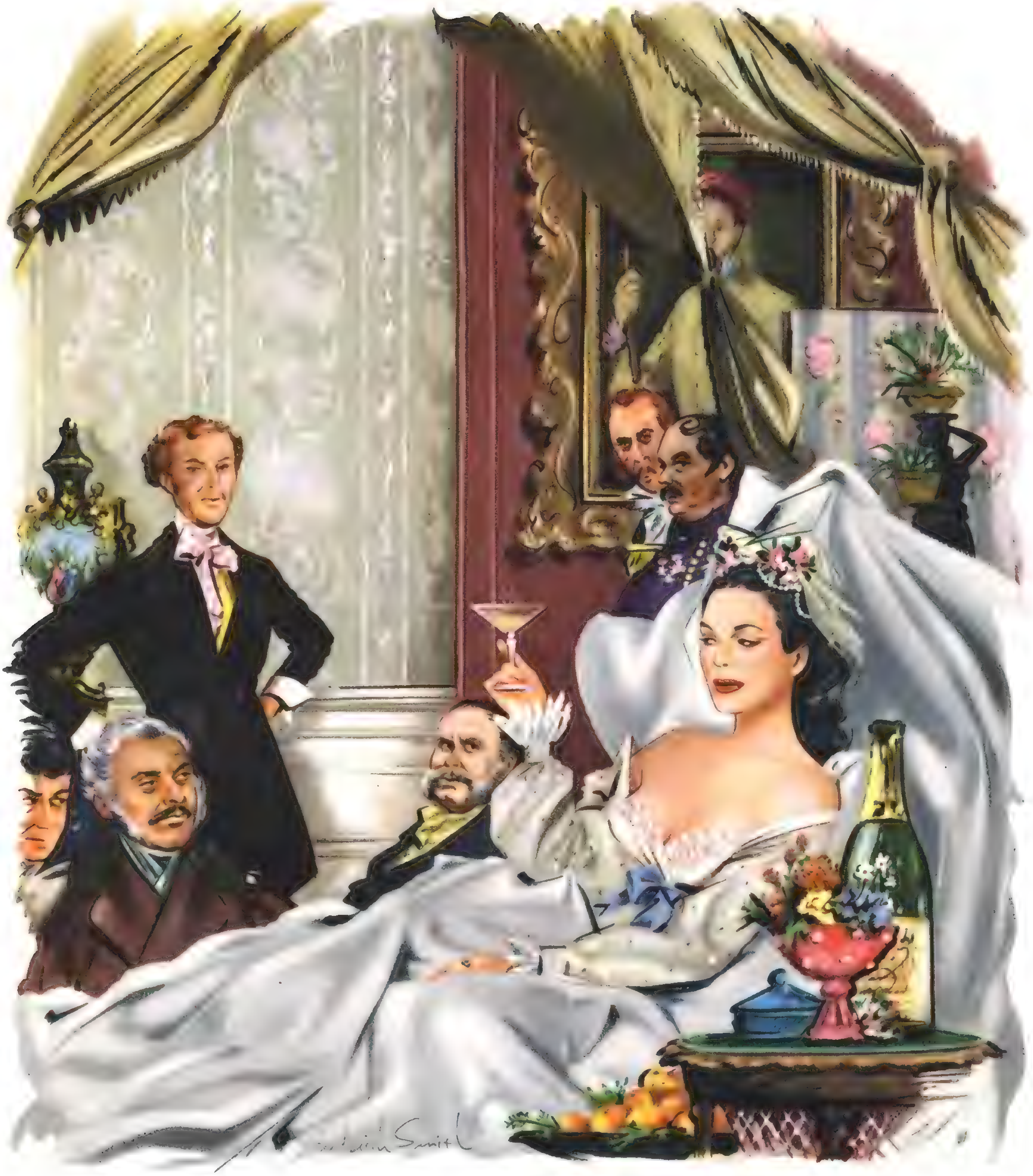
Lola Montez

"The last of the great adventuresses" kicked over a throne with her dancing slippers

One night in 19th-century Paris, a stunning girl paused in the middle of her sensuous dance and faced the hisses of her audience. She couldn't dance, and she must have known it. She had been hissed in London, in Brussels, in Warsaw, and now here. But her spirit was far from crushed. Glaring at her tormentors like a cornered wildcat, she tore off her slippers and then her heavy buckled garters and flung them straight into the grinning faces of the bald-headed row, giving them her opinion of French gallantry in three languages. In that instant they were cheering her. Lola Montez was at last the kind of queen she had dreamed of being.

Dumas added to her legend when he said: "She has the evil eye. She will bring a curse upon any man who loves her." It was fortunate, perhaps, that curses are easily coined, for her loves were too many to chronicle. She had broken the heart of her first husband, Captain James, when he took her to India to avoid a marriage to a gouty old millionaire. Lola's affairs started on shipboard, and nothing in Kipling's *Jungle Stories* can be compared to the fury of the British wives as Lola reigned over army society in India. James rode over the hills one day and never came back. So Lola, returning to England by way of Spain, picked up three of her most intriguing assets—she changed her name from Betty James to Lola Montez, acquired a Spanish accent and a few Spanish dance steps. It was enough to inspire a press agent of the day to declare that "through the delicate veins of this lovely daughter of dreamy Andalusia sparkles the *sang azur* . . . the birthright of hidalgo families alone."

She had to get by on beauty alone at first. But after Paris it was different. A famous editor was killed in a duel for her favors. She daintily tripped over the flower beds of Prince Henry of Reuss and was expelled from his kingdom, to the groans of his cavaliers. While



Queens envied Lola Montez, for although she could win kings like schoolboys, she was never bothered by geography. She lived in many lands, but the only true court was about her presence

she waited to dance in the palace of King Frederick William of Prussia, Lola, refused a glass of water, let fly with one of those emerald rages. She horrified the palace entourage with the ultimatum that unless the king brought her the water, there would be no dreamy hidalgo. The king did as he was told, and touched his lips to the rim, as well. In Bavaria, she caught the rheumy eye of the sexagenarian king, Ludwig I. Within twenty-four hours she was introduced at court by old Ludwig as "my very good friend."

Ludwig's very good friend rocked his throne as well as his heart. Playing Pompadour to his Louis, she brought on a revolution which caused his abdication. Lola had to defend herself from a howling mob with a pistol before she finally fled Bavaria. But not until she had quaffed champagne in the window as they stormed her house.

She paused briefly in England to acquire another husband, and get sued for bigamy, before leaving for America in 1851.

P. T. Barnum exploited Lola in New York, and she danced in Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans before crowds who came to gape at the notorious "revolutionary," this "tigress," this "modern Amazon," with the blue eyes and childishly curling bronze hair. In San Francisco, firemen threw their helmets on the stage, and miners forgot their lodes, tossing her big gold nuggets as she performed her famous spider dance, in which Lola shook off a plague of rubber insects by the effective device of agitating portions of her anatomy where the pests had spun webs, with notable theatrical instinct.

Lola married twice in California, once to Patrick Hull, pioneer newspaper owner of San Francisco. And once more she held court. The miners named the highest peak in the Grass Valley range in her honor—Mount Lola—but the women had other names for her. She wrote a book, gave lectures, made a tour of Australia. But in time Lola tired of the West and of her world. The girl who had set nations aflame went humbly back to New York to toil day and night in rescue work for unfortunate women. She died poor and forgotten. On the grave of this dazzling, meteoric, and irresistible siren you may read: "Mrs. Eliza Gilbert. Died June 16, 1861. Age 42." ⌗

ILLINOIS
CONVENTION 1947
CALIF
SIMPSON

In Convention Assembled

The boys really prove their ability to take punishment whenever they congregate

by HERB GRAFFIS

The late H. G. Wells took a gloomy view of the future of mankind. He declared that man had no more basis than the dinosaur had for survival. The dinosaur's brain was so far from its fanny that when somebody batted it in the stern it couldn't get the warning into its head in time to get to safety. So in time it lost its fanny, toppled over on its face and departed this world.

Mankind is made of tougher stuff. The American man especially. The American is the only living creature that deliberately and persistently can subject itself to the punishment of conventions and continue to exist. Wells never considered that in forecasting the not too distant extinction of the race. The British don't go for the American type of business or fraternal conventions. That's how Wells happened to miss thinking of the supreme ordeal we have met and mastered. No other nationals but us go, in a death-defying way, for these affairs. All others are sissies.

There are some valid excuses for business conventions. One is that of hoping your competitor might get so drunk at a convention he will sing out of turn within your hearing, thus justifying your insomnia, indigestion and expense, the three major symptoms of conventionerial disease.

Untold billions of dollars have been put into circulation by conventions. The gentleman who does not have his wife accompany him to the conclaves, at great cost for self-preservation, brings home to her and the kiddies gifts that have enormously enriched the local tradesmen of the convention city. Daddy bringing home from a convention something besides a hang-over is an American custom even more widely established than that of brushing the teeth in the morning and evening. The gifts range from a burnt leather pillow as "A Souvenir of Keokuk, the Scenic City" to thin black lace underwear from New York. It doesn't make much difference what the present is; it will be regarded as a contribution to the domestic conscience fund, whether the convention delegate performed while away as a diligent and pious specimen of the Creator's handiwork or slept all day and gallivanted around all night giving a good town a bad name and bad girls a good time.

The usual convention is conceived in hope, born in trouble and lives its brief life in confusion. There are naïve persons who expect conventions to accomplish great things other than ulcers. And the wonder is that occasionally a convention does do something for an industry or an organization notwithstanding the convention's handicap of size. Every convention must be "the biggest" or the officials responsible feel such deep shame that they lie, as far as possible, about attendance figures.

Credit should be given to the American Legion for providing evidence that conventions should be limited to not more than 138 attendants under sixty-three years of age. Legion conventions, as we ancients now realize, never were responsible for a thing that a few guys in a smoke-filled room of the Legion lobby at Washington couldn't have done—as they did—without subjecting cities to the disturbance attendant upon occupation by thirsty, lusty troops.

For some reason there has not been frolicsome virility of the Legion's earlier convention type exhibited at the conventions of the newer organizations of war veterans. The greatest public display of energy at a fairly recent convention of a younger outfit was a picket line around a restaurant. I, as other sires of young men in the latest international fracas, have deplored to my offspring the positively reactionary picketing procedure employed by the generation of war graduates of whom so much progress is expected. They picketed on the hoof with signs.

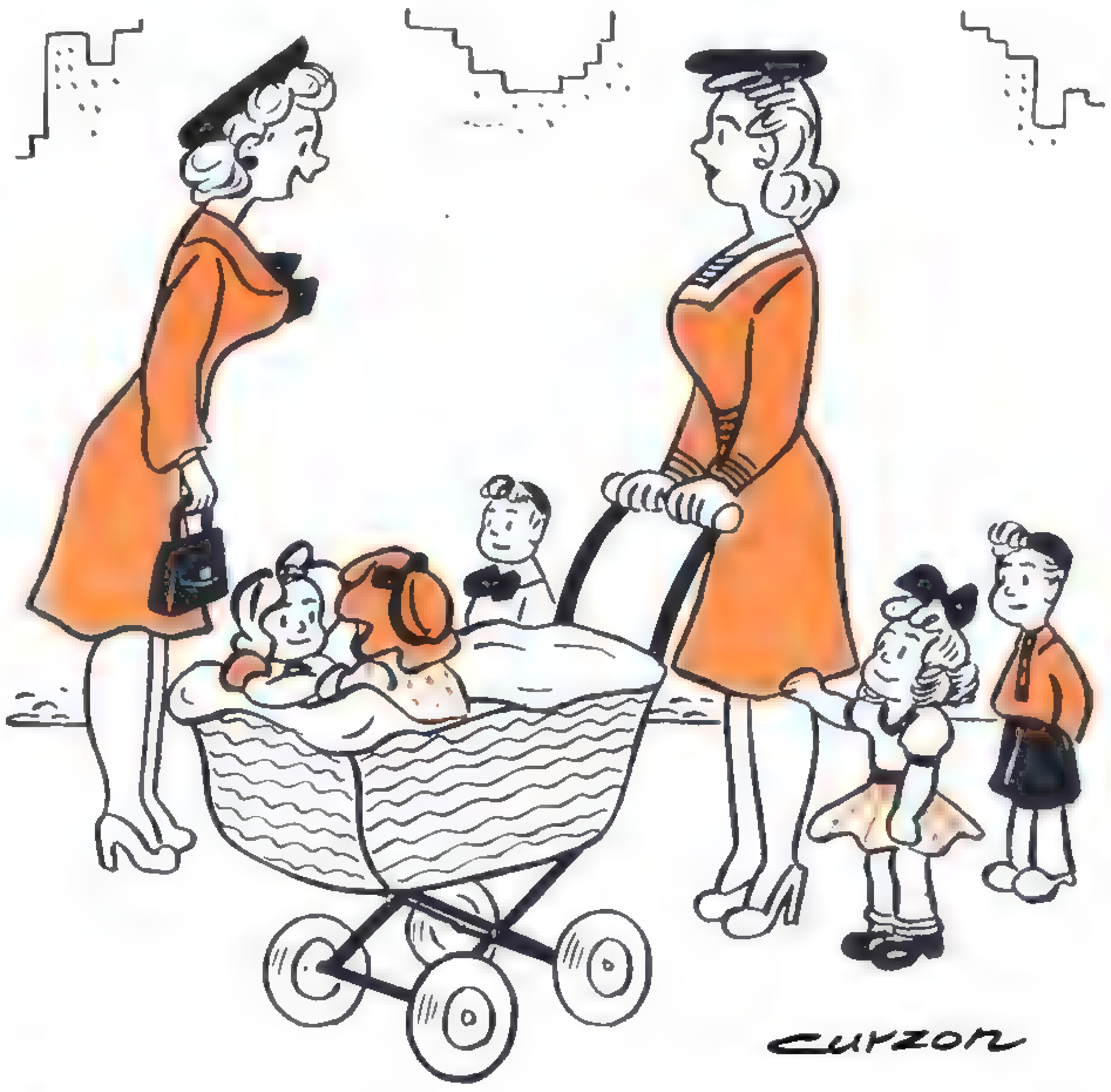
The now grey or bald Legionnaires at one of their conventions would have picketed in a gay and effective manner by having the picket line hauled around by motorized 40-and-8 equipment which would have rolled over the drunk, the halt, the unwary and the stubborn with malice toward none and bumps for all. It might have been somewhat tough on the noncombatant public but it would have saved strain on the feet of the pickets and, by giving them rides in God's beautiful out-of-doors, swept their lungs free of pollution and put them in condition for the evening's serious struggles at poker and dice-rolling contests or in social sessions with the gold-toothed, henna-haired convention hustlers, which are no struggles at all.

Although this particular citation of the differences between conventions of war veterans may suggest a deterioration in the convention as a test of the ruggedness of American manhood, the convention remains as one of the most certain instruments ever devised for accelerating the elimination of the unfit.

For instance, there are some people who require as much as five hours of sleep a night. These parties therefore are not qualified for full participation in a vigorous convention either in the nocturnal activities of a semiofficial nature or as organization officials who contend until the small hours with formalities necessary to give the convention a record of accomplishment on paper.

Convention programs are arranged with the utmost of expense and inconvenience to all concerned. It long has been recognized that convention papers must be read under the worst possible conditions. The listeners are seated on uncomfortable chairs in poorly lighted rooms and subjected to the punishment of listening to a speech of a fellow who mumbles monotonously. The convention papers usually are read by men of achievement other than public speaking. If the speaker is a seasoned orator he will give them sound and fury on the convening industry or the organization as protecting the nation against crime, juvenile delinquency, subversive forces, fascism, communism, capital or labor, indigestion, bleeding piles or a staggering national debt.

However, there is one entirely legitimate and rather valuable phase of the American convention. That's the unscheduled part which consists of two or more of the conventioneers getting together in hotel rooms, calling for room service and settling down to tell a few confidential truths. Discussions often get so absorbing that when the telephone rings and some hussy who is making a canvass of the convention trade says intriguingly, "Hello, Johnnie boy," the man who answers does not jump at the opening but replies "There ain't nobody named Johnnie boy here, babe," and hangs up. Then he grabs (Continued on page 216)



"Why, Ruthy—I haven't seen you since we graduated —what have you been doing?"

Jonathan Wilson had pitched his tent in the desert with the frantic hope that he would paint his way to glory

The Endless Test

by LUDWIG LEWISOHN

REHBERGER

The tourist season was all but over. The vast African sunshine smote all life into supineness. Two last commercial travelers from Marseille and I were the only guests in the little Hotel Transatlantique among the waving palms of the French quarter of the city of Sfax. I had come up from researches in the South Tunisian oases, from the dazzling market places and the great groves of date palms and the now dying streams, and lingered for a few days in this city of the all but unimaginable name.

The Arab guides knew that there was no work for them. But a few still loitered listlessly in front of the hotel. And one, a man in a bronze-colored burnous which dimmed his tobacco-hued face, made an eager yet weary start toward me every time he saw me on the veranda or in the garden. "*Em-shi!*" I said, "get away!" He would shift the vermilion *sheshiah* on his head and scratch himself in perplexity. It was not the normal, hard, senseless pertinacity of the Arab that he showed, and another curious circumstance was that neither of the other two guides that remained tried to compete with him. They watched his efforts to gain my attention with dull uninterested eyes, and somehow I had the impression that this man believed he had some message that was meant for me.

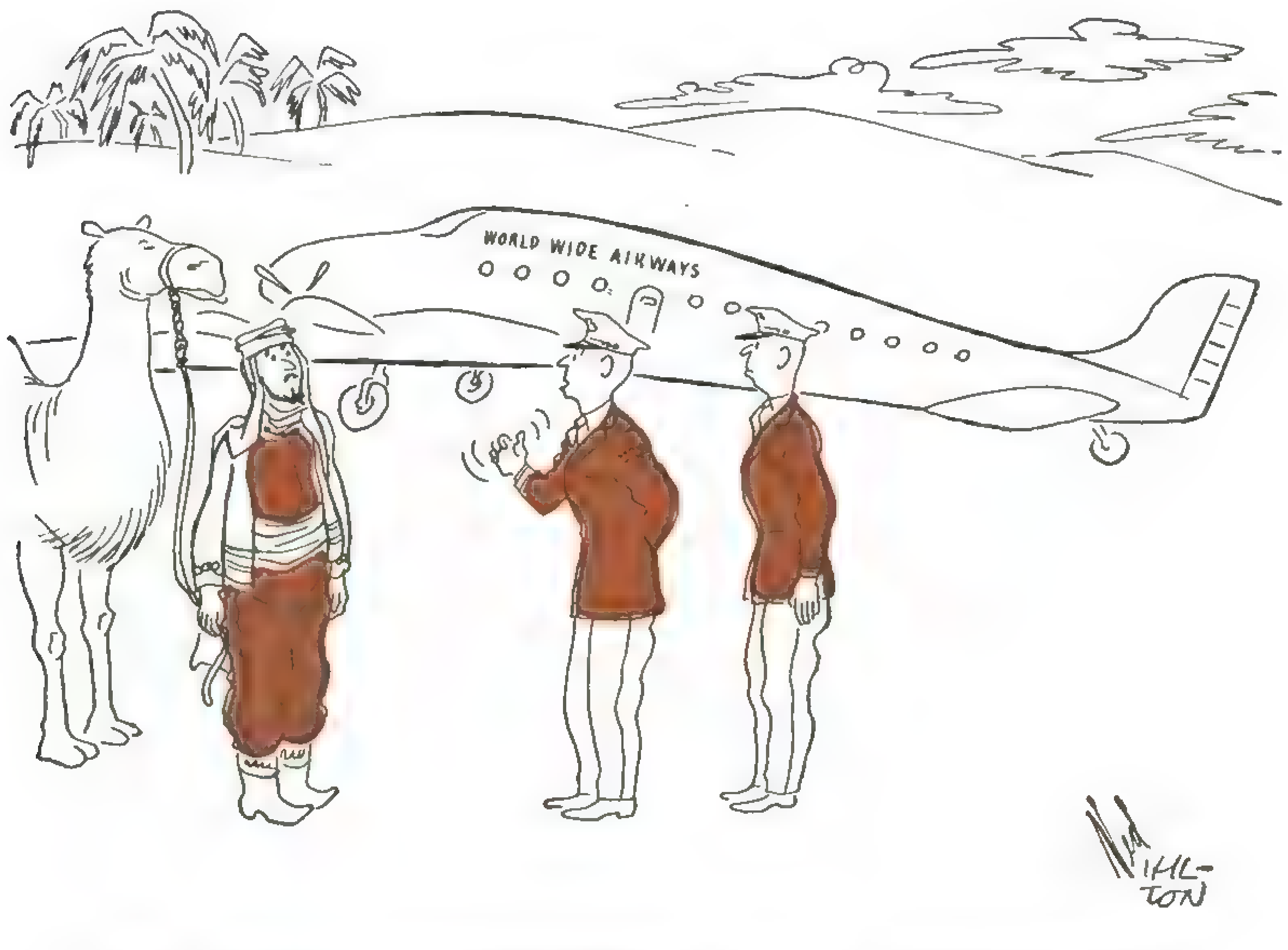
He did not then amaze me when one morning he trotted on behind me and cried a little hoarsely in his pidgin French: "*Pas d'argent, M'sieur. Pas d'sou,*" meaning evidently that whatever service he wanted to render me would not cost a penny. This unique observation from an Arab brought me to a halt. The man, middle-aged, with a face neither undignified nor unintelligent, stood before me and thrust into my hand a soiled and cheaply printed card which told me that his name was Fradj ben Messaoud and that he was a guide authorized by the Tunisian government.

"*Eh bien,*" I said, "what do you want? I need no guide."

Again he shifted his *sheshiah.* It was odd to see an Arab perplexed. Even in guile their mental processes are fiercely direct. This one, quaintly enough, stood first on one foot, then on the other.

"There is an American gentleman who lives here. He wants to see you."

"Me?" I asked. "How does the American gentleman know I'm here?"



"Our compass went kerflooey. Can you tell us offhand what direction Chicago's in?"

Fradj ben Messaoud smiled faintly at my question, then answered: "He pays me money every month to bring him Americans to see him. Will M'sieur come?"

I laughed.

"Does he pay you well?"

The man was suddenly grave. He nodded.

"I am saving to buy a wife. They are dear now. Ten thousand francs. Will M'sieur come?"

There was an urgency about him that touched on bitterness.

"What's the American's name? Does he stay here even in summer?"

"He does not leave. He has not left for eight years. His name is M'sieur Jonathan Wilson."

Of course he said: Djonathan Veelson. And I, I had at once the eerie vision of an American living here through the overwhelming, deadening heat of eight summers, shunned probably by the clannish French bureaucrats, despised with equal certainty by the Arabs as a man who had separated himself from the power of the heathen mass to which he belonged, and who must then in some sort be an outcast, a self-made outcast—this fact was clear to me at once—for had he been a criminal or fugitive he would hardly have paid the embarrassed Fradj a monthly stipend in order to bring visiting Americans to whatever door he had.

I turned to Fradj ben Messaoud.

"Where does this man live?"

"Beyond the city. Will you come? Now?"

He barely turned his head toward the small, dusty public garden of the French settlement which the hotel faced. As at a prearranged signal one of the two creaking horse cabs was at our side. I entered. Fradj climbed up on the rickety box beside the driver. The two Arabs exchanged no word. We drove to the not distant crenelated walls of the native city of Sfax. Through the chief gate I caught one glance of the robed crowd in the sharp black shadow between the white rubble houses, the green turbans of the reputed descendants of the Prophet bobbing between the vermilion *sheshiahs* here and there. At this point my driver turned to the right. He lashed out at his wretched horse. The carriage rattled and leapt. In ten minutes the town was behind us. We were in the stone desert of the region. Near an Arab graveyard dominated by a Marabout or saint's tomb, white, solemn, strangely geometrical, stood a European house of one story with a veranda of disproportionate size. Abruptly the cab stopped. The two Arabs slid from the box and subsided into somnolence. I heard the tread of my feet strangely loud on the wooden steps that led to the veranda. A screen door opened and Jonathan Wilson came tremulously out.

He was a small frail man of at least fifty, bald, with a greyish mustache and large, blue, sensitive self-distrustful eyes. He seemed the last man in the world to have been driven into the exotic blind alley of an uncommon fate. He should, I thought, be treasurer of a rich charitable organization, commuting to New York from a cottage in Mount Vernon. He came toward me.

"Well, well, well,"—his voice was deep and rather resonant—"it's nice to have callers so late in the season. I suppose the Arab told you my name?"

His upward inflection called upon me to introduce myself.

"Splendid," he said. "I've read some of your things. Of course. I'm a painter myself. But you've probably not heard my name. Haven't exhibited in twenty years. No. Come in out of the glare. I hate it."

It was a studio into which he led me, a little cluttered with Tunisian rugs and Arabic tables. But before the tall north window stood an empty easel and not far from it an American roll-top desk and in the back center of the room a huge radio instrument. Wilson followed my eyes to it.

"Keeps me in touch, you see, with Europe and even with home. I get news. I hear symphonies and whole operas. Great invention. Great."

"You stay here pretty steadily, I understand."

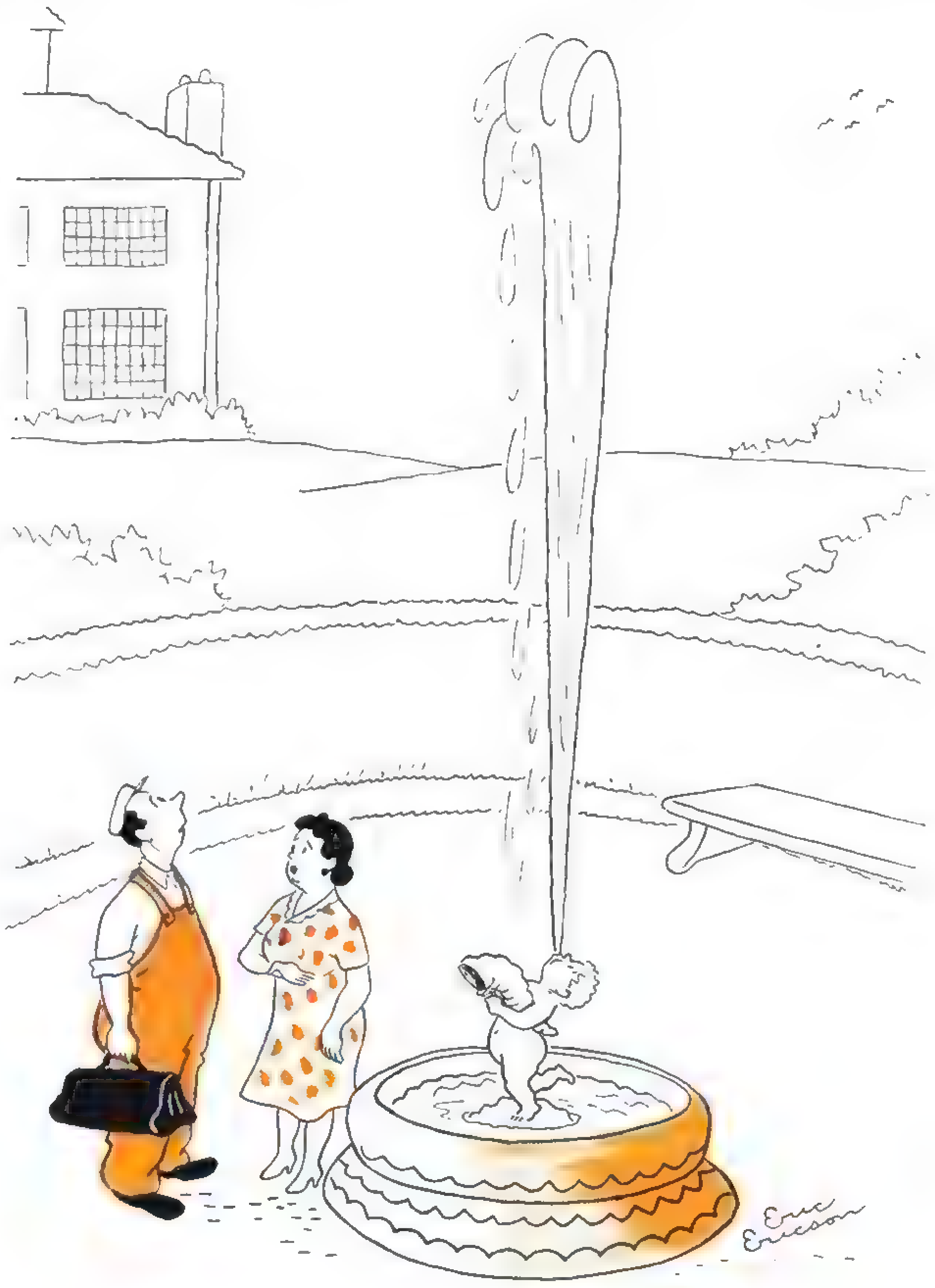
His face was suddenly drawn.

"Sit down. Do sit down. I hope you're not in a hurry. You needn't think of the Arabs waiting. They're paid. Have a drink, do!"

I sat down. He fetched Scotch and soda from somewhere behind the easel and a tin of English biscuits. The soda, considering the place and climate, was reasonably cool. We drank. The liquor eased him and gave him steadiness. His blue eyes became more confident and his voice deeper. He stretched out his short legs.

"Yes," he said, "I've stayed on here, partly for personal reasons, partly for artistic ones. Art is long, you know." He hesitated a few moments, laughed and went on. "I don't want to go home and exhibit till I can knock 'em flat. I'm pretty sure to. But I want to be entirely sure."

I nodded and drank. "Here's to your success!"



"All I know is that it squirts too high for a small boy"

"You see," he said, as though confiding a secret, "this whole country hasn't been touched really and it cries out for painting. The light! The colors! There's one Frenchman, what's his name? But even he is feeble. A couple of Americans roamed around here a few years ago doing water colors. Water colors, good Lord—weakish, elegant things. This sun and these people need to be done with a fist—with, with—well, maybe you'll let me show you a few things by and by. Do, please, mix yourself another drink."

I did so. He poured himself at least two fingers and drank his liquor neat. It stiffened him. It gave him backbone. He seemed actually to expand. A look of false authority came into those large blue eyes of his.

"Yes, sir," he said—that "sir" seemed to me a curious reversion to some far American boyhood—"this country has cried out for years for great painting. An Arab girl standing on the desert sand with a piece of scarlet cloth. Bedouins under the city wall over there in a triangular shadow. A half-mad fakir ramming long black-headed hatpins into his withered flesh. Yes, sir. I've done 'em all."

I winced for him. Chromolithograph subjects; a chromolithograph attitude. Maybe I was mistaken. But it sounded bad. I knew now that I would have to see the paintings. As soon as he was stewed enough to gain the courage, the canvases would come out. It seemed to me at the moment that I wanted nothing so much as to put off that inevitable exhibition of his paintings.

"How did you come here in the first place?" I asked.

He sat up straight in his chair. He was hot. A few grey hairs stood up stiffly at the edge of his baldness.

"Ah," he said, "that's quite a story. You see, I was born to paint. Even my people in North Carolina saw that. So they sent me first to New York. But there was a peculiarity about me. I couldn't establish the right contact either with art or life." His tone deepened. He relished that phrase. "No, sir. Neither with art or life. I took a studio of my own. I hired models. Nothing struck fire; nothing was right. But all the time I *knew* that I was destined to be an artist. Do you understand that?"

"Oh yes," I said in a level, noncommittal voice. "I understand that."

"Then a grand thing happened. An old aunt of mine died. She was one of the Grantleighs of Charlottesville. She'd been quite a painter in her youth. Miniatures, you know. So she left me her money and I was free. Free! I went to Paris. I studied hard. I worked. Yes, sir, I worked and I made progress. I lived in an amusing place on the left bank called the Passage d'Enfer, the Road to Hell, and rebuilt a couple of flats into a studio-apartment and gave parties, too. Parties!" He took another drink. His eyes were suddenly sad and suddenly helpless.

"What was the matter with the work and the parties?"

"Same old thing as in New York," he said dully. "I didn't seem to be able to make the right contact, to establish an intimate relation with life."

"I wish you'd define that," I said.

"Well, you see," he explained slowly, "can you do anything big in art without love?"

A pang for him went through me. He was fifty now and was a model of insignificance. As a blondish younger man he must have been utterly colorless and trivial. And knowing that, of course, had made him furiously shy, and his Southern upbringing with its quaint trick of pretending that women weren't human had made him miss every opportunity which Montparnasse might have offered even him.

"It's a difficult question that you ask. I take it, anyhow, that you didn't find love in Paris."

"I didn't," he answered, resuming the spurious dignity of the small and shy and eager. "I didn't, and painting became just a routine. But all the time I knew, mind you, what my destiny was. Oh yes, I knew it all the time."

"And you found its fulfillment here?"

He clenched his hands. He shut his eyes. Then suddenly he opened both—hands and eyes. It was a curious gesture; it was the gesture of a man trying to recall with agonizing effort something which once had been and was no more.

"I came to Tunis at the advice of a French colleague. A good fellow he was, but ribald and without any reverence for either art or love."

I could perfectly, of course, imagine the young Frenchman's advice and its precise terms; I could also imagine Wilson's hot avidity to take it and his pathetic American and Southern repudiation of it. The Frenchman was thinking of the lights on an Arab girl's shoulder and he was thinking of that in a hard quiet way in which sensuality and painting were one and the same thing.

"Anyhow," Wilson went on, "Tunis did me good. The native city, you know. Strange glimpses into a place called the Rue des Artistes; unbelievable corners. The whole Arabian Nights. But you know it."

"Of course."

"I did a lot of stuff. I began to feel my way. Yes, sir, I certainly did. But it wasn't enough yet. So I went down into the South, down toward the desert and painted the Nubians. How they come out, those black and brown faces and bodies! And then I moved East to Gabes and got permission to pitch a tent at the edge of the date palm groves—the French here have always been mighty pleasant to me—and did a lot of studies among a group of Bedouins who were camping near by."

Now he was animated. He renewed our drinks. He was surer of himself than he had been yet. I didn't interrupt.

"And, of course, as you know, the Moslems are scared to death of being painted or photographed. They fear the evil eye. But gradually some of the Bedouin youngsters got curious about me and came nearer and nearer to my tent, and I always had handfuls of copper coins for them."

He took a deep drink and seemed almost to pant a little. There palpitated in him the living memory of a supreme experience. It gave the shabby little man almost a touch of dignity, almost a touch of poetry. He lowered his voice to a more natural pitch.

"One of the youngsters was a girl. Unveiled, as the Bedouin women are. She was fifteen then. But that's their perfect time. Her name was Fatima."

"Yes," I said quietly. "What was she like?"

The glass trembled in his hands.

"Do you know Sargent's *Egyptian Girl* in the Art Institute at Chicago?"

I nodded. He took another drink and continued:

"She was like that—perfect! There are no (*Continued on page 229*)

Although his seasons are the reverse of ours, Joe Chileno is a brother to Doakes

Down Among the Latin Yankees

by RICHARD JOSEPH

A FEW years ago, Tin-Pan Alley blossomed out with a little gem entitled *Lily, Hot from Chile.* In it the authors, probably under the influence of a week end in Havana, advanced the theme that Lily, a hot potato from a hot land, could do much for the cause of inter-American affairs with the help of her hot rumba dancing. Heat, you see, was the basic motif.

Which goes to prove that song writers are men who glean their geography from first-person interviews with waiters at Lindy's.

Chile is not a hot country. Its name derives from an Indian word meaning snow, or cold. It's closer in meaning to our word "chilly" than to "chili," the Mexican spice. And Chilean women are definitely not the "Kees me queeck!" type. They're mundane, sophisticated, soignée. Much more the cool tomato than the hot potato.

Joe Chileno is a casual, take-it-easy sort of character, more like a Yankee than any of his South American neighbors. That's one reason why visiting Norteamericano tourists like him so well. He loves a good laugh. He's also partial to beautiful women, fine wine and fast horses—all of which are found abundantly in his native habitat.

Among other things, your average Chileno is the world's most avid fire buff. So drop whatever you're doing in Santiago whenever you hear the fire siren, and rush out to the street—that's what everybody else will be doing. You'll see young men dashing out of offices, shops, factories and classrooms, and jumping into taxis. The cabs have to take them to the fire for free, because they're volunteer firemen and volunteer firemen are the only kind they have down there.

In Chile it's considered an honor for a young bachelor to be a member of the fire department and to sleep in the firehouse, which is a Chilean counterpart of a United States fraternity house in atmosphere and spirit. Each member is allowed to live in the firehouse for only six months. After that it's back to the bosom of his family, whether he wants to go or not.

The fire departments are supported partially by members' dues. After a volunteer marries and gets older, he's put on the inactive list. He can't go to the fires in an official capacity any more, and he pays higher dues, but he does get to go around to the firehouse at nights to boast how tough the fires were in the good old days.

Joe Chileno is also a great sportsman, specializing in horseback riding and in climbing up and sliding down the Andes Mountains, which line the eastern edge of his country along its entire 2600-mile length. With seasons reversed south of the equator, the Chilean ski fan is putting the season's first coating of wax on his skis just about the time the last northern die-hard is packing in for the year. That's one reason why we recommend a Chilean vacation at this time of the year.

The ski season in the Chilean Andes runs from June to the middle of October. Through June, July and mid-August you schuss down miles of deep, light and very dry winter snow. You'll find excellent spring snow conditions generally from the middle of August until the middle of October.

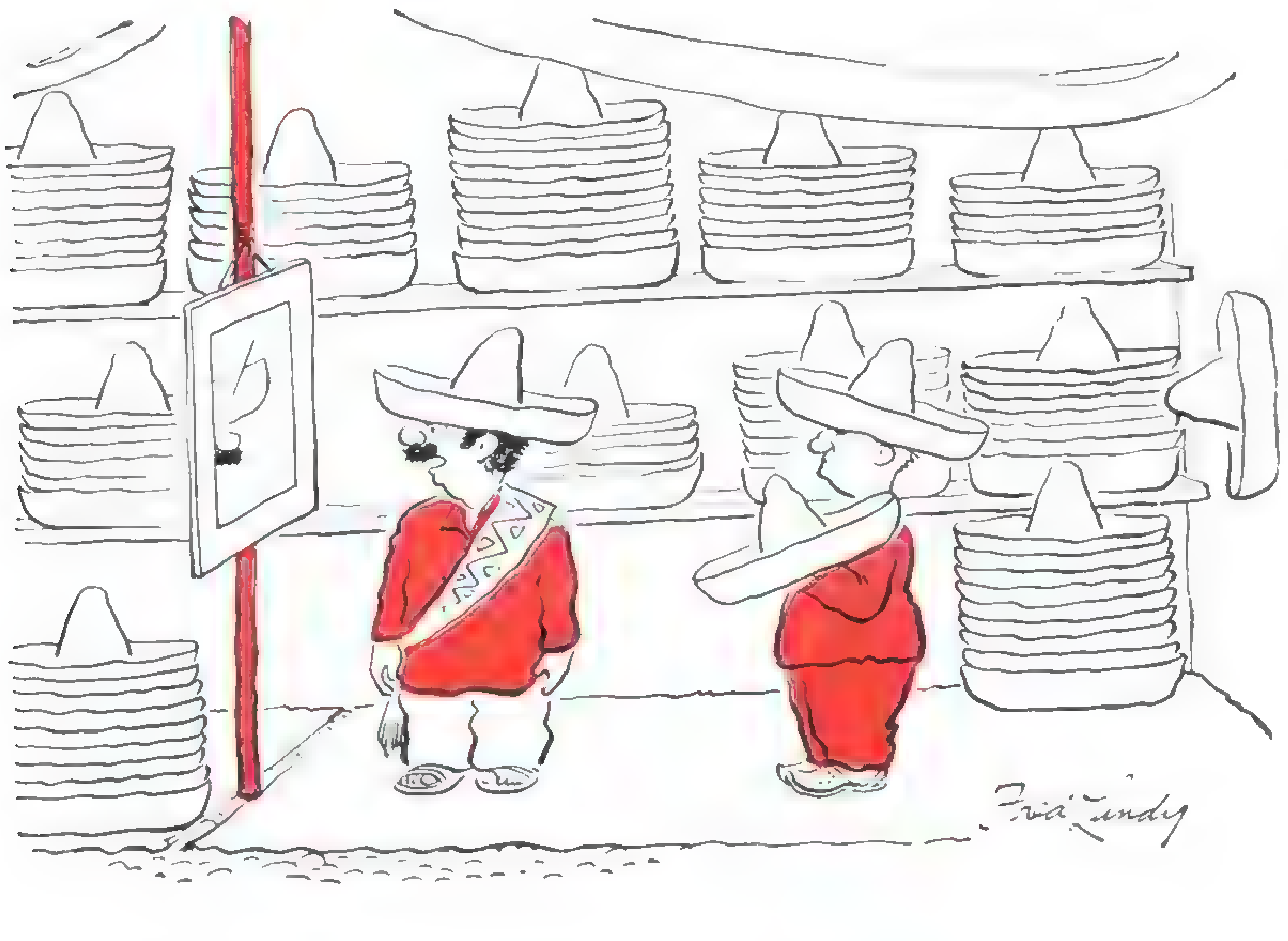
You can combine your ski vacation with a trip through one of the world's best tourist countries—if you break a leg, or otherwise can be separated from your skis long enough to look at the rest of the country. Although you'll be visiting Chile in the middle of their winter, you'll find the climate similar to central California in most of the sections you'll want to visit. In fact, you can come down off the snow fields and about five hours later find yourself in Santiago, the capital, where the weather is like early May in New York City.

Most interesting Chilean ski development for the North American visitor is at Portillo, 9500 feet up in the heart of the Andes, near the statue of Christ the Redeemer which marks the frontier between Chile and Argentina. Flying from Buenos Aires to Santiago, your plane seems bent on drilling into a sheer wall of stone blocking the mountain pass. On your right is Mount Aconcagua, 23,000 feet high and the western world's mightiest peak. At the last minute, your left wing tip comes up and you make a 90-degree right turn—heading straight for another mass of snow and ice. Just as you get ready to step out when the plane crashes, your right wing comes up and you go into another 90-degree turn, this time to the left. If you haven't spent the intervening moments chasing your stomach up and down the cabin, you may have noticed what looked like a cupful of blue ice somebody had spilled into a dent in the snow. That was Laguna del Inca, and the surrounding area was Portillo.

We were up there last August, right in the heart of their first postwar skiing season. It was just before the official opening of the new hotel, but the resort was already well-filled with North and South Americans and a scattering of Europeans. With the opening of the new 100-yard-long, six-story hotel, Portillo becomes the most elaborate winter sports area in South America. The hotel features central heating, stall showers, private sun porches, a movie theatre, night club, library, music rooms and—most important at a ski center—an infirmary. They also keep a herd of six cows for fresh milk, right on the spot. Portillo people say it's the highest herd of cows in the world—and, offhand, it's difficult to think of a higher herd, so maybe they're right.

Life at Portillo is strikingly uncomplicated. You put on your skis on the front porch of the hotel, walk down the steps, and start sliding. You have to put on your skis, because there's no place to go without skis. The hotel is surrounded by deep snow throughout the winter. (You get from the train to the hotel through a tunnel which connects with the station.)

Near by are trails for beginners, intermediates and experts; these run from four to twelve kilometers in length, with all sorts of grades. Most trails begin at the statue of Christ the Redeemer on the Argentine border and end at the station below Portillo on the Trans-Andine Railway. A gas rail car, run by the hotel (*Continued on page 141*)



"No, this isn't quite what I had in mind. Could I see another one?"

Go to	Why	How	See and Do	Stay	Rates
Block Island, Rhode Island	An island resort far off the beaten path, a happy combination of hills, valleys, rocky shores, sandy beaches, farms, gardens, lakes, stone walls, windmills	Steamers connect with New Haven RR and with U. S. 1 at New London and Providence. Steamers also run from Newport and Point Judith, R. I.	Swimming, golf and yachting, but deep-sea fishing is the main sport. Your swordfish or tuna may run anywhere between 25 and 500 pounds	Sixteen hotels, inns and guest cottages accommodate 800	Single E.P. between $2 and $6 and up, daily; $12.50 to $35 and up, weekly
Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island	Not a pier, but a popular summer community which once tried to rival Newport across the bay. Fine hotels, a lively casino, beautiful estates, excellent beach	Narragansett Pier RR, a Toonerville Trolley affair, meets New Haven RR Shore Line trains at Kingston, R.I. U. S. 1	Swimming, sailing, fishing, riding, polo, hiking, golf. Visit old colonial houses	Eight hotels have a capacity of about 650 guests	Single, E.P., from $1.50, daily; $10.50-$40 and up, weekly. A.P., daily from $3; weekly $21-$37.80 and up
Newport, Rhode Island	For more than a hundred years one of America's aristocratic summer resorts. Now a unique combination of luxury and simplicity	New Haven RR to Providence or Kingston; Short Line bus from Providence, or ferry conn. from Kingston. Highways 114, 138	Good swimming, golf, sailing, yachting events, fishing, polo. See luxurious estates, Old Stone Mill, supposedly built by the Vikings	Four hotels, many near-by tourist homes	Single, daily, without meals, $3 to $4 and up
Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts	Escapist's paradise on an island in the Atlantic. Easy living tempo. Tangy salt air. Lively surf and tranquil bays	Northeast Air. New Haven RR to New Bedford and Woods Hole, then steamers. U. S. 6 to New Bedford; Mass. 28 to Woods Hole	See colorful cliffs at Gay Head. Swim at South Beach, or Vineyard Sound. Fishing, sailing, golf, tennis, summer theatre	27 hotels, inns in Edgartown, Gay Head, Menemsha, Oak Bluffs, V'yard Haven	Single, A.P., $3 to $6 and up, daily; $18 to $40 and up, weekly
Nantucket, Massachusetts	Farthest outpost of the U. S., 30 miles out in the Atlantic. Rich in history, it combines early-American quaintness with modern tourist attractions	Northeast Airlines. New Haven RR to New Bedford or Woods Hole. Island steamers meet trains. U. S. 6 to New Bedford: Mass. 28 to Woods Hole	Go sight-seeing in a surrey. Don't miss the Whaling Museum or North Wharf. Fish, sail, swim, golf, tennis, dance to name bands at Casino. Summer theatre	Fourteen hotels and inns, with accommodations for 910. Rooms in guest houses	Single, E.P., $1 and up, daily; $7, weekly. A.P., $4 to $10 and up, daily; $25 to $49 and up, weekly
Falmouth, Massachusetts	One of Cape Cod's most charming communities and a popular summer resort. Tall elms, colonial mansions	New Haven Railroad. Massachusetts State Highway 28	Excellent beaches all around. Beach club, cabanas and music at near-by Silver Beach, sailing, golf, tennis	12 hotels here and at near-by Falmouth Heights accommodate 1100	Single, A.P., $3.75 and up, daily. $22 to $45 and up, weekly
Hyannis, Massachusetts	Center of Cape Cod's summer activity. Shopping center. Near by are fashionable Hyannisport, Craigville, Centerville, Wianno, Osterville, Oyster Harbor, Cotuit	Terminal of New Haven RR's Cape Cod trains from New York and Boston. Northeast Airlines. State Highway 28	Swimming, sailing, fishing, riding, golf, tennis. Visit surrounding resorts	Nine hotels in Hyannis and Hyannisport accommodate 492. Near-by resorts have own hotels, inns, cottages	Single, with meals, $3 to $7 and up, daily; $20 to $49 and up, weekly
Chatham, Massachusetts	A fashionable resort on Cape Cod's elbow. Immaculate elm-lined streets. Authentic colonial atmosphere	New Haven RR to Hyannis, New England Trans. Co. buses to Chatham. State Highway 28	Sailing, surf and bay bathing, fishing, riding, duck hunting and golf	Ten hotels and inns accommodate 634 guests	Single, A.P., $3.50 and up, daily; $25 to $70 and up, weekly
Provincetown, Massachusetts	Artistic, theatrical and intellectual center of summer life on the Cape. Endless pattern of wharves and fishermen's huts	New Haven RR Cape trains to Yarmouth, then New England Trans. Co. buses to Provincetown. U. S. 6	See artist's colony. Absorb New England fishing-town atmosphere. Fishing, swimming, sailing, night clubs	Seven hotels accommodate 455. Most private houses rent rooms	Single, A.P., $5 to $6 and up, daily; $25 to $42 and up, weekly
Pittsfield, Massachusetts	Heart of the Berkshires, for those who like their outdoors with mountains. June finds azalea, laurel in bloom. Annual Berkshire Symphonic Festival in July and August	New Haven, New York Central RRs. U. S. 7 and 20. The famed Mohawk Trail, Mass. 2, takes you through lovely Berkshire country	Climb Mt. Greylock (28 miles north) for the 5-state view. Pittsfield State Forest has camping facilities, riding trails. Water sports at Lakes Onota and Pontoosuc.	Ten recommended hotels, inns, and boarding cottages. Summer and trailer camps	Single, E.P., $1 and up, daily; $4 and up, weekly. A.P., $3 and up, daily; $17.50 and up, weekly

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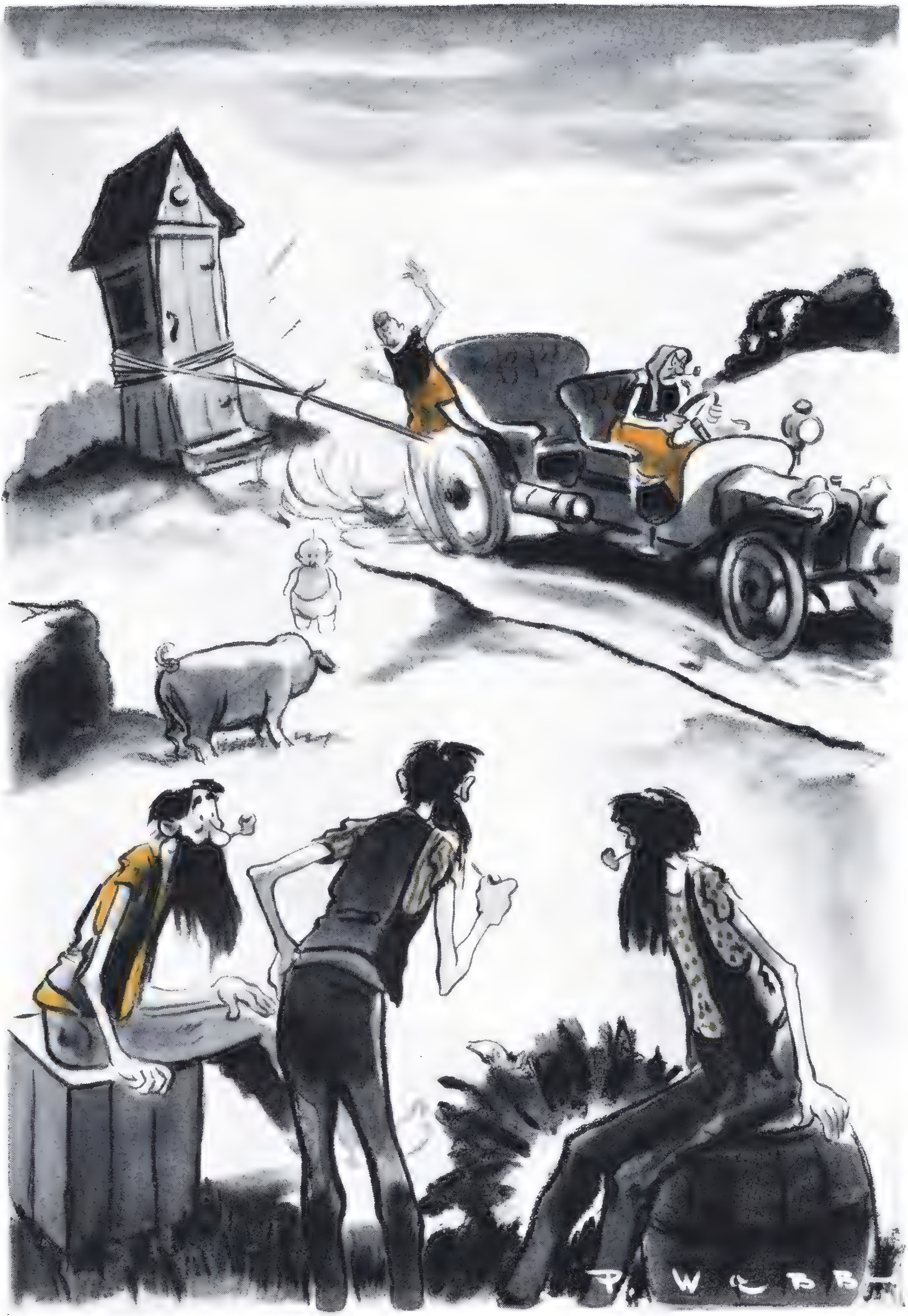
NEW ENGLAND'S FOR JUNE

Names in the travel news, now that June is here, are the fine, salty, Yankee appellations which mark the maps down East. Speak them trippingly—Newport, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Falmouth, Provincetown—and the very experience is almost cooling. New England offers the vacationer ample doses of all the summer stand-bys; swimming, sailing and fishing, as well as a wealth of scenery and of tradition. Thanks to the Pilgrims, there is plenty of history to observe; thanks to the geography, there's a plethora of salt water, sand and mountains. Costs most places are reasonable and the atmosphere is quiet, retrospective, refreshing, and there's even a little culture thrown in here and there. For specifics, see the above.



"It's rough on Gran'pap . . . but no man has a right to lock hisself in with the funny papers fer more'n a day"

A tale about a midget ball club and how, in the true spirit of Napoleon and Willie Keeler, it beat the big boys for the flag

The Mighty Mites

by TOMMY O'SHANE

MAC'LL be sore. The nearest he'll let me get to a job in a major-league park again is selling peanuts, unless he peddles me to Bill Veeck for duty as a clown. But it's his own fault. He brought this all on himself.

He says, George, hop down to the Eastern Shore and look over this kid pitcher who struck out Ted Williams twice in a spring exhibition game. I say, I ain't heard of him, and Mac replies, sometime you got to admit, George, you don't know everything about baseball. I say, well, if he fanned Ted Williams twice, every ball club in both leagues must be after him. Not that I know of, Mac declares, and anyway if there's a pitcher around who can fan Williams I want him.

So I grab a rattler, figuring after all that the Eastern Shore produced Home Run Baker and Jimmy Foxx, and there might be something we could use. Maryland's a good place to go for ballplayers anyway. Everybody figures Maryland's tops for oysters and crabs, horses and women, but they overlook its baseball players, including such gents as George Herman Ruth, Bill Nicholson, Charley Keller, Bob Grove and lots of others. If I don't find a ballplayer, the least I can get out of it is a load of steamed crabs and beer, and that alone is worth a trip to the Eastern Shore, I say to myself, and off I go.

I put up at a pretty, white-painted hotel in this cozy little hamlet and tell the clerk I'm an insurance salesman, which is one way to keep people away from you. All I have to do is tell some jerk I'm a baseball scout and every nitwit on both clubs starts knocking himself out to put on a special show for me.

I pick the right time, because this pitcher Mac wants a line on is announced as the boy for the day's chores. Out to the hill comes a guy standing no more than five feet two inches in his spiked shoes, and I start laughing to myself kinda hard until some natives around me stare like they think I'm nuts. I'm not. Mac is when he sends me on a junket to bring back a pygmy alive, and I think I ought to hustle to the hotel and call him, collect, and just go "Haw, Haw, Haw," into the phone and hang up.

The chatter around me indicates the kid is well thought of, however, and I decide to stick it out. He throws a lot of slow stuff and I ask the guy next to me when is he gonna open up, and the guy says, he has. Tell me which is his fast one, I say, trying not to make it sound smart, and a few minutes later the kid throws one with all his apparent might and my chum says, "There it goes!" I suck in a deep breath, calculating there ain't a bat boy in the majors who can't throw a faster one, but I feel very sad because there's nothing I like better than to come home with a promising recruit.

My chum leans over and says, friend, you are no doubt a stranger hereabouts. He says, you're overlooking the fact that no one has a hit as yet and it's the fourth inning.

So I watch, and I notice pretty soon this kid pitches like a mound ace in his late years. Remember how Hubbell kept on going real smooth long after his best stuff lost its sheen? Well, this kid is pitching strictly to the corners of the plate. Every lefty coming up gets nothing but slow ones, low and outside, and though they hit them they can't make 'em go far. I see the kid doesn't try for strike-outs like kid pitchers usually do. Nope, Sonny Boy out there is strictly for getting them via pop-ups and easy rollers, kinda sharing the work with the infield. He also works in a neat cross fire, which drives the right-handed hitters crazy, and they can't slap the ball beyond third baseman, pitcher or shortstop.

He's got a good head, my chum says. He's got control.

I have to agree with him. I try to call his pitches, and believe me, he fools me every time.

The kid ends up allowing only two hits, which is a very good showing for a rookie to make when a guy in the stands has a paper in his pocket that can put big league in that rookie's future. But hell, what's the use, I say to myself. Mac thinks any pitcher that's only six feet is a runt, and our only small guy is the second baseman, who is five ten and a half, and known in the locker room as Shrimpie.

The guy is a good little pitcher, but I close my eyes sorrowfully when I think of him trying to last an inning against the Yanks or Red Sox. He'd spend the rest of his life coughing up the baseballs they'd knock down his throat. I turn to my chum and say, it's too bad he's only a little guy, he'd be worth a tryout maybe for at least Class AA if he was only a foot and a half taller. Chum says, be careful, don't say that. He points down a row or two to a little geezer with a healthy tan, a guy about my own age. Pop wouldn't like to hear that, chum says. Pop will tail you for days if you as much as indicate a little man's not as good as a big one. Thanks, I said, and I pull away and head through the crowd and back to the hotel.

I go into the bar, which is full of pictures of baseball greats and near-greats. A bunch of the fans traipse in, all singing about this kid's cool pitching, and you could tell from the way they acted that the whole Eastern Shore of Maryland is baseball goofy.

Time for a cigar, I figure, and I head to the tobacco stand. A lanky, skinny guy waits on me, and I pass a remark about the town being baseball daffy, and he laughs kinda slow and agrees. Always was that way, he says. You see the game, he says?

Yeah, I say, I seen the game. A good little pitcher you folks have.

No, he answers, a good pitcher, not a good little pitcher. I see him almost glaring at me. Right then this little geezer who'd been sitting at the ball park walks by, calling, hi ya, son, how you feelin'? The big guy says, fine, Pop, fine. Take care of yourself, says Pop.

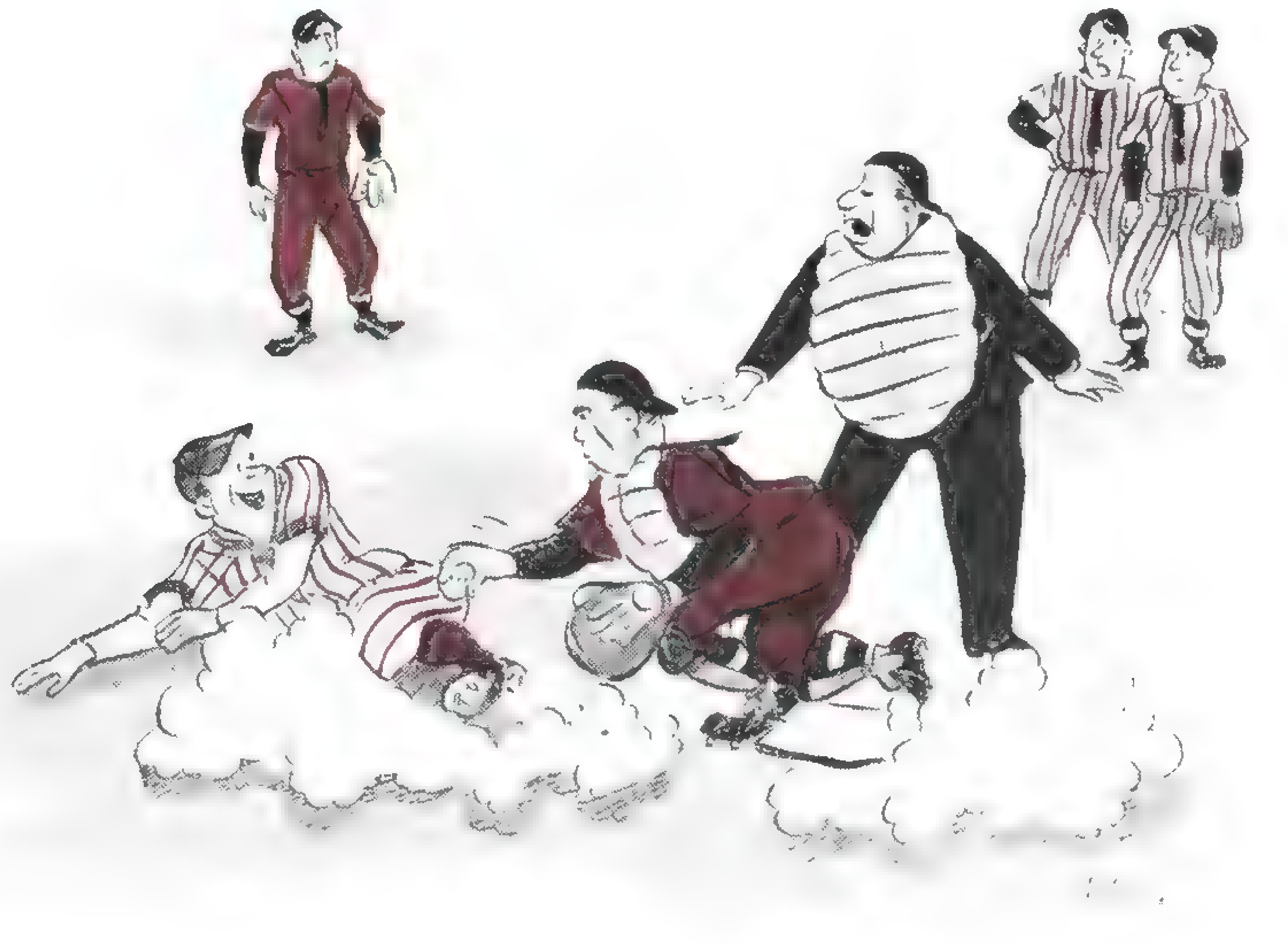
The guy looks back at me. I'm glad Pop didn't hear you say that, he says. He wouldn't'a liked it at all. I stood there looking at him trying to come up with something to say, but I didn't need to.

You ever hear of the Little Giants, he asks?

Can't say as I have, I say. I don't know much about baseball.

That's evident, he comes back, or you'd not

(Continued on page 204)



"We're buying McGroarty a Seeing Eye dog for his birthday"

To be read before ridding the land of any wildlife, no matter how annoying

Upsetting Nature's Balance

by S. ROBERT RUSSELL

HANS KLEIBER

A group of wealthy sportsmen maintained a sizable tract of land in central Texas, as a private hunting preserve. For several seasons members had noticed that the number of quail was diminishing. Since the membership was limited and the acreage large, this could not be blamed on overshooting. They were puzzled.

One fine morning a club member was startled by a large hawk booming up out of the brush almost at his feet. In its talons was grasped a baby quail. He swung his gun automatically, fired and blasted the hawk out of the air.

Elated because he had discovered a cause for the shortage of quail, he hurried back to the clubhouse to spread the news. Other members agreed with him that hawks must be decimating the carefully protected game birds. The hawk was mounted just as it had been shot, complete with the quail in its claws. It was then hung in a drugstore window, with a sign offering a liberal bounty for every dead hawk brought in.

The hawks died by the hundreds, and club officials paid off gleefully, after which they settled back to await a tremendous increase in the quail population. Unfortunately, it did not materialize.

In desperation the club called on the state university for assistance. Scientists arrived and made a painstaking survey.

"Your trouble," they declared, "is due to a surplus of field rats, which in turn is due to a shortage of hawks. Rats are now raiding the quail nests of eggs and newly hatched birds."

The news brought despondency to members of that club, but high hopes to another group who maintained another quail refuge.

"We'll kill off all the rats and have the best quail hunting in the land," they declared forthwith. And they did just that. The increase in quail was immediate and astounding. Long before the next season opened there were too many for the natural cover and they were being fed grain, like domestic chickens.

Delighted club members invited a national association of dog fanciers to hold their annual field trials on the island.

But alas for the best-laid plans of field rats, men, hawks and quail. Fall came, and with it an unusually early, cold norther whistled down from the great plains. Ahead of it flew the hawks. Reaching the refuge they swooped down, anticipating their annual feast of field rats. But of course there were no rats, and hunt as they might the hungry hawks could find nothing but slow, half-tame and grossly overfed quail. They gorged on the substitute.

No field trials were held there that year.

Another group of men maintained a small lake for their own private fishing. One summer they found it almost impossible to hook a bass of keeping size. They noted, however, that the great, ugly garfish seemed to be on the increase. Since all fresh-water fishermen agree that gars destroy an enormous number of valuable fishes annually, these men decided to eliminate the pests. Seining the lake produced nearly a ton of gars.

The sportsmen then dumped a large quantity of bass fingerlings into the lake. Two days later all the small bass were at the surface gasping feebly.

"Pollution!" they chorused angrily, and they started an immediate hunt for a source.

Across the fields a wildcat oil rig puffed and chugged as it drove a great bit downward in search of oil. "Those guys are fouling up our lake!" they decided. Being men of wealth and influence they forced the wildcatter to build a great, watertight dike around his rig. Then they dropped more fingerlings into their private lake.

Unfortunately, these too failed to thrive. Completely baffled, the sportsmen turned to their state university scientists, who made tests of the lake water and found it sour. Poking carefully along the bank, they discovered a tiny stream, no larger than a man's thumb, of discolored, highly poisonous water. Tracing it back into the cut-over pine land, they found a deep pit, filled with bark and sawdust, where a mobile sawmill unit had once operated. Rain and seepage had filled the pit with water until it had eventually overflowed and found its way to the stream that fed the lake. Acids, soaked from the rotting wood, had caused the pollution.

Draining the pit in another direction and then filling it with earth was no problem. After that it was necessary to procure a quantity of oyster shell, grind it fine and dump it into the lake. It acted like soda on a sour stomach. The water tested sweet and clear.

Quickly procuring another lot of fingerlings, the harried sportsmen sloshed them into the lake. The little fishes lived! But after many months it was quite obvious that they were growing only to bare maturity. At that point they stopped.

This time the lake owners tried no blind experiments. They contacted the scientists at once.

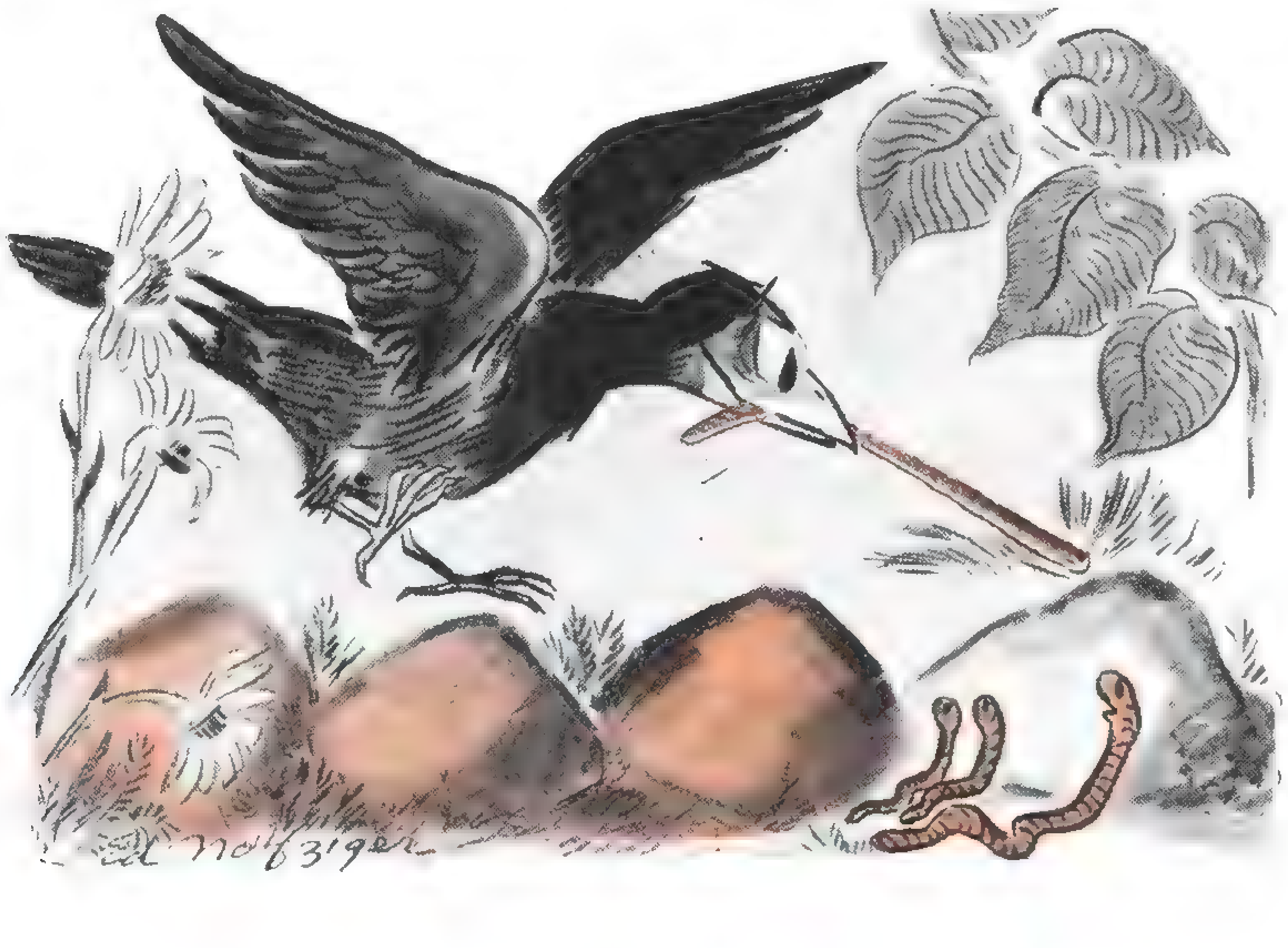
"Now," the learned men suggested, "suppose you tell us exactly what you did here, particularly before you first called on us."

"Well," they began, "first we seined out all the gars. Then—"

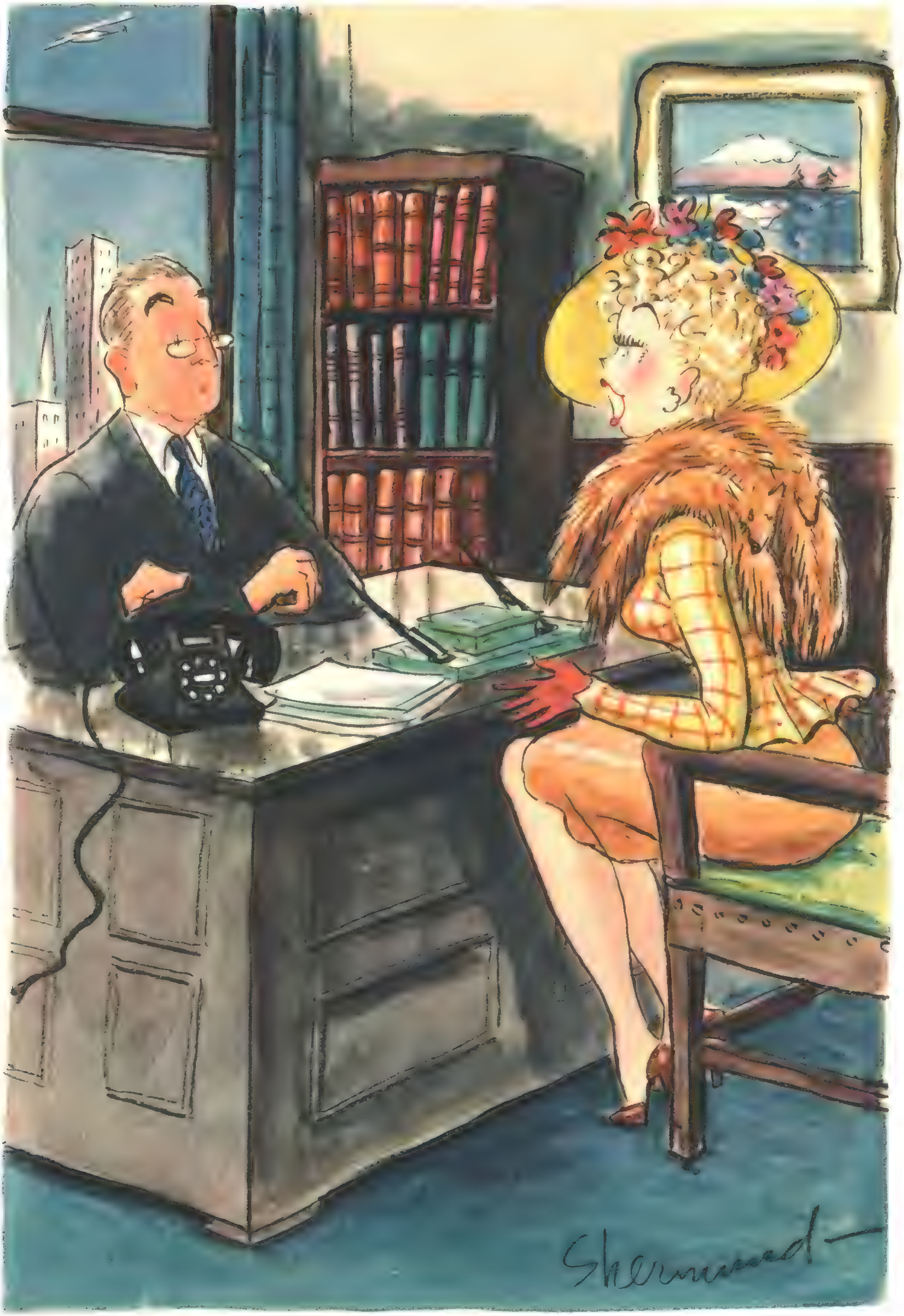
"That's enough!" the professors interrupted. "That's quite enough. You will have to restock with a few gars. You see, gars do eat small bass, but they are too slow and logy to catch a lively adult. On the other hand, mature bass find baby gars and spawn a favorite food. All things being equal, the bass will hold their own against the gars."

My own fish conservation lesson was painful.

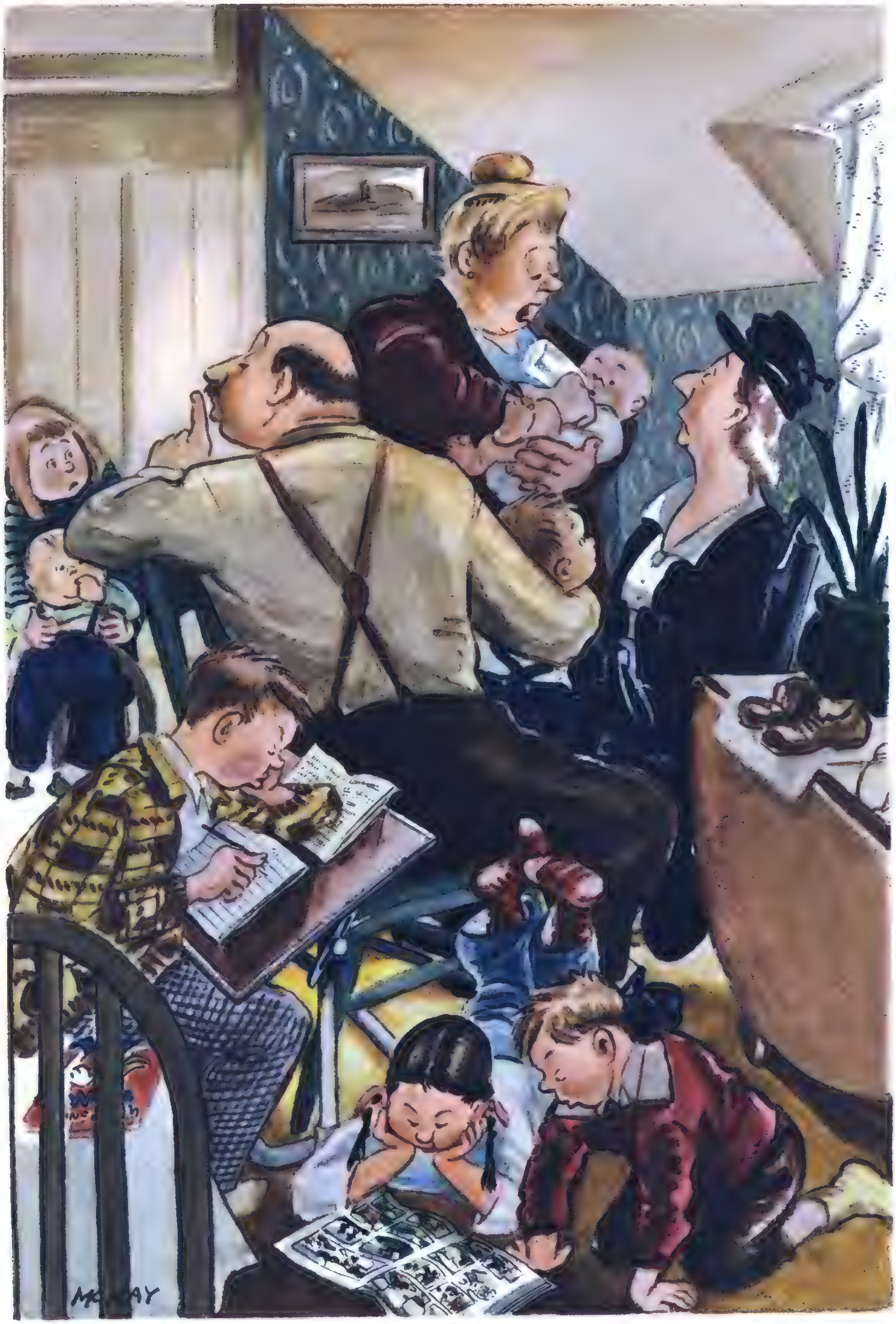
Once, when I was fishing editor for a Texas paper, I assailed a great oil refinery for polluting a favorite bayou and killing the fish. I did so in all sincerity for I thought the evidence was there and easily read. The refinery's own investigation proved that a grass fire which had burned many poisonous weeds was responsible for the destruction. Wind had blown the fine ash, still deadly to fish life, into the water. Was my face red? It was. I quit the job and left that town in the dark of a moonless night. ⌗



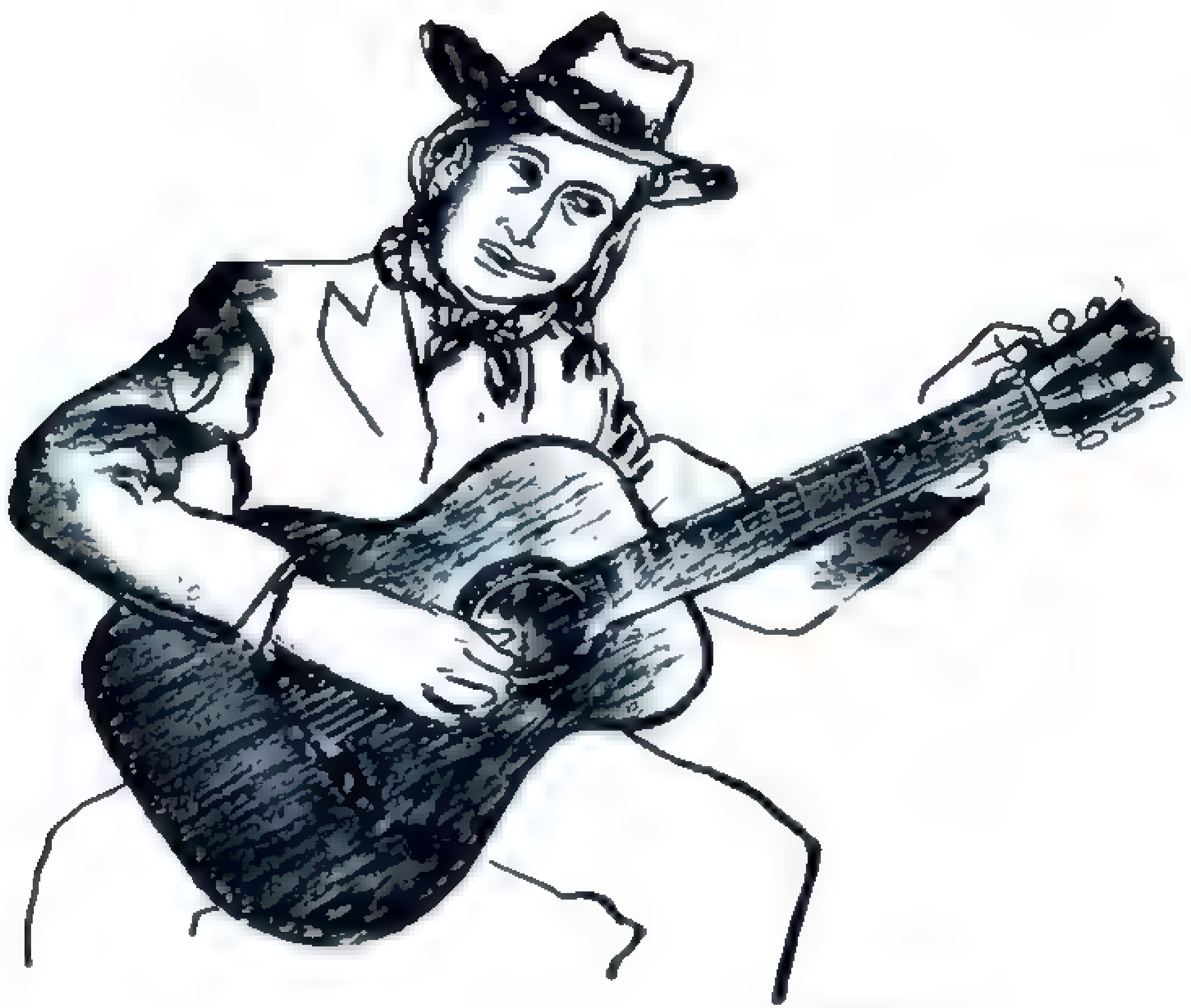
"Well children, spring is here and there goes papa"



"No, it's not exactly a triangle, it's more like a rectangle"



"Don't think it hasn't been hard—the landlord still thinks we have no children!"



DOMINIC

The Fabulous Gypsy

The magic that pervades his hot guitar shines through Django Reinhardt's strange adventures, making his dossier as colorful as his music

by GILBERT S. McKEAN

THE last time I saw Django, his heart was warm and gay; the last time in London, that is. His costume looked as if it had been picked out of Esquire—one piece per issue over a period of years. From under a wide-brimmed, grey felt hat long strands of jet-black hair were visible—hair so long that it made the average American musicians look as if they had just been crew-cropped for Cornell. Around his neck was loosely knotted a multicolored silk scarf, looking not unlike an Air Force escape map. The suit he was wearing could not have had a more suave, conservative cut had it been styled on Lennox Avenue. His feet were shod in bulky, rugged ski boots.

As he walked down Piccadilly toward the Circus, he caused such consternation that he disrupted two ration queues and it was reported in fairly unreliable circles that a Bond Street tailor was stricken with apoplexy at the sight. The amazing part about the whole thing was that the unconcerned gypsy air with which he wore the outfit made it look *right*! You almost wondered why everybody else was dressed so stupidly.

This sartorial apparition is considered by many to be the greatest of all jazz virtuosi, certainly the greatest creative soloist ever to develop outside the United States.

Django is a character. To brand a musician as a character is as redundant as, say, the statement that Harry Truman is President of the United States. (Upon rereading that last clause, I am not sure the point was properly driven home.) But Django is the genuine article—a character with a capital "C," in neon lights. He is unreliable, unreasonable and inordinately vain; at the same time he is sincere, generous, lovable. The appellation "genius" is being flung about considerably these parlous days and there is no valid reason for ignoring the fabulous gypsy. He is a genius. There.

Django's life is as incredible as his music, the latter being described as a sort of flat-foot-floogie with the frou-frou. It's a long way by gypsy caravan from the shantytown at the gates of Paris where he spent his childhood to Carnegie Hall and Café Society, but our hero made it. He always knew he would. The word *django* is doubtless the French equivalent of the American infinitive *to horatio alger*.

America has always been the good earth, the land of dreams to Reinhardt. As a child he used to slip into the neighborhood movie theatres where he could commune with the daring cowboys and insidious redskins racing across our cinematographic wild and woolly West. Later on this land of action attracted him as the only country cut to his own heroic size, a place where an artist would be properly recognized, where palms grew calloused not from manual labor but from being constantly crossed with silver.

For Django is a mercenary soul. He knows that the fiddler must be paid but he is primarily interested in a guitarist. Not that he is a miser in any sense of the word; he is generous and loves spending money even more than making it. And he is supremely contemptuous of the pittances doled out by many French entrepreneurs. Rather than accept a sum he considers beneath his artistry, he will decline offers that would make many another French musician gasp. He chucks the whole show, takes to his gypsy train and strums his costly chords gratis to the four winds.

When the impresarios agree to pay Django his enormous demands, the money lasts onlv a few days. He fancies himself the *grand seigneur*, the 18th-century French equivalent of the big operator, and yearns to be considered King of the Gypsies. The Reinhardt table usually groans with succulent cheeses, tasty sausages, French bread and plenty of good *vin rouge*; at any hour of day or night "The Man" is surrounded by dozens of his gypsy "cousins" who come to break bread and to gossip.

Gambling is his chief extravagance. He will say *blanc* is *noir* if the odds are decent and has been known to leave Monte Carlo several hundred thousand francs light after a few evenings' differences of opinion with the croupiers. No matter how much money he makes with his music, he is always forced to borrow from his old friends. They have endeavored to reason with him to be prudent even to the extent of citing the parable of the grasshopper and the ant.

"*Eh, mon vieux*," they tell him. "It is not necessary that you support the casinos as if they are your own private charity. Let them look elsewhere for their rent!"

But Django is incorrigible. He is still a gypsy at heart—a rather willful gypsy, too. His youth was that of a caravan nomadic—until he was twenty he had never worn a suit nor lived in a house. But out of a welter of backward gypsy tribes with many almost medieval customs, the illiterate floating slum of the wagon train, has come this guitarist of gigantic creative stature—

(Continued on page 158)

GLANTZ

Nice Work by Dorothy McKay

Mrs. McKay's ludicrous ladies have brightened these pages since her initial appearance in the second (January, 1934) issue of Esquire. A sure and serious craftsman, with a gift for boisterous comedy, she devotes many days to a single drawing, making it a thing of subtly colored beauty as well as an hilarious joy to collectors. While attending the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco she met her husband, Donald McKay, the illustrator. Their New York apartment includes separate studios, an extremely fortunate arrangement since their chosen radio programs are as different as soap opera and symphony. (He prefers Beethoven.) Their eight-year-old daughter Phoebe is serenely generous with her time and criticism in both studios, considers it inevitable that she will some day become an artist.

He would teach the lagging Neopolitans a lesson in business know-how and punch; he would demonstrate the American way

Signor Cannelloni Takes a Ride

by HANS RUESCH

CARMAN BONANNO

I WAS sitting in an open café at Naples, reading about the highway assaults and robberies against which the undermanned police were powerless, when a pair of button shoes and faultlessly pressed, cigar-colored pants came before my eyes and a voice blustered, "Remember me, friend? The Ailing Pheasant, New York. Cannelloni's the name."

I raised my eyes cautiously. I didn't have to raise them much. Signor Cannelloni was a low, podgy party, ending abruptly under a large Panama hat. He had diamond rings on his swarthy, fat little fingers and wore a hand-painted, thunder-and-lightning tie. There was a time when The Ailing Pheasant, a saloon in the West Fifties where I worked as a waiter, was a hangout for gamblers, writers, and other racketeers, and it was then this fellow used to come around.

Sig. Cannelloni, though violently patriotic after forty years absence from his native land, was now disillusioned. He had found little to attract his fancy. The few night clubs he had seen were disgraced by utterly weary dancing girls, the movies went back to Jean Harlow, and the art museums seemed to him as obsolete as the plumbing.

"These people are three hundred years behind yesterday," he said. "No up-to-dateness, no know-how, no nothing. But before I go back to the States, I'll show them how things are done.

"Listen," he said fervently. "When I left this country as an emigrant's son, I said to myself: I'll be back someday, a successful, retired businessman with real gold teeth and a wife that weighs half a ton. People laughed, but I done it! I always do what I set out to do."

I didn't doubt it. I've always believed in men who wear large Panamas.

"I want you to help me," he said earnestly.

"I'll do my best," I said. "I could get my brother-in-law to pitch in, too."

Sig. Cannelloni displayed a gold-edged, winning smile. "It's a deal! Now I know things will come off okay tomorrow, or Columbus never crossed the Delaware!"

Promptly at eight the next morning I went to fetch Sig. Cannelloni at the Hotel Terminus and found him waiting impatiently under his hat, smelling like a barbershop and exuding good will. As the automobile he had hired hadn't shown up yet, he entertained me with anecdotes about the regrettable lack of punctuality in those parts, till the concierge bowed and announced the car was waiting.

"Take those bags," Sig. Cannelloni said. I picked up two large suitcases, obviously empty, and we stepped outside.

There an old open Fiat jalopy was shaking in its shoes and bearing a flaming poster which read: PANORAMIC EXCURSIONS OF NAPLES AND SURROUNDINGS. Two doors were tied with wire and the third was stuck. The driver, a slight man with a mousy profile and melodramatic eyes, had to step out so that we could get in. Another man who stepped up in front looked as if he were the driver's twin brother.

"Who's he?" asked Signor Cannelloni, now thoroughly disenchanted.

"My twin brother," the driver said. "He always comes along."

He soon turned out to be indispensable. He squeezed the horn, worked the hand brake, and signaled our direction while the other steered us through the city's noisy, chaotic traffic. Naples still bore the inscriptions of recent elections and the scars of war.

My brother-in-law was ready when we got to his house. I'd had as yet little chance to get acquainted with him in the short, busy while I'd been back, but I knew him to be a serious, ambitious fellow and was eager to impress him with my philanthropic friend from overseas. Gelsomino was a whale of a man with long hairy arms and huge vaulted shoulders, topped surprisingly by a child's curly head. When he stepped into the car, the springs groaned.

We drove to the Maritime Bank and Sig. Cannelloni asked the twins to wait in a side alley and keep the motor running. Gelsomino and I grabbed a suitcase each and followed Cannelloni into the bank.

"Ah," said Gelsomino. "He will distribute money among the poor."

A long wooden counter surmounted by a glass partition separated the line of tellers from the public. The bank was busy and crowded.

"Here we go," Cannelloni said. "Stick close." He shouldered his way to the last teller and stuck his face into the teller's window. He stuck something else in, too.

It was a gun.

I was about to protest when the Signore barked, "Hand over the cash box." Then it struck me that behind an automatic and in front of a cashier's cage, Cannelloni seemed at home.

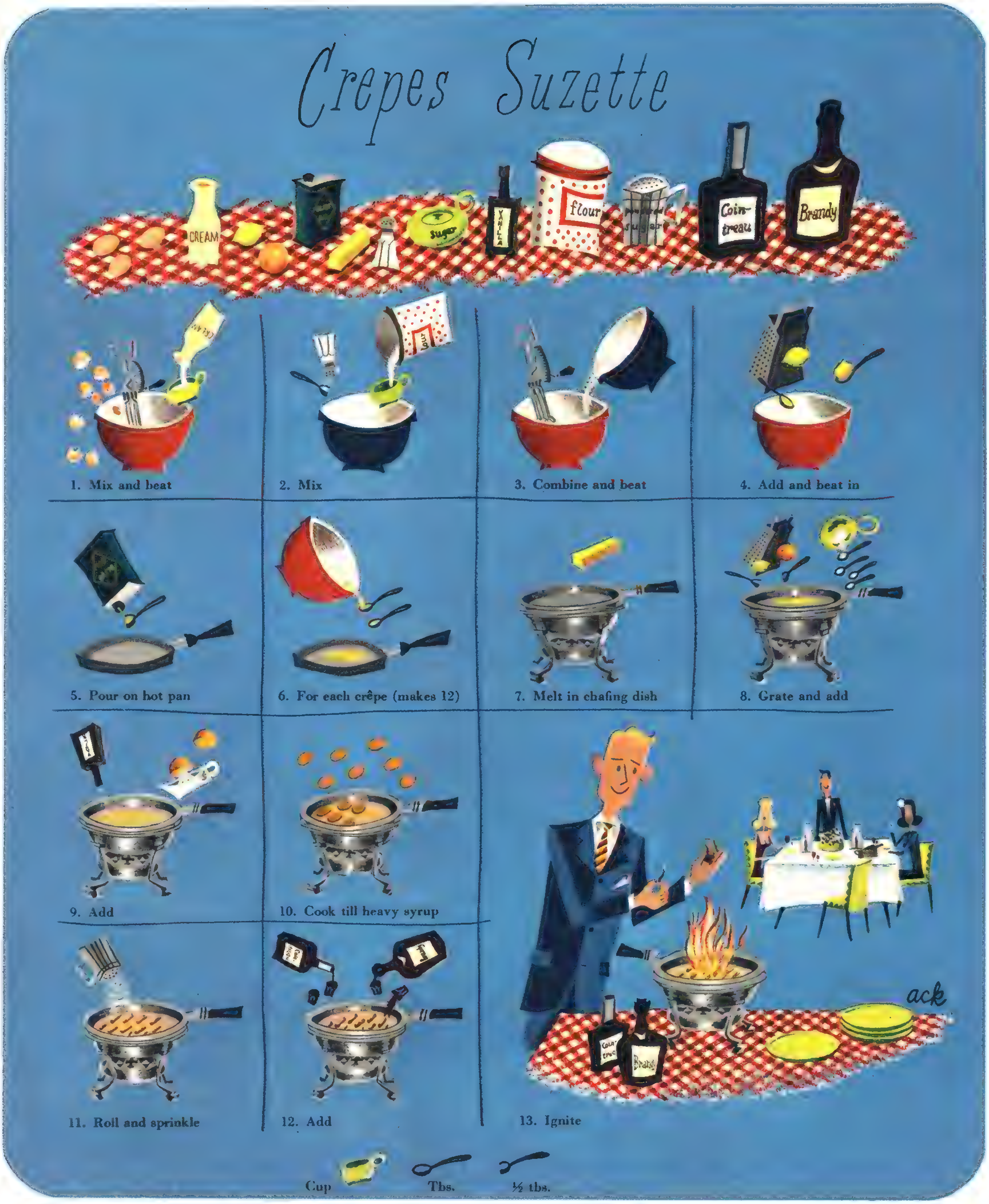
The teller jumped back, and did something which, according to the (Continued on page 223)

GLANTZ

Basso of profound masculinity

This rugged individual playing amateur chef over a pot of homemade spaghetti is without question the basso most profundo in opera. Heir to Chaliapin and a singer of immense muscular and romantic appeal, Ezio Pinza has been contributing a wealth of voice and drama to the Metropolitan for a full twenty years. The celebrated Pinza vigor stems from a youth devoted to bicycle racing in his native Italy, plus a steady dedication to the athletic life. And the Pinza charm and glorious tone—which are already becoming music legends—reflect the naturalness and versatility of the man. Taking success with characteristic ease, Pinza lives in a country home in Rye, New York, coming to town for rehearsals and to sing one of seventy-five operatic roles or to guest on one of many musical radio programs.

Crepes Suzette


CREAM
sugar
VANILLA
flour
powdered sugar
Coin-treau
Brandy
1. Mix and beat
2. Mix
3. Combine and beat
4. Add and beat in
5. Pour on hot pan
6. For each crêpe (makes 12)
7. Melt in chafing dish
8. Grate and add
9. Add
10. Cook till heavy syrup
11. Roll and sprinkle
12. Add
13. Ignite
ack
Cup
Tbs.
½ tbs.

Esquire's
LOOK AND COOK
Recipe No. 5

Sketches by Herb Ackerman

To all bachelor hosts, however receptive you are toward the usual pleasure of entertaining, we issue this warning: never serve Crêpes Suzette to large noisy parties. This is a formal ceremony and is best performed with soft lights, slow music and an audience of one (feminine, naturally). Moreover she must be a lady who knows the virtue of reticence. Enacting this ritual over the alcohol flame requires previous rehearsal and calm concentration on your part and appreciative silence on hers. Never underestimate the dramatic value of suspense. Let there be no illumination but candlelight when you light the brandy and Cointreau. Then serve the dish raptly and solemnly, as you would read a poem, while the sauce flames high.

The demand for wild animals is phenomenally high but dealers can testify there's many a costly slip between the jungle and the zoo

It's a Wild Business

by CHARLES & JEAN KOMAIKO

ROSELLA HARTMAN

A PRETTY girl walked into a New York office one morning and asked to see the manager. "I'm going to a charity bazaar dressed as Salome," she explained, "and I need a boa constrictor to complete my costume." She got her snake—at a rental price of $15 a yard. Five minutes after the girl departed, the telephone rang. The local Republicans needed an elephant for a parade.

Snakes by the yard and elephants by the day are no novelty to the men who make their living in the wild business of wild animals.

Dealers in jungle fare have furnished monkeys for *Tarzan* and pachyderms for *Sabu*. William Randolph Hearst was a good customer in the days when he was stocking his California ranch with wild animals. Bob Crosby, the orchestra leader, bought a bobcat, and Mae West once sported a chimpanzee. The Candlers of Coca-Cola fame once dropped in for a herd of elephants.

By and large, however, the dealers are not particularly interested in catering to Hollywood studios or to the whims of wealthy individuals. The three or four leaders in this strange traffic have built their million-dollar enterprises largely by supplying animals to zoos and circuses from Stalingrad to San Francisco.

Some years ago Heinz Ruhe, head of one of the oldest animal firms in America, received a visit from Robert Bean (of Chicago's Brookfield Zoo) who wanted an anaconda snake. Ruhe took him out to the firm's animal farm and showed him a beauty named El Diablo priced at $450. "How long?" asked the buyer. "Twenty-one feet," came the answer. The snake looked shorter to Bean. "I'm not a betting man, but I'll wager $20 for every foot you're over."

Ruhe took the bet, and the snake was straightened out along the tapeline. El Diablo measured exactly seventeen feet and Bean was $80 richer. This was no small loss, as capturing the snake and bringing her in from South America had been expensive. But Ruhe's worst blow came later when he learned that El Diablo, just after her arrival in Chicago, gave birth to twenty-three youngsters. Even an expert can't tell when a snake is *enceinte*, because a bulge usually indicates undigested food.

El Diablo's performance illustrates that the dealer can't be sure of anything in this most hazardous of undertakings. From the heart of the jungle to the customer's door, every step of the journey is a guess and a gamble.

In the thirties an American dealer sent a large expedition to Abyssinia. It looked like a sure thing. Haile Selassie (who was then a prince called Ras Taffari) gave his complete co-operation. The weather was good, and native guides had sighted fine animals in the region. Word reached the dealer's New York office that a record number of giraffes had been snared . . . each worth about $10,000 on delivery. Then war broke out among the local tribesmen, and in the ensuing uproar all the animals escaped. The expedition salvaged one small lion cub. Total loss . . . $80,000.

During World War II it was, of course, impossible to ship wild animals to this country. Except for rhesus monkeys, brought from India for medical purposes, and a few birds from South America, the dealers had little import business. The national emergency caused many circuses to fold up their big tops, and zoos were affected too.

Today business is booming, or would be, if the dealers could meet the demand for their products, which has reached an all-time high. American institutions lost nearly a third of their stock during the war, and many European zoos were bombed out of existence. The cry for wild animals even figures in world politics, with English zoos seeking animals which survived in German parks, as partial reparations.

Leading dealers in this country—firms like Ruhe, Meems and Ward, and Henry Trefflich—are flooded with requests of all types. On the export side, Copenhagen needs buffalo and sea lions. Sweden, London, Brussels, the Hague . . . all want North American animals. At home, Lions Clubs from Fresno to Philly are in market for their mascots, and the colorful man with the bandanna, the organ-grinder, is looking for a four-legged partner to collect the pennies. But more important, our zoos have a long list of replacements. In addition to the staple items, they are looking for aardvark and the scarce Indian rhino.

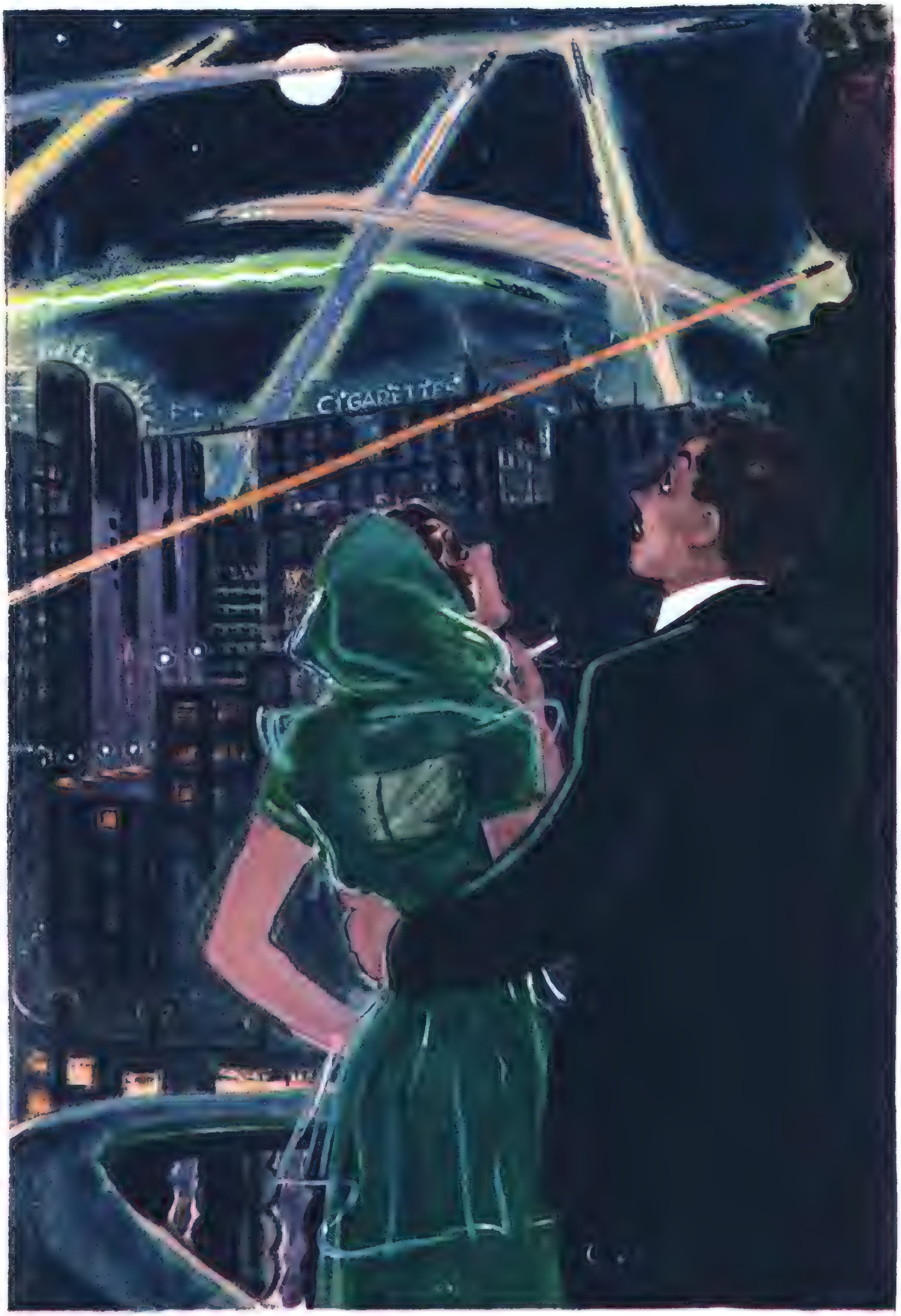
World conditions are reflected in animal circles with the result that costs are unpredictable and inflated. Pandas, when available, may sell for $8000 to $10,000; a pair of little Andes chinchilla fetch a neat $2000, and gorillas may run $4000 and up. In prewar days dealers issued catalogues quoting types and prices of animals. They don't bother with any kind of quotations now . . . if your bongo arrives you can have it at the current price, whatever that may be!

"If" has become the most important word in the vocabulary of the animal dealer. Worry number one is the agent, the man who (*Continued on page 219*)

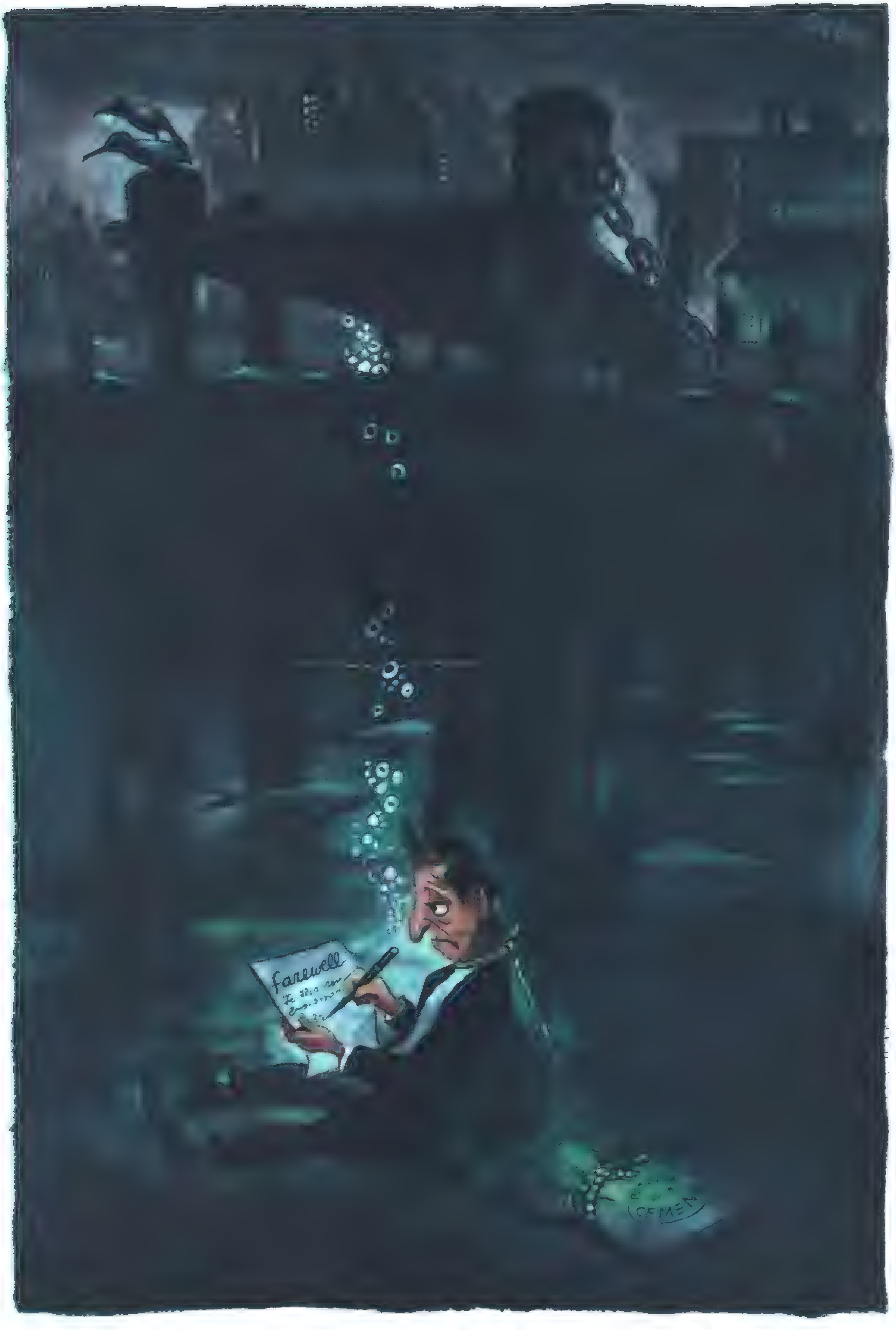
STONE

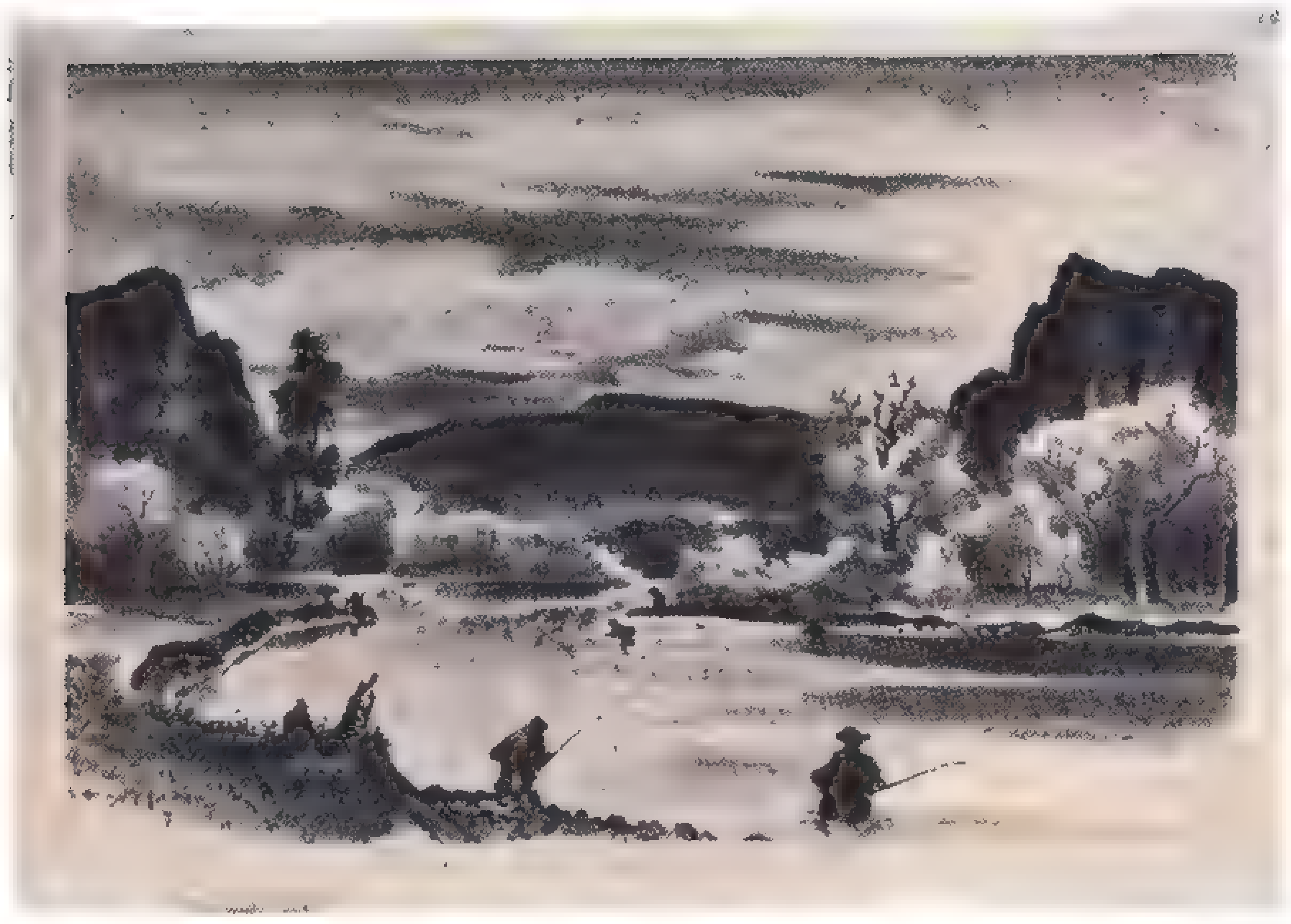
The Fortune of Helena Bliss

Now singing the lead in the operetta, Romany Love, *Helena Bliss is a St. Louis gal who attributes her exotic coloring to a Creole ancestor, and her soprano voice to an operatic mother. After featured roles with the Philadelphia Opera Company, she reached Broadway via* Very Warm for May, *in which she was heard but not seen, being sadly stationed behind a potted palm. Radiantly visible in* Du Barry Was a Lady, *she was discovered by producer Edwin Lester who cast her in his West Coast presentation of* New Moon, *then in* Song of Norway *and finally in the* Romany Love *lead. This operetta, which is based on Victor Herbert music, happily combines favorite ballads from* The Fortune Teller *and* Serenade. *Now on a tour of Europe, it recently offered escapist entertainment to the ration-weary Londoners.*


CIGARETTES

"Isn't it a beautiful night, dearest—the moon, the stars, the rockets"


farewell



ADOLF DEHN

THE SPORTING SCENE:

Show for Sportsmen

Promotional magic has produced a new kind of sports event to please the whole family

by JIM CROSSETT

FOURTEEN years ago the first sportsmen's show set up shop. It featured booths which displayed the latest sporting equipment and clerks to ballyhoo the wares. And it played to a comfortable dribble of select clientele, bred-in-the-bone fishermen and hunters to whom no sight is as stimulating as a shiny rod and reel or a shotgun guaranteed to fire on-target in the hands of a duffer. It was as exclusive in its way as a fraternity smoker and scarcely more newsworthy than similar shows staged by the shoe industry, say, or the button makers.

But that was before the fine Minneapolis hand of Nick Kahler reached out and began to work a few wonders. Mr. Kahler, a short, round dynamo of a man, noted the trickle of male-only customers attracted to the shows and was inspired. He combined the old exhibit idea with a three-ring sportsman's circus and a fashion show straight out of the ladies' slicks. He glamourized the event so that today it has become a family affair and is attended by mama and the kids as well as by the old man himself. Now the whole family comes and everybody goes away well-pleased.

Today over five million ticket buyers flock annually to more than ten big indoor shows staged in such cities as Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Kansas City. The take at the gate from this horde of fishermen, hunters and the just plain curious tops a healthy $5,500,000 a year. How much is spent after the fact by customers who become enamoured of the equipment and rush forth to purchase same is impossible to estimate. However, it's pretty certain that it is in the multimillions.

The sportsmen's show, à la Kahler's and other versions, is a vast honeycomb of exhibits, booths, demonstrations, spiels, barks, and 8mm. movies. Displayed for all to see are items ranging from fishing plugs to motorboats, from gun oil to trailers. Customers browse among these selling exhibits, picking up literature and short lectures of inducement as they progress. And twice a day, matinee and evening, they step into the big arena for a two-hour show which is a montage of singing, athletic skill, pin-up girls, derring-do and amateur contests for man and beast.

Kahler's most sensational contribution to the shows was undoubtedly the introduction of a huge portable tank which is placed in the center of the arena and houses swimming acts and other "wet" performances. At the most recent show which toured the Middle West, the tank was employed as a setting for a swimming exhibition performed by Adolph Kiefer, greatest backstroker and medley swimmer of all time, a log-rolling and canoe-tilting exhibition and a casting contest.

Also prominently staged was a gaudy little item involving twelve lovely models who made two lingering appearances, the first showing off toggery for such more or less prosaic activities as hunting, fishing, tennis and golf; the second a show-stopper in which they displayed what their forms divine could do for sparse-cut bathing suits and vice versa. Mama liked this part of the show, certainly, but papa liked it enough to forget his rods and reels momentarily.

Getting back into character again, the typical show features shooting and archery exhibitions by vaudeville pros and experts under hire to gun manufacturers, hunting-dog acts, pony and horse performances. A touch of corn is inserted with a wandering cowboy singing about life under a prairie moon, or an Indian princess, headfeathers and all, crooning *Waters of the Minnetonka.* And for the final Barnum and Bailey touch, a ski jumper puts on the slide for life, zooming out of the arena top, down a tiny grooved and greased slide, into a circus net. The snow is lacking, of course, but the event is every bit as spectacular in its way as the lady who gets shot out of a cannon under the big top, and it serves a similar purpose.

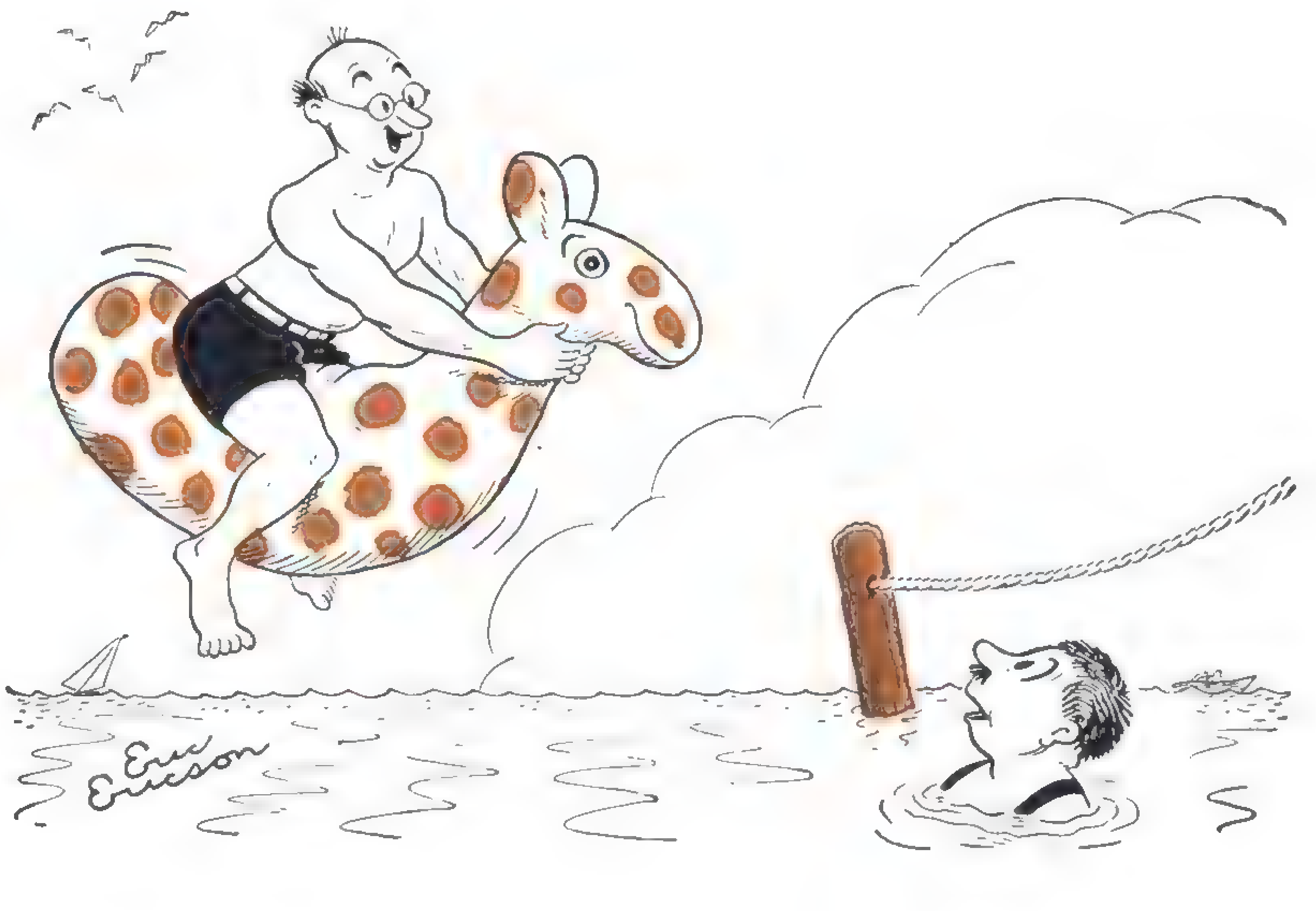
A comparatively new wrinkle introduced by the sportsmen's show impresarios is putting something on tap of interest for the younger members of the American family who are, of course, the sporting-equipment purchasers of the future. Kahler broke the ice in this respect some years ago when he staged an indoor marble tournament at a Minneapolis show.

After that, it was only logical to stage a pet show for the small fry. From pets, the wise ones expanded the get-Junior-interested program to include hobby shows and other contests, from baseball batting for the boys to dressmaking for the little ladies. It's fun for the kids and profitable to the showmen. Even parents who care nothing for the outdoor life will follow the arrow to the main arena to watch their offspring perform.

With contests for the youngsters catching on sensationally, it was easy to predict the next step. The old man being nothing but an overgrown kid, the impresarios soon presented him with a chance to call his own bluff as a caster and marksman. During the past year, sponsored contests were staged in all kinds of categories and the competitive feature of the shows has proved so attractive that many of the leading newspapers in the cities where the shows are held now are active in promoting the events.

The result of all the above has been the achievement of something resembling "institution" status by the shows, with various cities setting aside "Sportsmen's Show Week" by order of the city councils. It's a local event of major importance when the International Sportsmen's Show comes to town.

For all the ingenuity of Kahler and other impresarios, however, it is unlikely that the sportsmen's shows would have clicked as sensationally if it hadn't been for the end of the war. Today, the wartime trickle of equipment coming from manufacturers has swelled to a peacetime flood. The boys have something to exhibit and sell, and the customers, desperately hungry after five years of making ancient models do, are breaking down the doors. ⁂

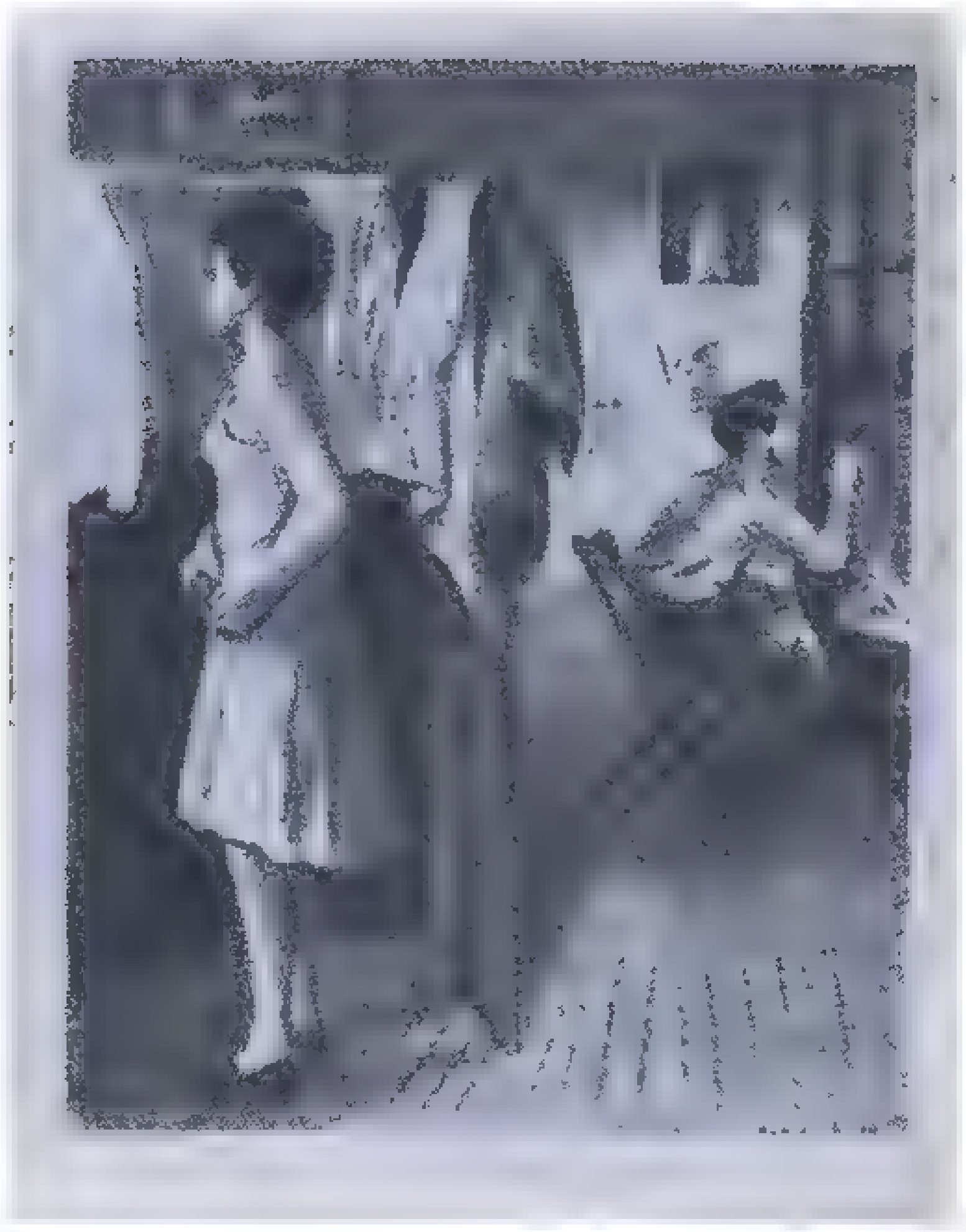


"I use helium"

It was easy for an experienced man to understand her complex story and add a wholly new and unexpected slant

The Nervous Husband

by ASHER GERECHT



RAPHAEL SOYER

THE doorbell's sound was strange: he neglected it as a minor annoyance while he was in the bathroom. When he stepped out he could hear the dim jingle of the landlady's first-floor bell. He shrugged and went into his room.

He had sat down in the Morris chair when the bell rang again. Shaking his head, Logtin strode to the door and in a loud voice called: "Who is it?"

No one answered.

He considered his position: he was alone in the rooming house—evidently there was no one present either downstairs or on his floor. If he succumbed to the plea, and opened the door—it might be some criminal who had decided on the drab corner house as his starting place; but it might be a roomer who had forgotten his key.

"Just a minute," he called. Carefully making the sharp treacherous turn on the narrow stairs he took the steps two at a time, holding the rail for his guide. He saw dimly through the ragged lace curtain that a woman in a black coat stood outside.

"Were you ringing?" he said when he opened the door.

The girl looked at him and fidgeted. "There's no one home, is there? Do you know when they get home?"

She had dark brown hair covered with a dimly printed cowboy-pattern babushka, and a plump white face.

"Who?" he asked.

"Do you know Johnny?" she said. "I want to see Johnny—his mother lives down here, I think."

"She's the landlady," Logtin answered. "He lives here all right, but he isn't home."

"Do you know when he'll be—"

"No. Do you want to leave a message?" he asked. "Is it very important?"

"Yes," she said worriedly. Her voice dwindled. "I wanted to see him."

"You can give me the message or leave me your name and address, and I can tell him you—"

"No, that's all right," she postponed. She glanced at her watch and at the dark closed door. She had a small thin wen like an ancient skin patch below the corner of her left eye, and it moved slightly as she winked her eyes. Her lips were flushed with rouge. Her cheeks were full.

"I'll come back," she said. "Thank you."

"Okay," he answered. "Any time."

He returned to his sketchbook, and drew another portrait of his living space, and a view of the street below him in the night, with the oasic spots of street light, the traveling island of a streetcar, the twin beam of an approaching auto running towards the intersection. Perhaps half an hour went by; he was thinking of food and his evening meal when the bell rang again, this time in three short taps. He raced down the stairs to open the door. "Hello," the girl said, "is he back yet?"

"No," he answered. "I'd hear if anyone went by my room." The other door showed only darkness behind it. He stood in the landing and she in the vestibule between the floor entrances and the outside exit.

"What do you want to see him about?" he asked.

"Oh, it's something," she said.

"It must be important. Why don't you leave him some message?"

"No, I want to talk to him in person," she said. She switched her gloves from one hand to the other.

"A great secret?" he asked idly. "Can I guess?" She glanced at him sharply. "Are you Johnny's heartthrob? Is that why you're here?"

"Not exactly," she said.

She stood indecisively, waiting for him to speak as he lolled in the doorway, speculating. "It's not business," he said. "He's young, and you're young—how old are you?"

"I'm getting to be an old woman," she sighed.

"You're not over twenty-two, are you?"

"No. I'm twenty-one," she said, "twenty-one-and-a-half."

"You're young!" he exclaimed. "Why are you so moody, and excited? Cheer up! You've a beautiful life ahead of you!"

She shook her head. "*You* can say that," she replied, and stared with glazed eyes at the dark door.

"What do you do?" he asked.

"I'm an entertainer," she said. "I play the violin."

"Concert work?"

"No! The taverns, in engagements. That's what I want to do," she said.

"Is that how you met Johnny, in a tavern? He visits a lot of them."

"You ask a lot of questions," she said.

"I'm spending your time that way—you're going to wait for him."

She bit her lower lip, marring the curve of the rouge. "I was in the neighborhood and I thought that I ought to drop in and see him. All right, yes; I'll wait. A little while, anyway. I met him when we worked together behind the soda fountain in a five-and-ten-cent store. I was still in high school at that time."

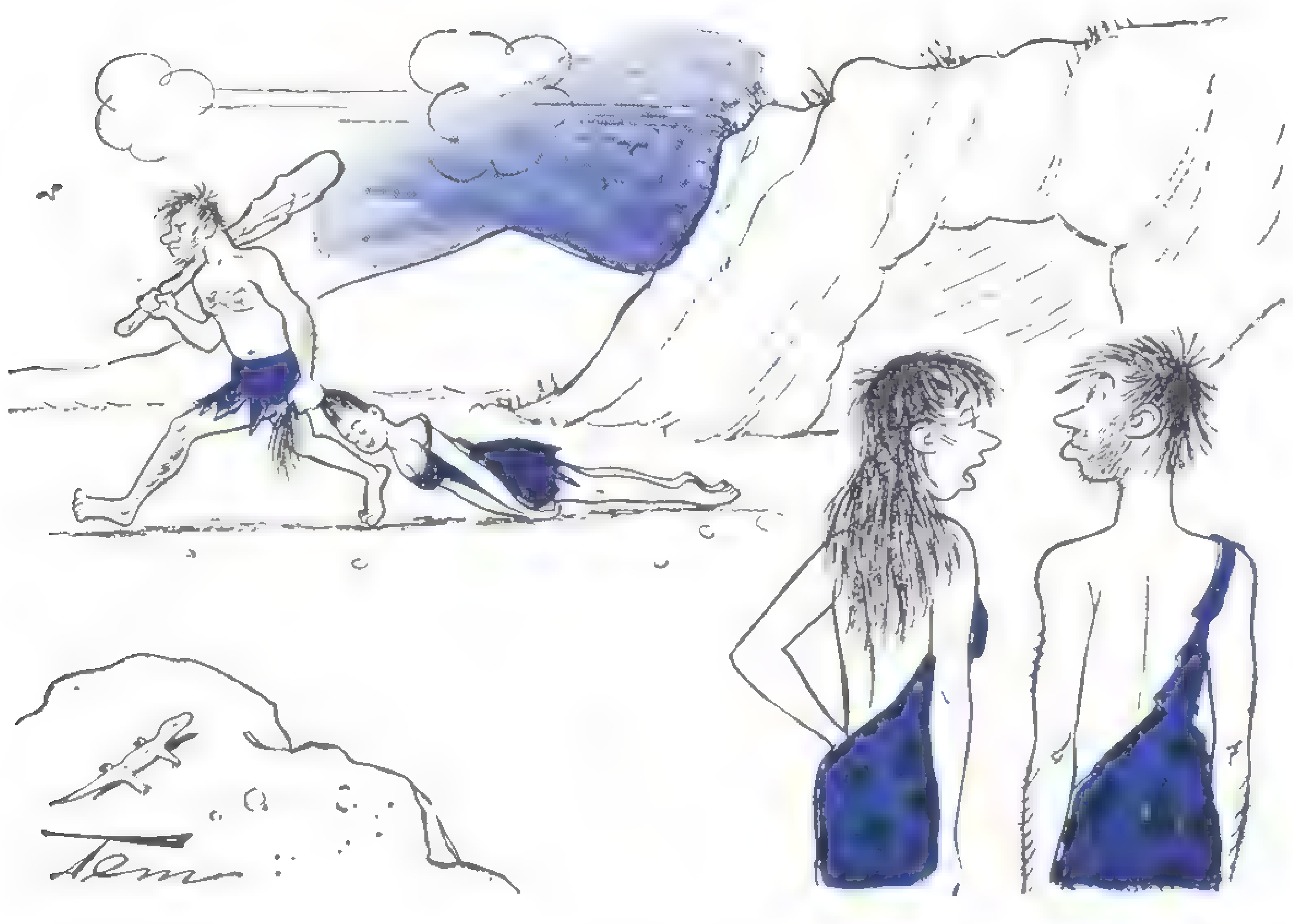
"Were you ever in love with him?"

She laughed. "I don't know. No, not in love with him, I guess."

"It must be a beautiful friendship," he said. "Look—as long as you're going to stay why don't you come up to my room and wait for him? You'll know when he goes by, and it's warmer there. You'll be comfortable."

"I don't think I should," she said, peering about her. "I really—"

"Don't worry," he interrupted, grinning at her. "The door to my room will be left open, of course."



"You never take me anywhere!"

"All right," she said, sheathing her hands in her gloves, "I'll go with you."

"He's not thinking of marrying you, is he?" Logtin asked.

"No," she said. "You didn't see this, I guess." She slipped off the left glove and showed him the two rings on her third finger. He wrinkled his forehead.

"All right," she said. "As long as you leave the door open."

She climbed the stairs after him.

"You can have any seat in the room," he said. "There's the Morris chair, or one of the others, or the day couch—just take your choice."

"I'll sit over here," she said. She pointed to the day couch.

He pushed to the far side his clothes scattered about on it, and walked to the other side of the room, to the black, worn-haired, moth-eaten Morris chair, and sat down.

"Take off your coat," he said, "and make yourself at home."

"No, I'll keep it on."

"It may be a long time," he warned. "You'll get warm in it. Besides, I'd like to see what you look like. All I know so far is that you've a pretty face."

She lit a cigarette, and he went across the room to pull the black metal ash tray over to her.

"Thank you," she said. "I don't believe in exhibiting my body for—I simply don't believe in it, that's all."

"It's not exhibition, it's a privilege. It's an advantage a woman has over a man," he said.

"What do you do?" she said, trying to understand him. "You're not just a—"

"Just a what?"

"What *do* you do?"

"Can't you see? I'm an artist."

"Really?"

"I call myself one," he said. He shaded his eyes from the light of the floor lamp on his left. "This is one time the light ought to reveal you and let me stay in semidarkness," he said.

"You say some nice things," she measured.

"Where they're deserved, I hope." He lit his pipe. "We talk along in one another's company, that's something. I hate to be tied down for hours to a woman who neither can say anything or listen to what I have to say. At least you can listen."

She laughed.

"Let's consider you, the problem X," he said. "You want to see Johnny, the landlady's son, but you say you don't love him, it's not business, and you're married. How long have you been married?"

"Four and a half years," she said.

"You were curious early enough, weren't you?" he replied. "Right after you graduated from high school?"

"A month afterwards," she said. "Did you go to college?"

"A little," he said. "Why do you ask? Did you go to college?"

"I had a scholarship to Annunciation College here in the city but I gave it up to get married. I was an honor student at St. Anne's Academy."

"I knew you were good," he said. "Why aren't you happy with your husband?"

"This is like a race, isn't it?" she said. She was silent, and he thought her eyelids were winking fast.

She was on another cigarette.

"Chain smoke, too. Do you like to drink—I mean, you drink?"

"Every once in awhile," she said. "I smoke as much as three packs some days."

"Do you have any children?" he said. "Tell me about yourself. I don't want to make this a cross-examination."

"I don't know what you want to know," she said. "I have two children, three years for the girl, and the boy is seven months old. Why did you say I didn't love my husband?"

Logtin looked at her.

"How did you know? Is it so plain?" Her right arm made a dying swan dive out and back to her lap. "I don't. How can I?"

"Tell me about him," Logtin said. "Talking makes it clearer."

"As close to Clark Gable as possible"

"All right," she said. "That's—I'll tell you why I came to see Johnny. Since he came back from overseas he's been one of the few friends I've had left. He's been coming to the house quite often. My husband is very jealous, and he doesn't like it. He's a nervous man, and he sits and does nothing all day long. I'm afraid he might suddenly do something—wrong, so I don't want Johnny to come over to the house any more. Walter is more possessive than ever. I'm talking pieces, aren't I? I had better give you the entire story—what I want to tell you. I'm in so much of a maze wondering what to do with him that—that's why I say I'm an old woman. I have two babies and a man to take care of. How many women even twenty-five have had my trouble?"

She stopped only when the noise of streetcars passing by became too great for him to hear her, and to smoke on her cigarettes. The room became palled with tiny smoke and he opened the window further to let the draft sweep it out.

"He was twenty-two and I was seventeen when we were married. He was a painter—houses, not like you. He's not smart, but he was dependable then, and strong. He was good-looking, and big. My family was against it and so was his. That's part of my trouble now. They said we made our own bed and we'd have to lie in it, so they won't lift a finger to help us out now. I haven't seen my mother in three months, and she is just eight blocks away from me. As far as they care we're not even alive. I forged my age to get married.

"He was good to me then, and everything was all right. We still had our good times. We didn't care. He went into the Army while I was carrying my first baby. It was because of her that everything was made so much different. When I entered the hospital to have the baby Walter tried to get an emergency furlough to come see me. The doctor telegraphed him and said it was a bad case. It was. I had a very bad time of it. I nearly—. The officer wouldn't give him leave. I had my baby, all alone, and my husband was a thousand miles away from me. I suppose he loved me a great deal, and the whole thing proved too much for him.

"The day the baby was born he had a nervous breakdown. For six months he never said a single word to anybody. I went out to California to stay near him. I was there eight months. I worked out there playing my violin and I made enough money to support myself and the baby. For over three months the doctors wouldn't let me in to see him. They were afraid he might kill me, or the sight of me might kill him. Then they said it was all right.

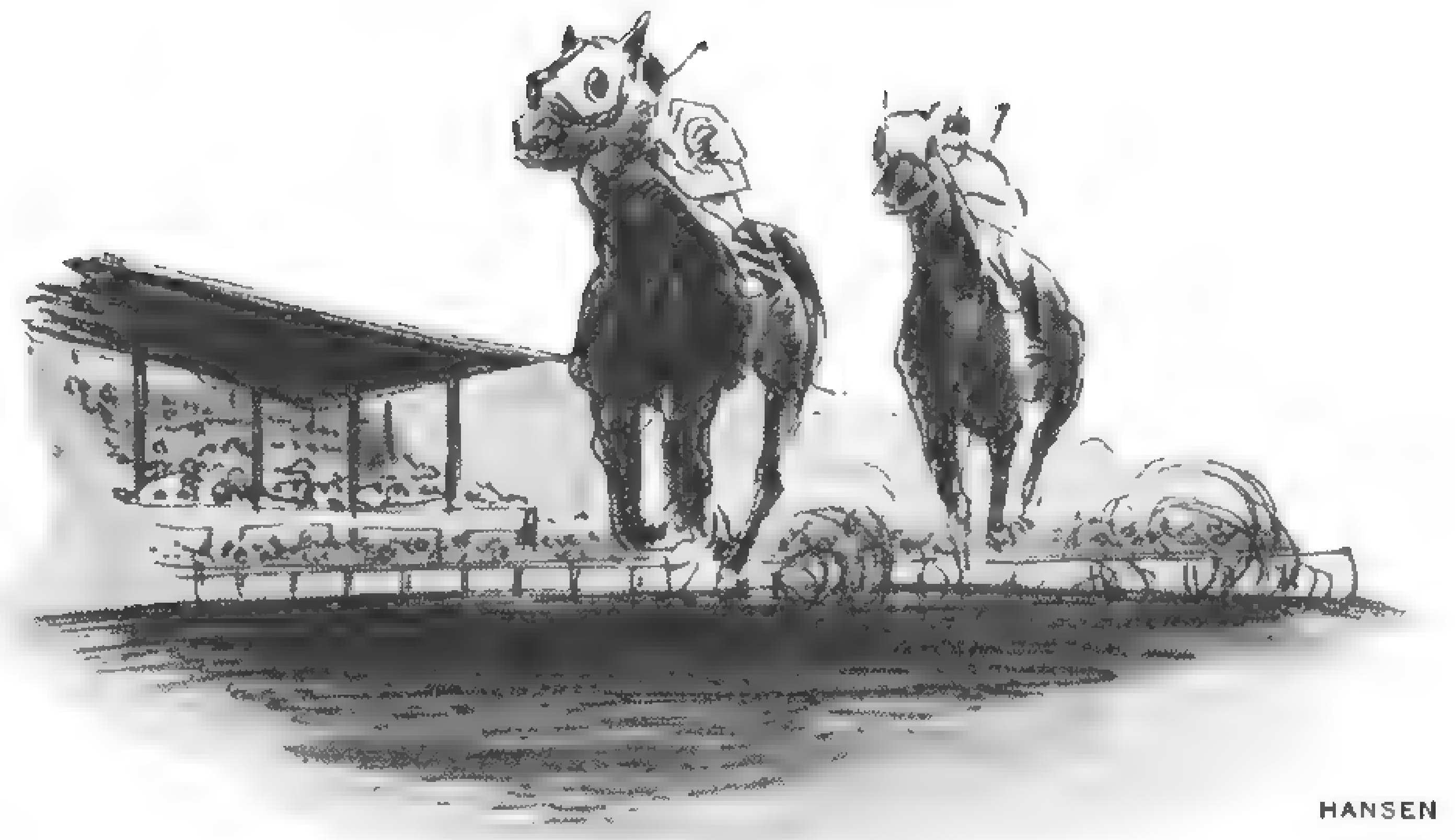
"Can you imagine how I felt? I walked into his room. There was my husband lying in a bed, looking at me and not even recognizing me as somebody in the room, by his bedside. He looked terrible. He had lost pounds and pounds and seemed years older. I kissed him and he didn't stir. I could have kissed stone and it would have been warmer. This was the man who was my husband. I thought it was hopeless. I would be married to a— I love noise now. I don't think I could ever live on a farm even for a vacation. Silence! I had so much of it then that I never wanted to hear another silent minute again!"

Logtin made a rough sketch of her as she sat puffing at a cigarette and talking. He stayed detached from her emotion, remembering she was waiting for someone. She continued.

"The doctors had an idea, after awhile. I was to come in to Walter every day at the same time and sit by him and take his hand, and tell him over and over and over again that he was my husband and I was his wife, and I brought my baby, and showed him the baby, and told him it was our baby, his and mine, and I was all right, we were both all right, and to plead and beg with him, to say the same things over and over to him day after day. Try that sometime and you'll discover what heartbreak is—tell your husband that you're his wife and he never answers you or sees you.

"I did that a month and a half. That was all I could do. I was his wife and his doctor and nurse. For a month and a half the same repetition, until I had to stop at times and (*Continued on page 238*)

A rapid and thoroughbred card game that is guaranteed to brighten the stuffier evening for a group of grounded Arcaros



Pasteboard Darby

by ALBERT A. OSTROW

YOU'VE got a small gathering. A game of cards is suggested for pastime. But there are an odd number of hands and a vote or two against poker and maybe somebody offers to sit out "because I just haven't got any card sense." Made to order for this kind of situation or as a change-off from conventional games is Pasteboard Darby. And all the equipment you need can be found in the average home. It consists of an ordinary deck of cards, pencil and paper and chips, buttons, beans, or coins. Everybody can join in. The track is always fast, the action suspenseful and the novice of only a few minutes ago may surprise with a championship performance in the race coming up.

You can run off your races on top of a bridge table or any surface of about that size, or even on a rug; pasteboard horses are no prima donnas. To organize your meet, you appoint a steward who also acts as announcer, a handler to move the horses along, and a tote chief who keeps a record of the bets and supervises the pay-offs. Designations are decided by cutting the cards, the three highest cuts taking the assignments in the order named. Officials exercise their duties for five races (or ten) after which a new slate is selected.

The steward prepares for the race by removing the aces from the deck and placing them face up and spaced apart at the head of the table or playing area. Suit colors should alternate so that you have black, red, black, red or red, black, red, black. After the four aces have been set up, the steward shuffles the rest of the deck—which should include a joker—and has it cut by the handler. He then deals out twenty-eight cards in four rows of seven cards each, *all face down.* The rest of the deck is put aside.

Each card is placed so that its long side is horizontal, that is, parallel to the bottom and top edges of the table. The deal goes from left to right with a card being placed in each of the four rows in turn. The first card of each row is placed over the face-up ace leaving only the suit pip showing. When your twenty-eight cards have been dealt out, you have a track layout consisting of four courses (rows), each containing seven face-down cards and each headed by a face-up ace of a different suit.

To represent your four horses you can use chips, buttons, beans or coins. Each horse is placed at his own starting post. These posts are the lower right-hand corners of the bottom cards of each course. After the entries are at the starting line the "betting windows" are opened.

Every player in the game, including the officials, chips in an equal number of counters to a pot which is placed in the custody of the tote chief. The chip-in must be at least two counters per player but there is no limit. An alternate way which makes for more action is to begin with two counters for the first race, increase it to three for the second, four for the third and five for the fourth, a prize-stake race. The fifth race then returns to two counters and subsequent heats increase again on the same plan.

A player may bet only on one horse and it can be any horse he likes. And more than one player can go on the same horse. A horse without any bettors on it runs anyway. The tote chief marks down the selections. A handy plan is to prepare a record sheet beforehand containing four columns, each headed by a suit sign in the order in which the course-aces have been laid out. The tote chief then notes the initials under each suit sign of the bettors going with that entry. After the race is over and pay-offs have been made, he draws a line across the sheet and enters the initials for the next race. And so on.

Now we're ready for the running. The steward turns up the bottom card of the row furthest left, which is course one. He then turns up the bottom card of the next row to the right, course two, and after that the bottom card of course three and finally that of course four. Now he returns to course one and turns up the second card, and continues across, turning up all the second cards of the other courses. He proceeds in this manner until all twenty-eight cards are turned up.

Immediately after each individual card is turned up, the horse of that course may make a move or not, subject to these conditions: Any king, queen, jack or ten entitles the horse to move forward. Any card from the three to the nine-spot entitles the horse to move forward *only if it is of the same color as the ace heading the row.* For example, if the course is headed by the spade ace and a spade or club is turned, the horse may move; but if a heart or diamond show up (the opposite color) the horse can make no forward progress. Any deuce causes a horse to lose ground.

The schedule for the moves is as follows: For a card of *odd* denomination in the same color (three, five, seven or nine)—advance one length. For a card of even denomination in the same color (four, six or eight)—advance one and one-half lengths. Any ten-spot—advance two lengths. Any picture card (king, queen or jack)—advance three lengths. The joker—advance five lengths. A deuce, when of the same color—go one length *back*; when not of the same color—go two lengths *back. When the turned card is of the same suit as the course-ace, one extra length is added to any distance the horse is otherwise entitled to advance.*

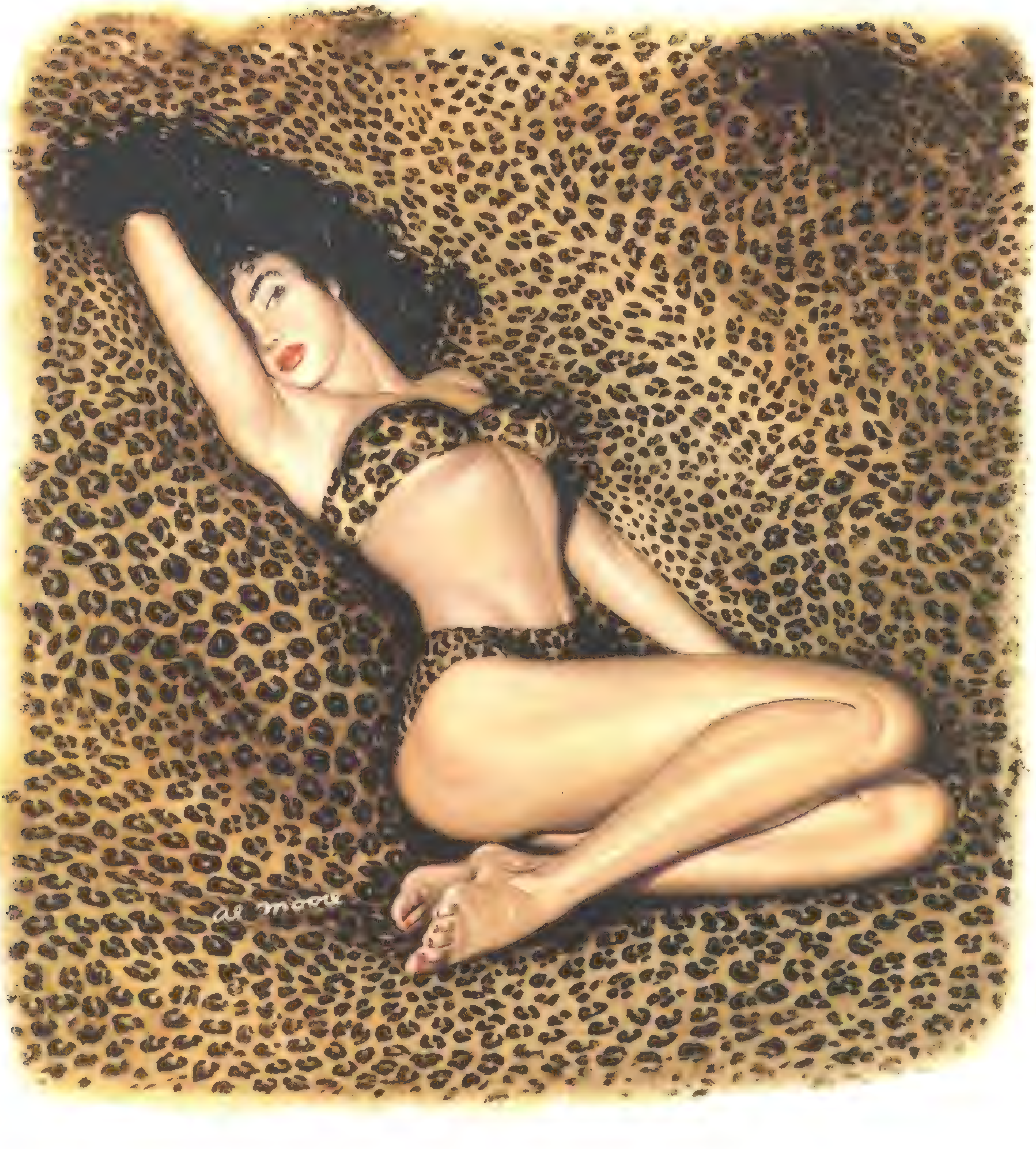
A horse moves up towards the course-ace away from the bottom of the row. A full length is from corner to corner along the side of the card; a half length is half that distance. When a horse reaches the top of the course he turns left across the top card—which counts as a full length—and comes down the home stretch on the other side of the course towards the finish line. First horse to cross that line is the winner, but the race continues until second place is decided.

The winner is not home, however, until he has gone at least half a length past the lower corner of the bottom card of the course. That means he has to cover a minimum of fifteen and one-half lengths. (There are seven full lengths up one side of the course, one length across the top and seven more lengths down the other side.) It is not at all unusual for a horse in a Pasteboard Darby to have to stew impatiently at that bottommost corner for a green-light card while some other entry flashes past him across the finish line.

Another thing to remember is that a race is not over officially until an equal number of cards have been (*Continued on page 133*)

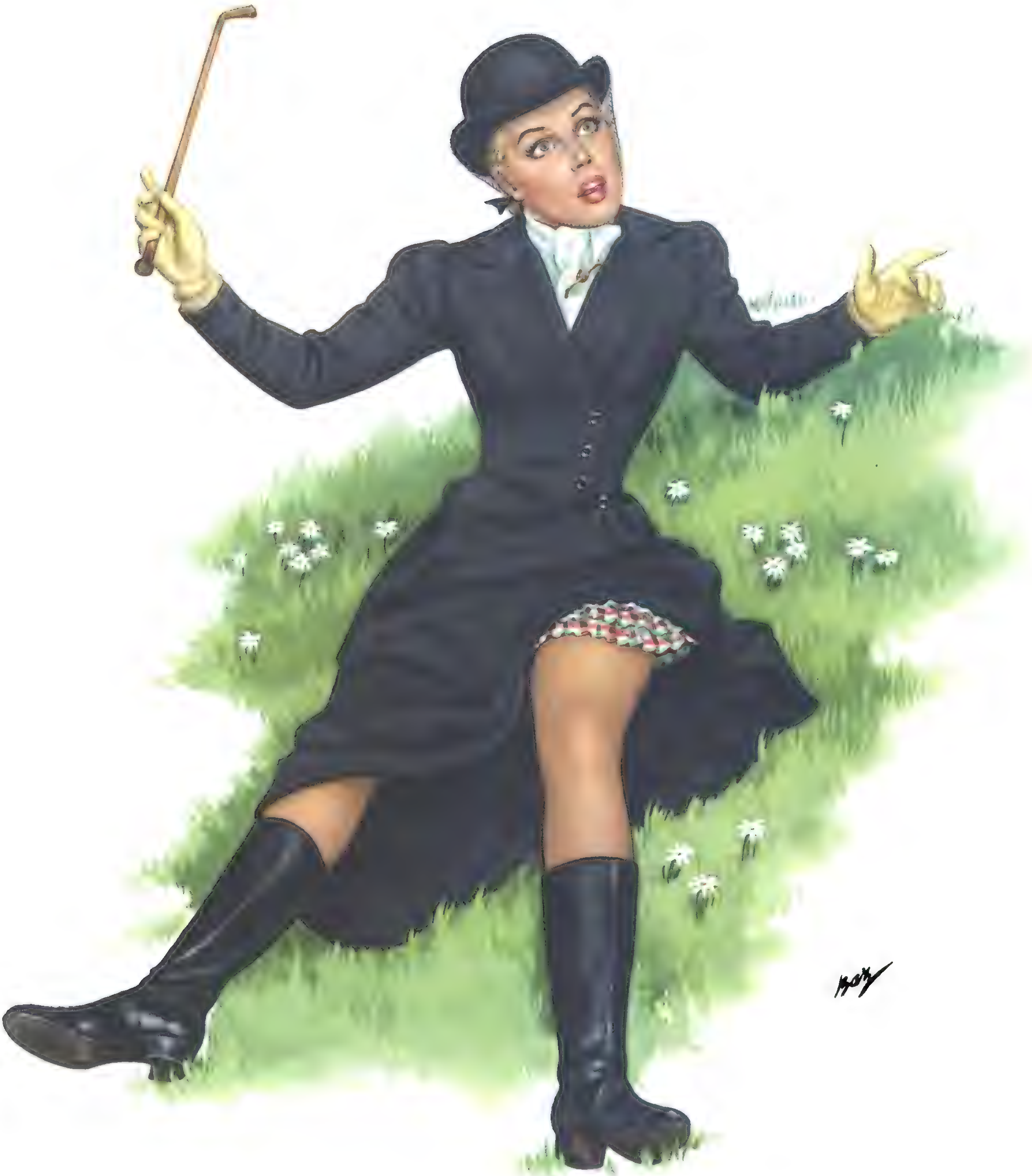
Bob Galligan

"I've almost got my mother talked into a big-league baseball career for me"



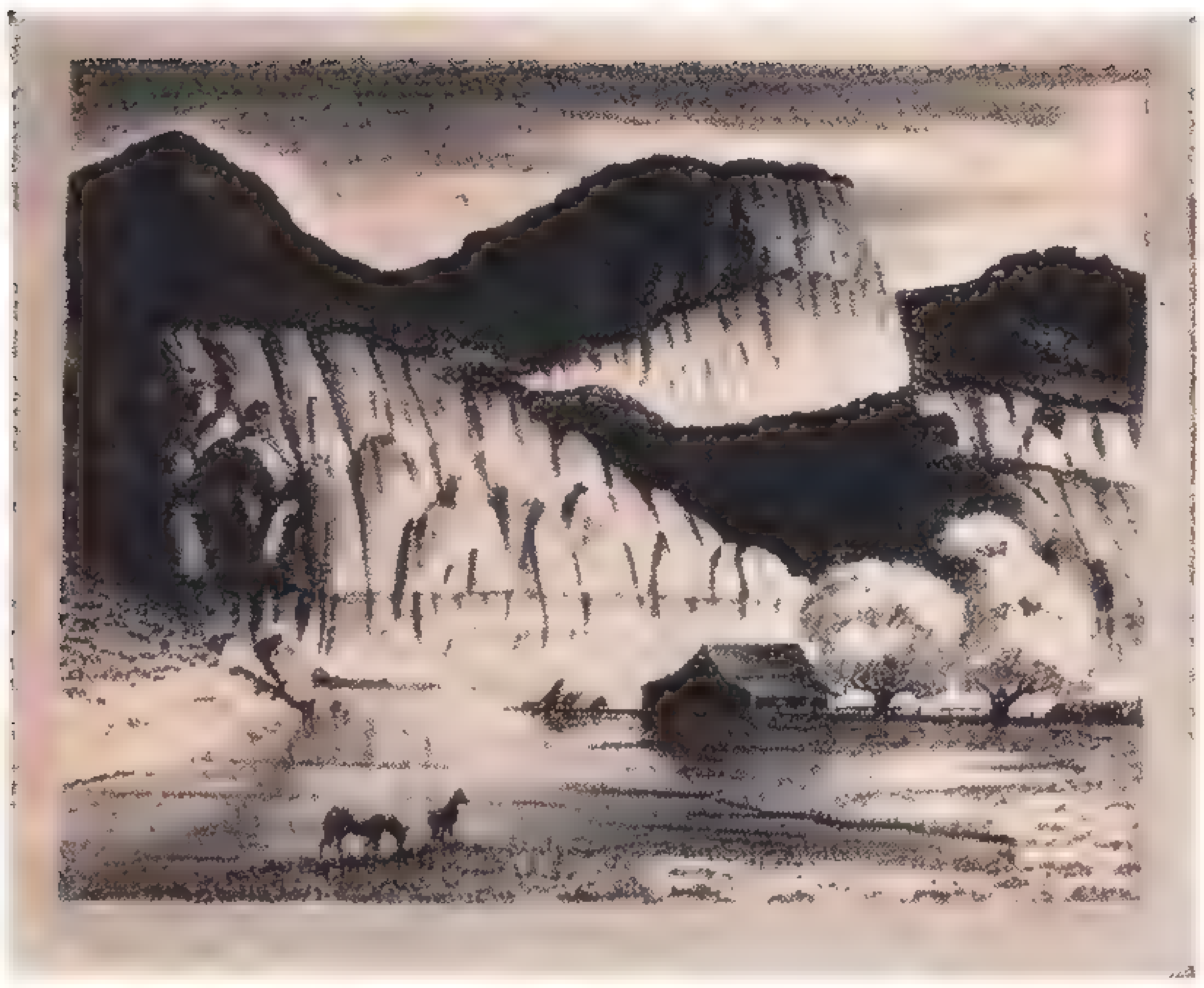
Camouflage by AL MOORE

So far as ever-curious Esky has discovered, after earnest study of psychology, mythology and ladies' fashions, no savant explains the continued affinity for leopard skin displayed by real and imaginary sirens—from Cleopatra through Theda Bara to the hedonistic lass of our own day. Logic suggests that a minx whose preferred shelter is a penthouse senses her kinship to the leopard, which stalks its prey from the comparative security of trees. Savages sometimes drink leopard's blood in the hope of acquiring its courage, strength, and other envied endowments. But since the tawny-skinned *femme fatale* above needs nothing so extraneous, her décor must be protective coloring, Esky solemnly concludes.



Careless by BEN-HUR BAZ

Anticipating your wishes, Ben-Hur Baz presents an outdoor gal of the "I'm so helpless, and you're so strong" variety, a type ecstatically serenaded by Lucretius as a "tiny, pretty, witty, charming darling she." That this well-tempered blonde rejoices in her greatest talent, her femininity, is evident in her fastidious grooming and instinctive selection of costume—from the sidesaddle skirt and foolish lingerie to the saucy bow in her hair. Serene in her beauty, she goes through life at a gay canter, expecting the grass to be soft if she falls. Don't let her pose confuse you. Sliding off a horse or making four dates for one evening are the only misfortunes she's likely to know.



PHILIP CHENEY

The outdoor detectives of our Border Patrol prove daily that a footprint marks a man as surely as his own face

The Sign Cutters

by CHARLES B. ROTH

JACK THOMAS wiped the perspiration off his forehead, bent over the track once more, and announced: "He's a Mexican. He's about 55. A little guy—about five-five, I'd say, weighing around 125 pounds. He's come a long, long way, because he's tired as hell. Let me see. He crossed here about half past two. It's five now. We'll pick him up before six."

We climbed back into the Border Patrol car, and rattled out over the sandy desert. In just forty-five minutes, we came across a lone figure, wearily trudging across the open desert. It was our man and he was everything Border Patrolman Thomas of the U. S. Immigration Service had predicted he'd be—Mexican, five-five, 125 pounds and very tired. He had walked twenty-two miles since sundown, trying to steal across the United States-Mexico international line.

That was my introduction to the art of sign cutting, unquestionably one of the most fascinating, intricate, and esoteric of all the outdoor skills. Jack Thomas, my Nestor, is a short, squat, muscular, hard-bitten man, who is perhaps the greatest sign cutter alive—and hence a truly remarkable man. Some men can look at tiny objects on a microscope plate and diagnose disease; others can survey a canyon and tell what kind of bridge will span it. Jack Thomas can look at a man's footprints, and tell almost as much about him as the maker of those footprints knows himself!

The Indians knew all about sign cutting and the art didn't die out with them. At this very minute, in the vast outdoor regions of America, sign cutters are making footprints work for them in a practical way. It's part of their daily life, for they are stockmen looking for lost stock or law-enforcement officers trailing fugitives.

So skilled are the top sign cutters, they are almost impossible to job. Five Mexicans, who wanted to get into the land of the free and the home of the brave, once cooked up a topper of an idea. They simply walked across the international line backwards, all five in one set of footprints. How could anyone ever apprehend such cuties? But Prince Love, sign cutter for the Border Patrol in El Paso, saw through the whole deal with one glance. Two hours later five bewildered Mexicans were in detention in El Paso, awaiting deportation.

Love's greatest coup came when he broke up one of the most desperate bands of smugglers ever to infest the border. Love read sign on them for several weeks, patiently revisiting the crossings each morning just at sunup. One morning he said to his chief: "If you will have a detachment of men at Monument No. 1 at 11:30 tonight, you will run into six smugglers. Three will be gunmen. Three will be carriers. I suggest you be ready for trouble."

The next morning when Love reported in, the boys were elated. They had met the party Love predicted they would. In the ensuing battle, they killed three of the marauders, took the others captive.

When told they crossed at 11:35, Love's only comment was: "Hell, I missed it by five minutes!"

While any man can learn the art of sign cutting well enough to have a little fun on a camping trip, phenomenal skill like that which marks the work of a Prince Love or a Jack Thomas has to be bred in the bone. For one thing, it calls for a photographic mind.

"A sign cutter has to take an instantaneous picture of a footprint on his mind, so that if he sees the same footprint an hour or a week hence he will recognize it, just as you recognize the face of a friend you meet on the street," Prince Love once told me.

I thought all footprints, especially in boots or shoes, were alike.

"They aren't by a long shot," Love explained. "There's as much individuality in a footprint as in a face or a fingerprint."

It takes a veritable lifetime of training to make a sign cutter, too, Love reminded me. That's why most of those who excel in the art are ranch-raised kids whose earliest recollections are of seeing cattle and horse tracks.

The next requisite is alertness. Love and I would be bowling along at twenty miles an hour, I seeing nothing in particular, he spotting footprints all along the way. Presently we would stop. He'd get out and remark: "Just as I thought. Three of them—two Americans and a European—were along here about midnight. Tramps probably."

Sign cutters know what kind of sign to look for, where to look for it. In desert or short-grass country, they seek only ground sign—footprints. In woods country the bark of the trees yields secrets. A trained man will notice a single leaf out of place, a single broken reed, a single trampled blade of grass.

The highest phase of the art, however, is not in picking up a trail, for anyone can do that, but in following it. On certain kinds of ground, a blind man can trail—in sand, for instance. Sand is the easiest trailing country there is. Footprints in sand will stand up sharply for five, six hours. But when the sand plays out and you have to trail your man across lava rock or short grass—then you have something, and the sign cutter really begins to "cut sign."

He starts to ride or walk in a wide circle, trying to pick up the trail. His circle may be half a mile in diameter. If he misses, he cuts a wider circle. Eventually he finds what he wants—sign. He follows the tracks as long as he can. When he loses them he cuts sign again. By doing this he can traverse grass pasture or lava beds or sagebrush—and come out with his sign.

Once in Arizona I was riding with a cowboy who was a great virtuoso of the art. We were looking for some stock that had strayed. He found his sign—a dim track in the sparse sand.

"Made about four this morning," he announced.

"How can you tell?"

"Easy. Tracks age and wrinkle just like prunes or human faces."

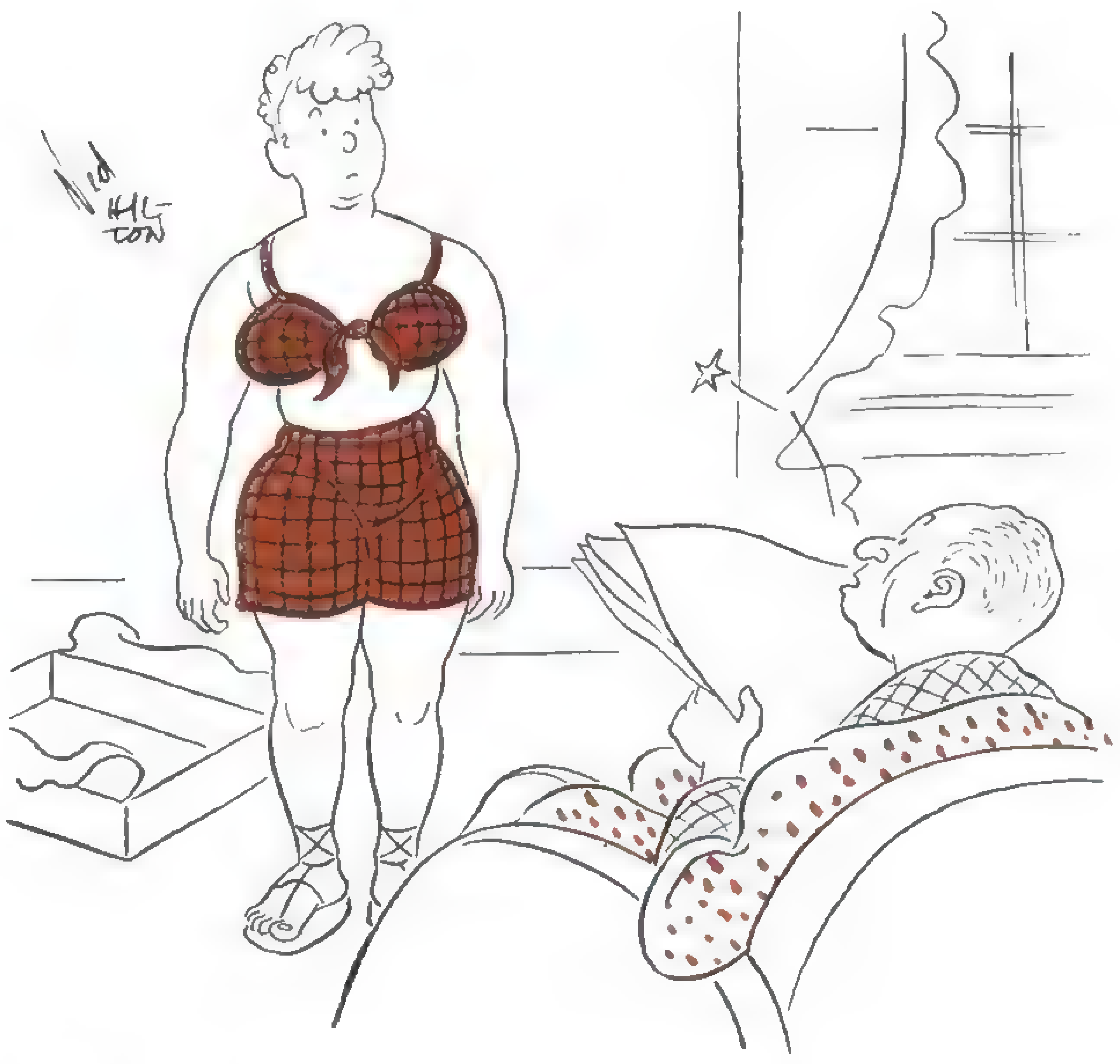
"But you said these were made at four in the morning. Why are you so sure it was four? Why not eleven or twelve last night?"

"Oh, the other sign told me that."

"What other sign?"

"Didn't you notice the desert-rat tracks near by? They came first, because in some places the hosses stepped on the rat tracks. This time of the year rats are around about two in the morning, so I know it was later when the hosses crossed here. By the looks on the sand I judge it was about four this morning."

I was ignorant on the subject then; hence I asked the yokel questions. Today I've learned a little wisdom. At any rate, no deduction a sign cutter can reach will ever surprise me again! ⌗



"Play suit! Aren't you a little too old to play?"

Some men are born idiots, some are crazy like foxes and others hire publicists to create a reputation for agreeable madness

Are You a Screwball?

by JULES ARCHER

When he was mayor of New York, citizens privately referred to Fiorello La Guardia as a screwball, first class. That hat. His mad gallop after fire engines. Those lisping kitchenside chats beamed to housewives. And during the city's newspaper strike, his breathless broadcast of the latest heroics of Dick Tracy and the Katzenjammer Kids, which convulsed those who saw it in newsreels.

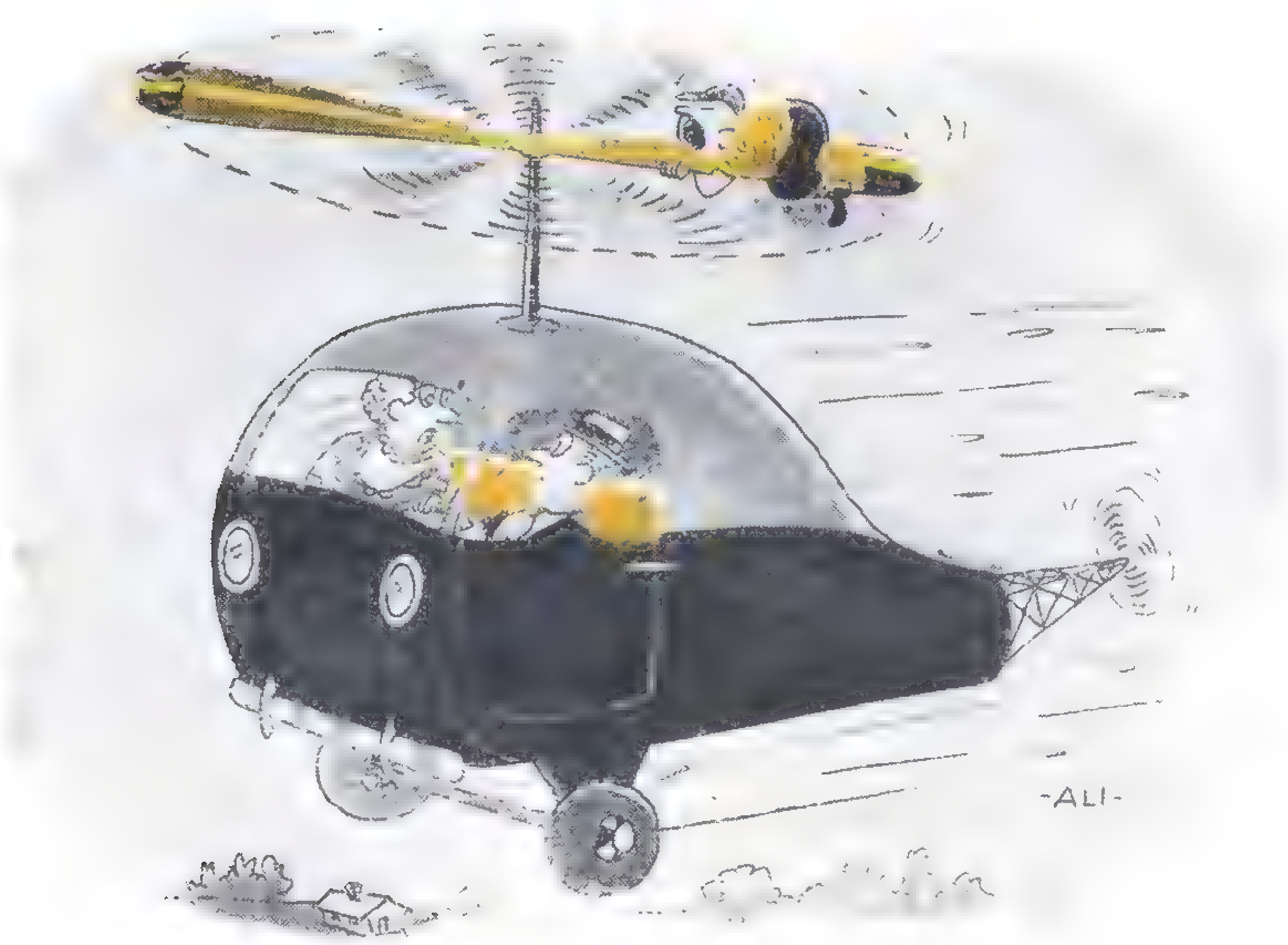
The Little Flower was a screwball simply because he did what he wanted to do, said what he wanted to say, and to hell with the dignity of office. These artless qualities so delighted New Yorkers that they persistently re-elected him to City Hall until La Guardia finally decided to hell with being mayor, too.

The art of being a screwball consists of merely being yourself . . . out loud. Out good and loud. Everybody is a screwball at heart. But most of us are suppressed screwballs—so suppressed we're often shocked at our own dreams. We invariably laugh at the man who spits in the eye of convention. But we also applaud and admire his courage.

There are two principal types of screwballs—genuine mental cases and clever people. Schizophrenics, paranoiacs and megalomaniacs can't help themselves. But clever people are deliberate screwballs. By resourcefully wooing the limelight through behavior which would prostrate Emily Post, many of them have won and clung to prestige, wealth and popularity.

Public solicitude for screwballs has deeper roots than you might suspect. In almost every country of the world, notably China and remote parts of Russia, the village idiot is a privileged character. Peasant superstition exalts him as a sacred child of God who must be fed, sheltered and protected against any who would harm him. Idiocy, consequently, is often practiced as a profession. It also pays off in elections in our own nation.

The average American, however, can usually distinguish between idiots and screwballs. He has such infinite respect and awe for full-blooded screwballs that he bestows upon every one of them the indiscriminate accolade of genius. As a result, with the blessings of eccentricity so bountiful, the wonder is that so many of us are content to remain in our world of sane and bored oblivion.



"I know it's silly—but I keep hearing Junior yelling"

It's no secret that you're practically barred from certain professions unless you are a screwball. Publicity, for example. Publicist Bert Nevins and this writer, to promote "National Doughnut Week," once got Shipwreck Kelly to stand on his head on top of a skyscraper, dunking thirteen doughnuts in coffee on Friday the 13th. Were we rushed to the nearest psychiatrist? Not at all. Instead the newsreels and a tabloid photograph relayed this profound event to our thunderstruck countrymen.

The literary profession, of course, has wide-open arms for any erudite screwball. In his neophyte days William Saroyan wrote me: "I am the unknown writer who got around to a bit of mediocre attention by standing on his head and saying, 'Take a letter to America.' " He stayed in character when the bewildered Army got him, refusing to salute anybody but privates and nurses. When ordered to write a book to help the war effort, he obliged with *Wesley Jackson*, a stinging indictment of war. Court-martialed? Nonsense. "What can you do with these geniuses?" muttered the brass hats. So they "punished" him by shipping him home from overseas!

In his introduction to *Sanctuary*, novelist William Faulkner wrote: "To me this book is a cheap idea, because it was deliberately conceived to make money . . . I hope you will buy it and tell your friends and I hope they will buy it too." Screwball, you think, and grin. But you somehow admire his candor. And *Sanctuary*, it should be noted, became a best seller.

To make good in Hollywood or on Broadway, you need to be a gilt-edged screwball. Ordinary eccentrics are a dime a dozen in the theatre. Recently a Hollywood ingénue, tired of being cast in Westerns, hit upon Baudelaire's method of getting herself talked about. She turned up on set one morning with her hair dyed a lurid green. Not one of the cast flickered an eyelash. Exasperated, she finally shouted: "Doesn't anybody notice anything?" The male lead yawned. "All right," he said, "your slip's showing. So what?"

The talented screwball has always emerged triumphant even in the solemn halls of business and science. Consider the man who insisted a silly contraption on wheels would replace the horse. A screwball! How about the nutty idea of prefabricating ships? The clowns who expected to win the war by banging a couple of atoms around? The whacks who expected women to patronize a male escort (gigolo!) service? The screwballs who wanted to sell perfumes to men; pants to women; bubble pipes to adults? Every business pioneer or inventor is a screwball—until he hits the jack pot.

Uninhibited behavior, or obeying that impulse, is the easiest, most enjoyable short cut to winning a reputation as a screwball. For example, the next time you are buttonholed by an ear-bender, instead of suffering him politely, just say what you're thinking: "You're boring me. Good-by."

When you're being plagued by loud singing commercials wafting from your neighbor's radio, hurl a flatiron through his window. If it's a steaming hot day, wear swimming trunks into the office. When you receive a Christmas gift you don't like, send it back. Drop cigarette ashes into the outstretched palms of headwaiters, men's room attendants, car watchers and other blackmailers.

When held up for a contribution to the usual "worthy" cause, write out a check for twenty-five Lukewarm Wishes. Decline any invitation by explaining curtly, "I don't want to go." Inform guests who have overstayed, "It's late and I want to go to bed. Go home." If you don't like food served to you at a party, spit it out and tell the hostess, "This stinks."

In our hypocritical society, such candor will immediately set you apart as a screwball. Should an explanation of your conduct be sought, reply simply, "To thine own self be true . . . thou canst not then be false to any man." That will convince everybody you're quite a wag. You'll be talked about in glowing tones: "He's got a wonderful dry wit—you know, straight-face sort of thing."

Before embarking on your career as a screwball, however, it will pay you to analyze exactly what you hope to gain by it. Do you merely want release from irritating conventions that stifle you? Do you want the prestige of being known as a character? Do you want to attract attention to your concealed talents? Or do you hope to gain some artful advantage from your fellow man?

Most screwballs have a well-defined purpose in their eccentricity. We had one in my platoon in New Guinea. Apart from odd behavior like chewing his thumb and being frightened of birds, he was every inch the model soldier's opposite. He threw away his dirty clothes rather than wash them, "lost" three rifles, was incapable of hammering a nail or turning a spadeful of dirt.

His pathetic incompetence aroused the protective instincts of the whole platoon. "Poor old Joe," we'd sigh, "helpless as a baby." So we did his chores for him. A year or so later, Joe confided to me in a moment of weakness that his reputation as a screwball had saved him from the one ordeal he dreaded most—hard work.

In another platoon of our company, a private named Charlie was considered a Grade-A whack. Utterly credulous, he apparently believed everything he was told. Charlie would search for left-handed frying pans, hide in the kitchen from invading Martians, shave his head to avoid the dread disease Hairococcus.

One day he received a phone call in the orderly tent from "General MacArthur," who told Charlie that G.H.Q. was dissatisfied with the way the platoon was being run. Charlie was hereby appointed to relieve the C.O. and take command. So Charlie went to the C.O.'s tent and broke the news. The C.O. gave Charlie a set of captain's bars and phoned for the medics.

Charlie's platoon caught hell in one jungle outpost after another for almost two years. But not Charlie. He'd been sent home to the States under the Army's "Section 8" provision for psycho cases. In a letter he sent to one of the boys in the platoon, Charlie asked dryly: "Does the gang still think I was whacked up?"

When I was doing movie publicity work, one of my bosses was the kind of character who would examine an idea I presented, scowl, then explode. But explode. Desk lamps would fly, papers would scatter, chairs would be kicked over. "God!" he would scream, and there would be genuine tears in his eyes. "Why am I tortured like this? Is there no originality? Is there no one with an idea? God!"

Three days later he would come flying out of his office. Face shining in divine revelation, he would summon the entire staff, quiet them with a reverent finger to his lips. Then in hushed tones he would unveil His Idea. "Terrific!" his understudies would chorus breathlessly. *My* idea, of course. But *que faire*? A screwball! At any rate, a very shrewd technique for piracy.

My good friend Bill is knee-high to a grasshopper, round as a bubble, zany as a yo-yo. His exploits include getting the Army to pay him overtime as a corporal, wringing an apology from a masseur for expecting a tip, and—never having skied—delivering a lecture on ski technique to a hall full of skiers.

When you meet him for the first time, you're embarrassingly conscious of his small stature. But Bill sets you at ease by saying, "Go on and tell me—why don't I get up off my knees? And I'm fat as a balloon, too. Or maybe you want to know where Snow White went with my six brothers? Well, shake hands anyhow—it's not catching."

Instead of his physical shortcomings giving him an inferiority complex, Bill's refreshing screwballism has won him legions of admiring, devoted friends. His ex-C.O. in Germany sent home a letter to Bill's mother, commending her son as a one-man morale program for his entire division. Or maybe Bill wrote it himself. You get to expect the unexpected from a guy with his talents.

When I met Erich de Cartouye on a boat returning from Europe in 1938, he struck me as a character and a half. He clicked heels, kissed finger tips, used snuff, broke into loud poetry at the least provocation, praised communism in the morning, democracy in the afternoon and fascism in the evening. One day I caught him with his intriguing accent down. "How come?" I demanded.

"I can talk better English than you can," he grinned. "Jules, I like you, I tell you something. The bigger the phony you are, the more you are successful. I get this whole trip to Europe paid for by a big foundation, who think I am an expert on Balkan affairs. What do I know? Absolutely nothing! But I am eccentric, I have a beautiful foreign accent, and I am a wonderful bluff!"

He wasn't kidding, either. I followed his progress in newspaper headlines. First, a professorship in a leading university. Then the chairmanship of an international religious conference—and he didn't even belong to that religion. Last I heard, Erich was a top-price lecturer before women's clubs. Screwball?

One of my friends is an avowed screwball for the pure reason that nobody gets as much fun out of life as he does. The fact that he's both husband and father doesn't prevent Jack from picking up girls on park benches and bringing them home to meet his wife. He engages waitresses in arguments about atomic warfare, baffles soapbox speakers by demanding, "Yes, but what about the icicle menace?" He owns an accordion on which he plays only two songs, badly but zestfully. And only Jack could get away with snatching a box of candy from his mother-in-law with the rebuke: "You've had plenty—my guests like candy, too, you know!" A certified screwball can do anything.

A fellow I once knew had developed a priceless immunity from bores by perfecting such remarks as, "I congratulate you. It's seldom that I meet anyone who offsets his low intelligence with such studied ignorance." A teacher I knew who got tired of the daily grind began to interrupt her classes to get them to sing *Pistol Packin' Mama*. She was hastily retired on a pension.

Some time ago two Australian college students created a sensation with a book of poetry that out-Gertruded Stein. It was widely hailed as a work of genius—until it was learned that the screwball authors had concocted it by putting together phrases culled at random from a medical encyclopedia, a cookbook and a mechanics handbook.

The political arena, of course, is crowded with screwballs. Consider congressmen who won campaigns with a guitar and cowboy songs, or with a hillbilly band and free biscuits. I once asked a girl from the cotton belt just why she and other citizens of her state voted for a certain senator. Her answer was illuminating. "Why, we-all don't take him seriously," she laughed. "And he sho' gets our state talked about!"

Professional mad men of this ilk know exactly what they're doing. Hitler advanced his ambitions for world power under the guise of being the greatest screwball in history. He fascinated psychotic countrymen, disarmed the rest of the world in laughter. His downfall has not discredited the technique in the minds of maladjusted admirers. Fortunately, for every screwball earmarked for hell, there's one headed for a harp and a halo. If we despair of the race haters, we must also rejoice in the La Guardias.

This much is indisputable. Whether the meek or the arrogant inherit the earth, the screwballs will always be their most honored guests. But before you definitely decide to leave the ranks of the deplorably sane, be sure there is no malice in your madness. Decide what you want most out of life, and weave your screwball antics into the pattern most likely to accomplish your purpose.

If your debut as a screwball comes to an abrupt, melancholy halt in a padded cell, don't blame me. I advised you to become a screwball, not a lunatic. Ask Salvador Dali if you don't appreciate the difference. And ask to see his bankbook. ##

Polusky and The Indian

They were like a couple of six-by-sixes heading for the same crossing; sooner or later they had to decide the right-of-way

by **ROBERT S. WEISS**

HARRY STERNBERG

The dark guy over there drinking beer is The Indian, and the big fellow with him, with his shirt open, is Big Polusky. It's funny how they hang around together. Outside of they're both built like five-ton trucks they're about as different as any pair you'll see.

This Big Polusky is as strong as three bulls, and he don't mind advertising it around. He's a show-off guy, always doing something so you know he's there. You'd never even notice The Indian except you get him away from Polusky and he's so big you've got to see him.

That Indian is a real strange guy. He don't talk much at all and when he does talk a lot of times he don't make sense. But when he gets mad, brother, it's time to look out. His eyes narrow down and his face sets like a pot of cement.

I remember once a guy takes The Indian's beer by mistake in here, and while he's walking away the guy happens to look at The Indian's face—just looks, you understand—and he sets the beer down and he gulps and he walks real quiet out the door. And, if you ask me, there was a guy with sense.

I've known The Indian and Big Polusky a long time, what with working right next to them going on eight years. Them two and me and an extra guy by the name of George, we work up in the furnace room, where they melt all the lead. They call it the furnace room because after awhile the whole place begins to get hot, and what I mean hot.

The Indian wasn't always chummy with Big Polusky. The way he'd show it, if Big Polusky would do one thing, then he'd do the other. For instance, awhile back the main office takes out the hose we used to cool off with. They all of a sudden get scared somebody with a weak heart is going to die from the shock of cooling off in a hurry. So Big Polusky comes up with the idea of bringing in a couple of buckets full of water. That works fine and the next day I bring in a bucket and so does George. But The Indian acts like he doesn't notice what we're doing. All he'll do is fill a couple of milk bottles with water for something to drink. Like I said, The Indian doesn't like letting Polusky know he thinks Polusky has got hold of a good idea.

Not that I blame The Indian, with Big Polusky the kind of show-off guy he is. Big Polusky is always getting a big kick out of putting something over on somebody. He never has trouble with me, or with George either, because of the size of him. But The Indian gets so that he don't like Big Polusky one bit.

Well, we go back on day shift the end of June, and it is hot, hotter than all hell with a fire going. We got four big pots, full of molten lead, and those pots got to be fed and tended. The lead drops into little cold openings in a casting machine and comes out lead marbles and you got to get those over to the truck, two hundred pounds at a time. Then you got to keep adding lead by melting in pigs, around a hundred pounds apiece. So what with the work and the heat it really hits you, what I mean you feel it. Anyhow, you would unless you were Big Polusky and felt like showing off.

Because the hotter it gets the happier Big Polusky looks. He opens his shirt and says to everybody, "Fine weather. You like?" and laughs like he's on a picnic. I look at The Indian and I can see that his face is set a little more than usual.

The Indian is over at the pig pile, getting ready to take one of the pigs for his machine, when Big Polusky struts over and says, "Lift two, lift two. You no Indian. You woman." And Big Polusky grabs two pigs at once and drops them in his furnace. Only the two pigs as soon as they start melting start to overflow the pot, and quick Polusky has to kick the catch bucket under the safety drain. The Indian just stands there, watching, that pig of lead still in his hands, his eyes narrowed down.

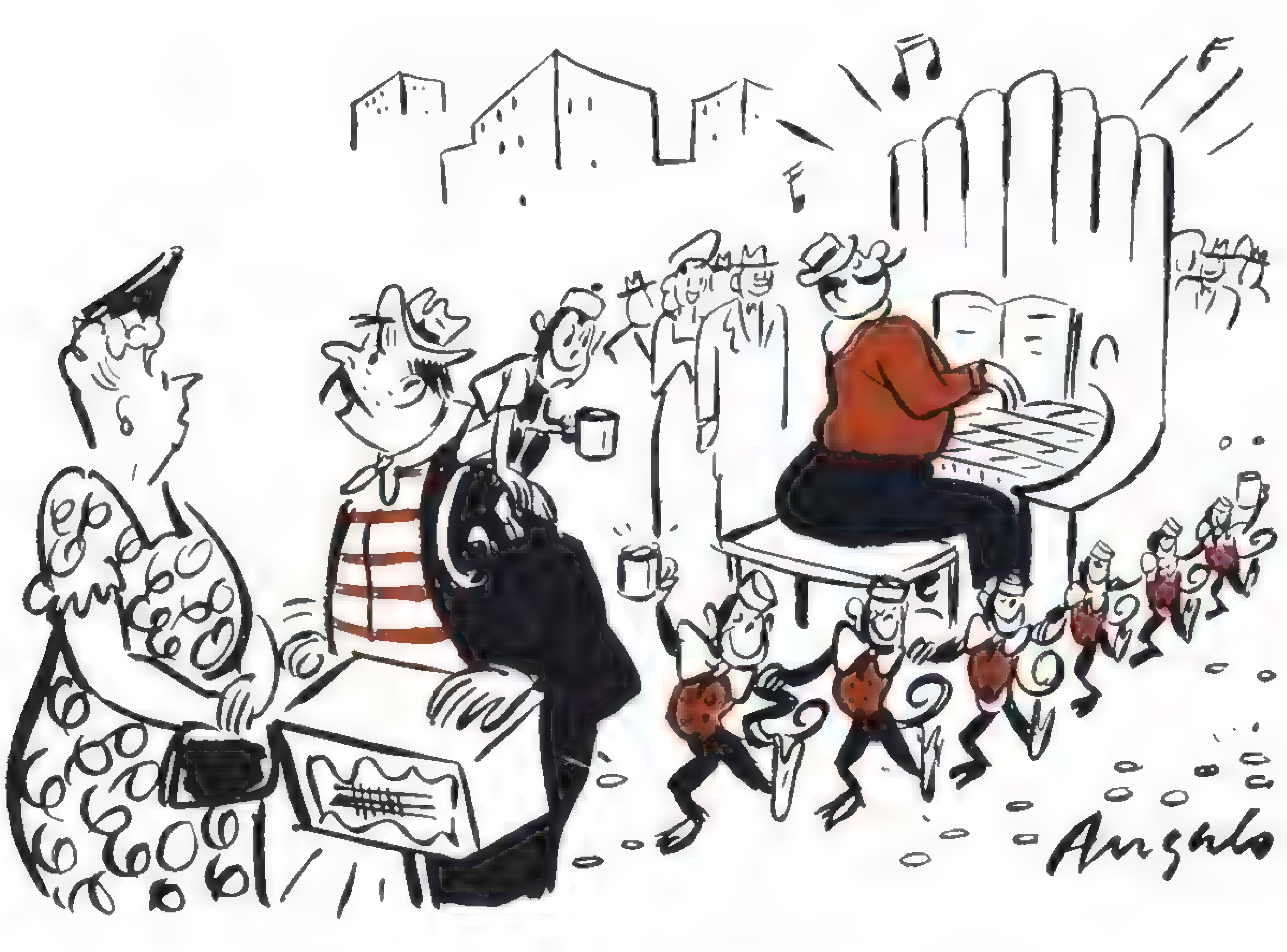
Soon Polusky has the lead drained into the bucket and he cuts off the sluice and lifts the bucket to carry it away. Then The Indian says, "Lift two," and throws the pig he's holding right into the pot, from six, seven feet away. Bang, the lead splashes all over hell and a mess of it catches Big Polusky on the left shoulder.

For a second Polusky just stands there, the lead draining down his arm, and then he slowly lowers the bucket he's holding until it touches the floor. His shirt is on fire then, and his left arm looks like a burnt hot dog. I grab up my water bucket and I quick douse him. The fire goes out, but he still just stands there, his left arm limp at his side, looking at The Indian. Then he drops his chin to his chest and he hunches up his right shoulder and he starts forward. The Indian doesn't move. Polusky gets in front of him and he grabs his neck in his big right hand, and he squeezes. The Indian stands there like he's bored.

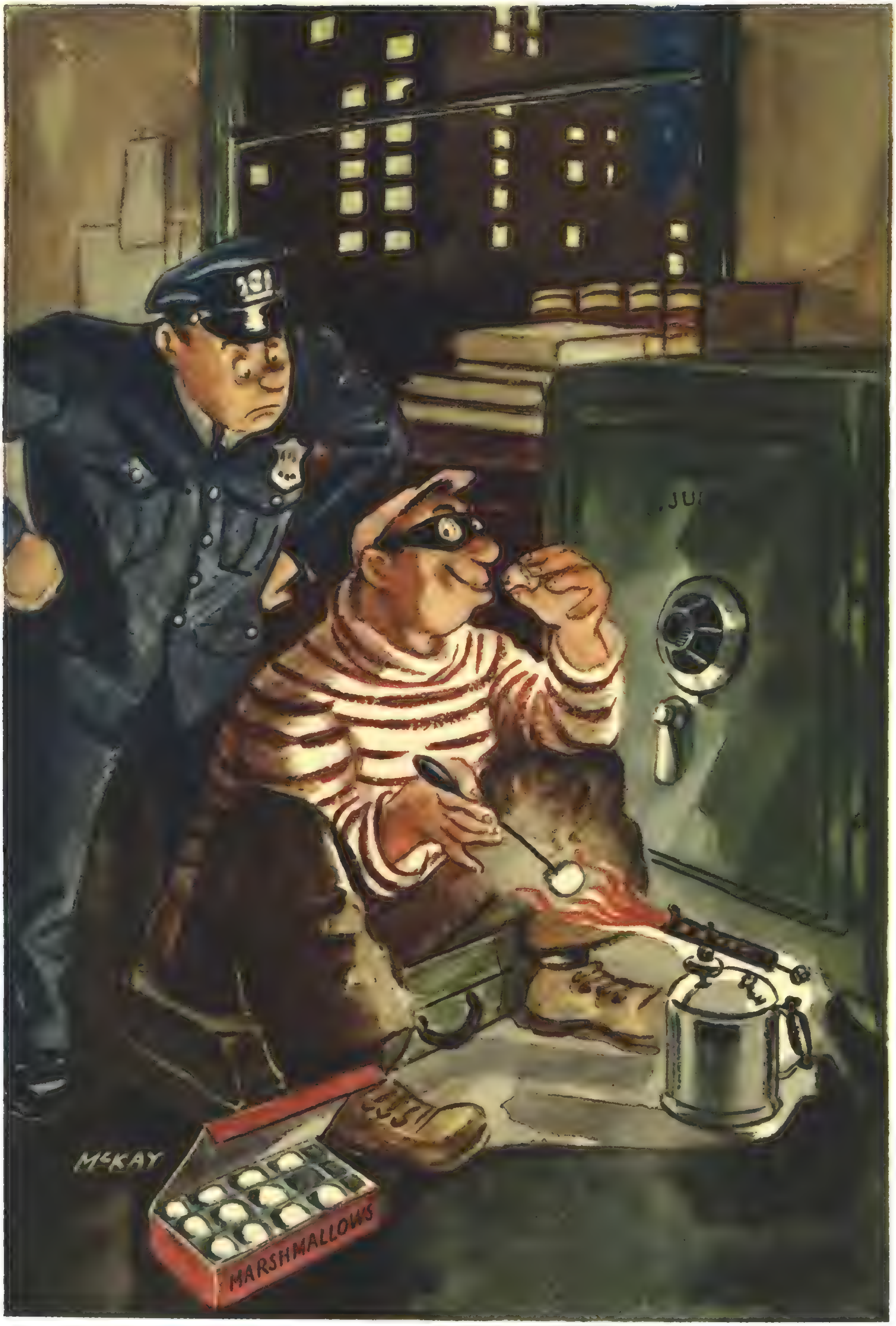
I get scared that Polusky is killing the guy when The Indian raises up his right hand, real slow, and like he's pounding a board, he smacks Polusky on the temple. Polusky's eyes glaze over and he drops to the floor, but before he can touch it, The Indian has grabbed him by the waist, and has got him in his arms, and is carrying him out the door.

Then a thought comes to me. "Jesus, he'll kill him!" and I take off after The Indian, down toward the plant office. When I get there, Big Polusky is laid out on the boss' desk, dead to the world. The big boss and the nurse and half the plant are all trying to get near to him, but The Indian won't let them. He is washing Polusky's arm himself, and then he bandages it, very carefully, like it's his child he's working on, and then he sits down in front of the desk and he still won't let nobody go near Polusky. Pretty soon the ambulance comes for the guy, and even then The Indian tags along.

Right now . . . well, take a look at them, will you? Outside of I never see them talk to each other, I'd think they were a couple of sweethearts. Why, the day Polusky got out of the hospital he went and bought a bucket so's The Indian could have some water. ⌗



"Competition gets keener every day"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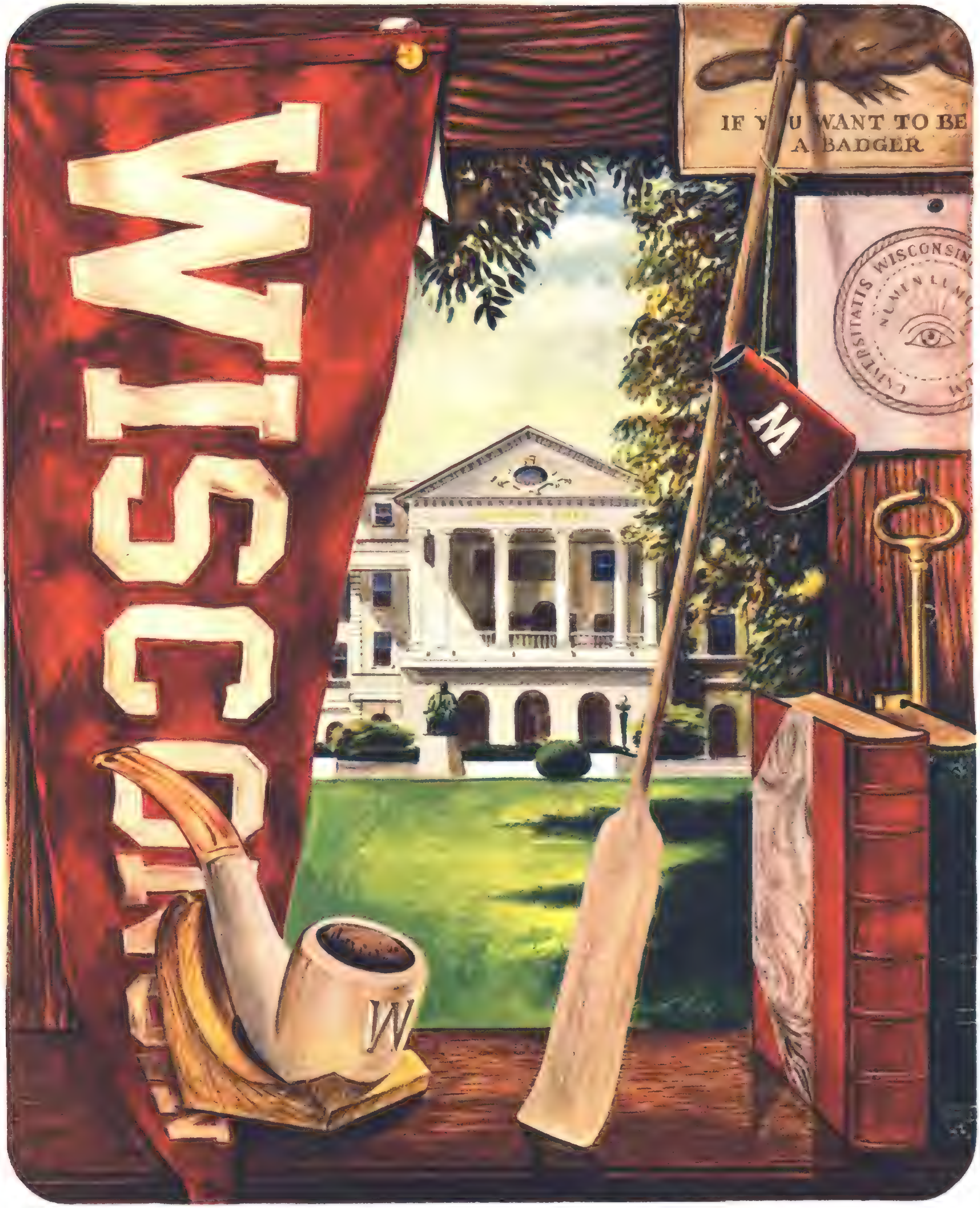


UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

A Profile

Painting by Fred Eng

To Hill-climbing Badgers, whatever their vintage, any view of Bascom Hall is a call to remembrance of collegiate things past. But they need no prompting to know Old Abe still broods, somber and silent, at the top of the Hill, refusing to rise, whatever the provocation, and cigarette butts, lipstick-traced and otherwise, still pile up on the eroded stone steps, crushed under heels of students in a rush to make lectures. Badgers, we are assured, are still being created by the bright shining light of the moon, and Observatory Hill is all it ever was in spirit, despite the intrusion of the new girls' dorm. The oar is there to remind all alumni that the crew finally upped and knocked them all out of the river this last year.

FAULKNER

CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

University of Wisconsin

Up at Madison they have spent a century building considerably more than a school

by **LOUIS SIDRAN**

Just when a view becomes a vista is, of course, an academic question. Out at the University of Wisconsin (home of one of the truly beautiful campuses in the country) there is, for sure, at least one view that even a nonpoet would consider a vista. That's the one students get when they pause for breath after climbing the hill to Bascom Hall and look down across a mile or so of valley until the eye stops flush with another hill—Capitol Hill. What they see is the heart of a town that is both college and capital.

Next year the University will round out its first century of being something considerably more than just a school. And if that judgment seems a bit precious, consider what Badgers call "the Wisconsin Idea." The University is the servant of the state and the people of the state. That's the Wisconsin Idea and that's why Wisconsin farmers, industrialists and housewives can mail samples of earth or tap water or you-name-it to Madison and have them cooed over by University scientists—and for free.

At the extremes, some schools are country clubs and others are stuffy, academic prisons. Badgers of the blood will tell you that rarely is the Wisconsin blend achieved—the perfect marriage of study and social life. They've seen too many out-of-staters come up to Madison for a six-week summer course, get bitten by the bug and refuse to return to their home states.

The school is on a lake and for that reason it is a summer resort in summer and a winter resort in winter. The sounds that mark the balmy June evening in Madison are the swishings of canoe paddles; the sounds that mark the crisp February day are the skidding of iceboat runners. If all the University had to offer was geography, it couldn't miss. But it has more.

If you think big, you act big. Back in the days when colleges presumably existed on the Eastern shore or not at all, Wisconsin thought big and acted accordingly. There was that football team of the nineties, which cooked the Harvard goose when Pat O'Dea caught the opening kickoff and punted it back exactly 100 yards. That's the same O'Dea who once drop-kicked a sixty-five-yard field goal and whose brother Andy, a giant in his own right, used to manipulate a four-oared shell on Lake Mendota all by himself, just for kicks. These athletic phenomena were happening just about the time the famed Dr. S. M. Babcock was perfecting a method for determining fat content in milk. Ask your local dairy about that one.

For all the changes time has made since Levi Booth and Charles Wakely received the first Wisconsin diplomas from Chancellor Lathrop in 1854, the spirit of the school has never changed. Maybe Dad Morgan's is no more, but if you visit the billiard room in the unique Rathskeller, Herman will be proud to let you set up the balls on a table once employed by violinist Ole Bull and, legend has it, Mark Twain himself.

The G. I. Bill has, of course, served to inflate the school population, but even here the basic character has not changed. Levi Booth was from Madison, Charles Wakely from Whitewater, and what you find today is a student body of more than 18,000, overwhelmingly from Wisconsin. The new Badgers get an early baptism in the old spirit, as witness the salvaging job soon to be performed on the old Kiekhofer Wall, torn down for a new building, and to be rebuilt on Langdon Street all by itself.

Older vintage alumni will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that there remains more than sufficient sentiment to preserve their ancient handiwork. Keeping sentimental tradition for home promotion, Badgers offer foreigners their choice from among things-worth-boasting-about like the following: A marching song known to more millions than that of any other college. A boxing team which has been the best in collegiate competition ever since the first undergraduate laced on a glove. A Memorial Union which has served as the model for others, and which now houses one of the most beautiful and acoustically perfect theatres in the world. A daily paper, professional both in concept and execution. A research program which finds fully 1500 projects in swing at any given time. An academic rating—courtesy of the American Council on Education—qualifying the University to give training of the highest standard in fully thirty-one of a possible thirty-five fields. No American university surpasses that last record, incidentally.

Wherever you start, however, you come back to the Wisconsin Idea. The boundaries of the campus are the boundaries of the state. And the University, committed to such an idea, still draws its line of attack from that which was outlined over a half-century ago by the Board of Regents: "Whatever may be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere, we believe the great State University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found."

Out at Madison, the sifting and winnowing goes on. ⧻

CARICATOON BY JEDLA

A JUDY CANOVA CLASSIC

"An actress I know is so broke she's making her current husband do for another year"

Let those who fret over our own telephone system consider the Englishman's plight

Soliloquy in a London Phone Booth

by BYRON A. BONNHEIM

If you've ever damned your telephone operator, kicked the coin box, and cursed the telephone company—brother, relax! Compared to the British Telephone "System," the American Bell Telephone organization employs only omniscient automatons with Einstein brains, radar ears and a hundred per cent efficiency rating. The equipment is beyond compare.

If you must use a public telephone in England, you must first find one. They are cleverly concealed in red-painted, glass-paned privies called "kiosks." Don't look for them in railway stations, hotels, theatres, restaurants, public meeting places or any place where they might conceivably be useful. These kiosks are usually located about two-and-a-half miles from wherever you happen to be, and are reached by walking through narrow, twisting streets that are invariably one way: uphill.

Three sides of the kiosk look alike. The door, of course, is on the side you try last. Once you have located the kiosk, the door and the telephone itself, and assuming that you are still foolish enough to want to attempt the call, your troubles have just begun.

If you are in London, there are two telephone books, one from A to L, the other from M to Z. Suppose you want to call Freddie Chippenham. The only book in the kiosk is M to Z. If you are anywhere else but London there is no phone book at all, so that's one worry off your mind. After all it doesn't really make any difference what the number is, because you're not going to get it anyway. The best thing to do is to study the directions which are posted on the wall.

You learn that the first step is to pick up the telephone, which seems reasonable enough. It is a cradle type so you use your left hand to hold it to your left ear.

Then you look at the directions again. "Listen for the dial tone, which is a low, humming sound," they tell you. The word "sound" is followed by the symbol "Mmmmmmmmmmmm," thus making it clear to even the mean intelligence of a Yank.

Accustomed to obedience, you listen for the dial tone. Nothing happens. After a brief pause you casually scan the directions (which are only a little longer than the Declaration of Independence) two or three times, just for something to do. Not a sound.

You shift telephone to right hand and right ear, and read the directions again. The telephone maintains its traditional British reserve. You examine the directions once more, carefully.

"Listen for the dial tone," they say insistently, "a low humming sound." "Mmmmmmmmmm," they add, thoughtfully.

You listen, but still there is no sound. You read the directions backwards, starting at the bottom. No dial tone. You read them again, skipping every third word this time. Silence.

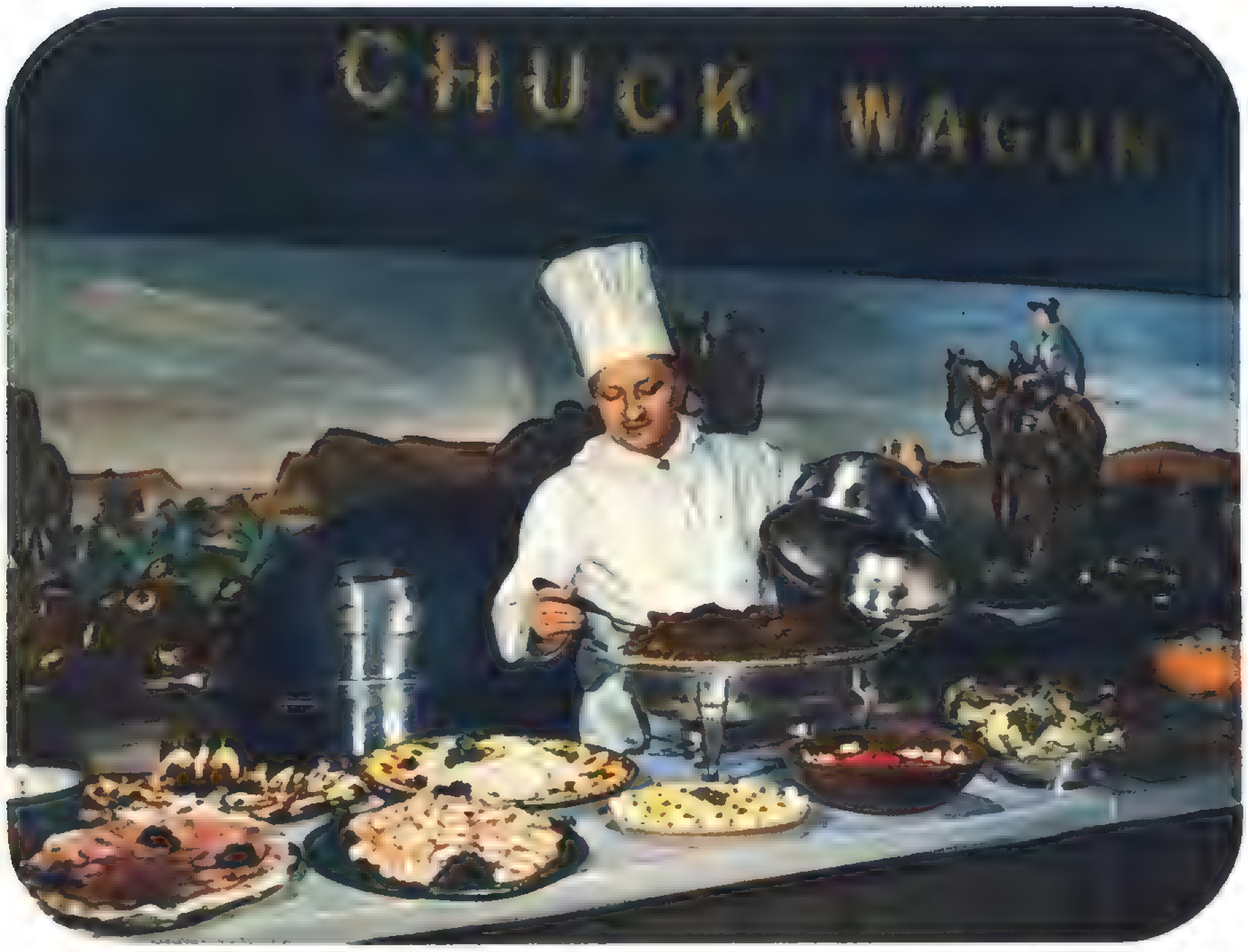
You try a few more variations of this fascinating pastime and finally, if you are lucky and God is good, your ear will suddenly be assaulted by an awful shriek. There is an indescribable noise which combines the whine of a Pekinese after a hard winter with the plaintive cry of a bagpipe calling to its mate. Once you hear this and have decided that it really is that low, humming sound you've been reading so much about lately, you are ready to proceed.

An ordinary call, if there be such a thing, costs twopence. This calls for the insertion of two pennies, dirty copper-colored discs about the size of half dollars. You usually find that the contents of your pocket are one penny, several half-pennies, a florin or two, a couple of half-crowns, a few unmentionables, a threepence, and a rather tired-looking button.

But you may be lucky and actually have the necessary twopence. These are to be inserted, say the directions helpfully, one at a time in the slot marked "PENNIES," which is not to be confused with the slots marked "SIXPENCE" or "SHILLING," which latter have some unknown and probably sinister purpose.

These slots are not unlike those on the familiar American pinball machine and are slightly below waist level. This permits the venturesome soul making the call to slip in his coins unnoticed, looking around him through the panes of the kiosk with a casual and innocent air. If he is dexterous enough to poise the phone on one shoulder, he may even breathe on the fingernails of one hand and then buff them on his lapel while inserting the coins with the other hand. This lends him an air of self-assurance, which he certainly does not feel, and makes the dozen or so people who have queued up think he's just wasting time, and it drives them wild.

Well, so far so good. You are now ready to dial your number. This is comparatively simple and any graduate mathematics *(Continued on page 157)*



WEISSMAN

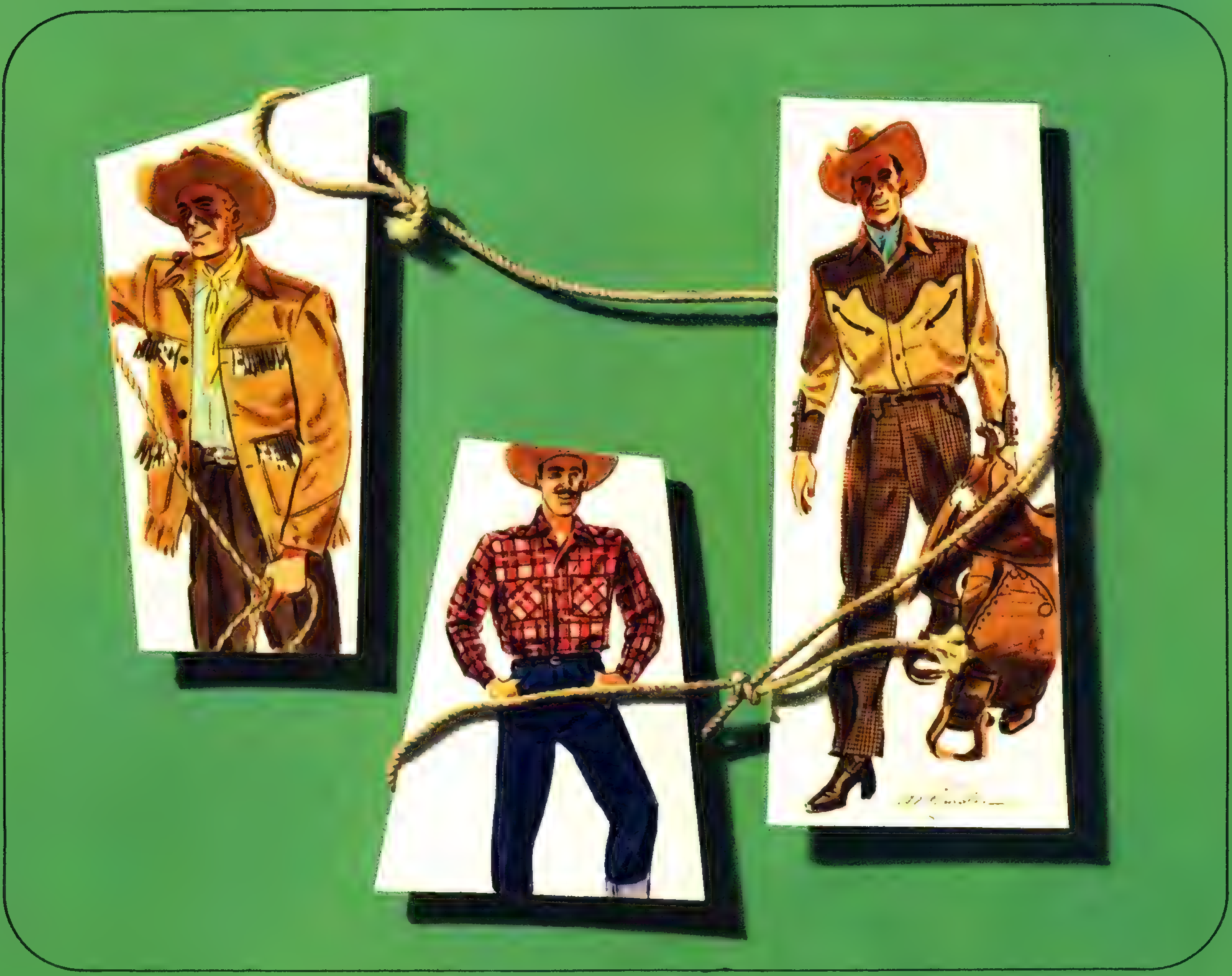
Cook's Tour: Arne Hansen Rom

Chef Arne Hansen Rom took the long way to the Hotel El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas, but dude ranchers who have sampled his wares are elated he did. A Smörgåsborder *from long ago, by virtue of his Scandinavian birth and training, Rom spreads a board for El Rancho patrons which blends the European taste with that of the Western Yankee. Specialty of the house is that humble American delight—barbecued spareribs. Chef Rom makes it with Bavarian cabbage, so: Braise lean pork spareribs until brown, drain drippings, blend barbecue sauce in with ribs and simmer for a few hours until tender. Drain sauce off, place ribs in oven and allow sauce to penetrate ribs. (Sauce consists of tomato purée, chicken broth, sugar, lemon, vinegar, bay leaves, allspice, salt, a little cayenne pepper, a few drops of barbecue smoke, salt, pepper and dry mustard.) Serve with red cabbage which is sautéed in rib drippings, vinegar, sugar, salt, pepper, cumin seeds and chopped apples.*

Roundup for June

Fashion pointers on dude ranches, cruises, Mexico and other outdoor spots, corralled while you're still in the planning stage

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

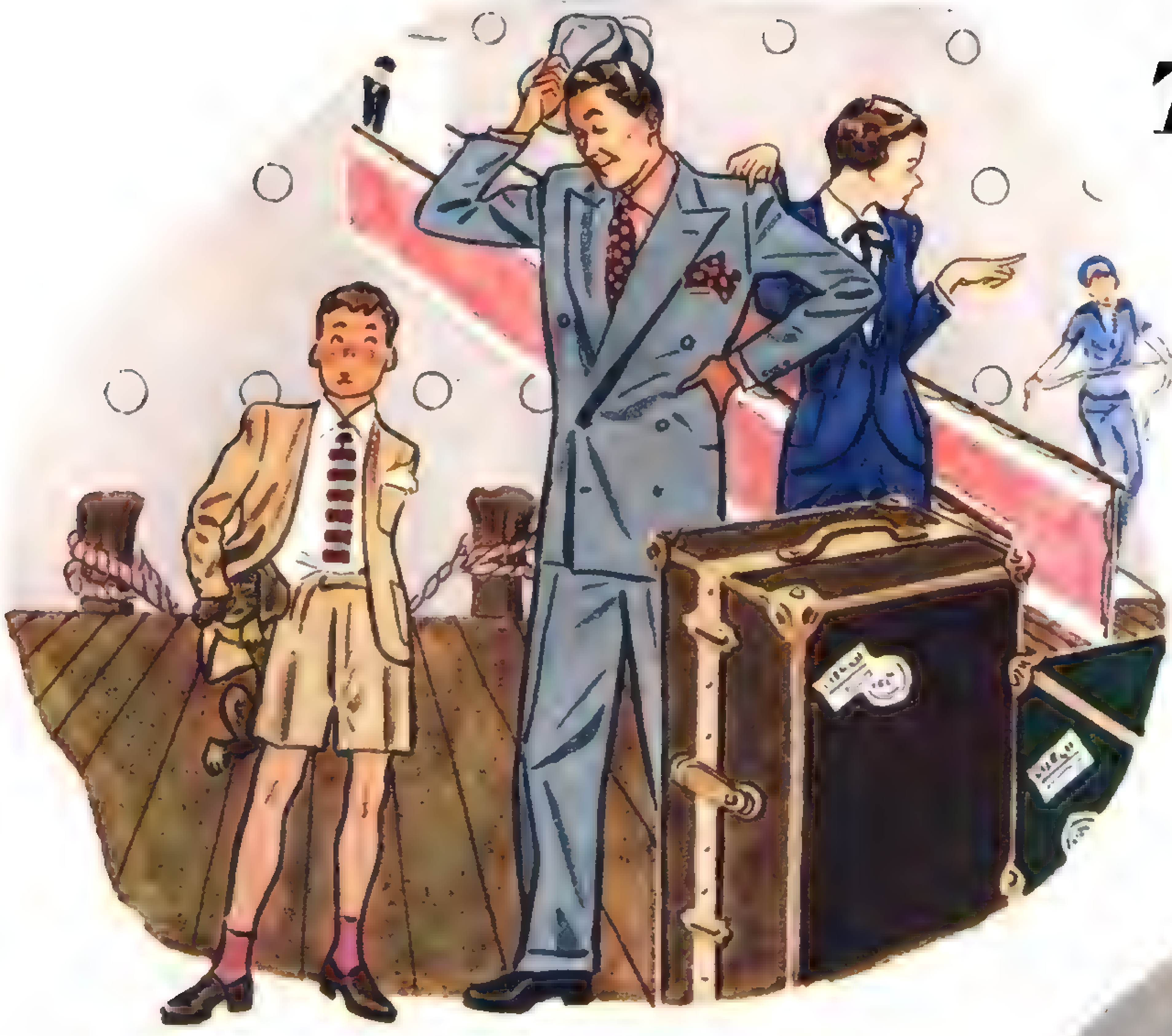


FOR THAT VACATION WEST

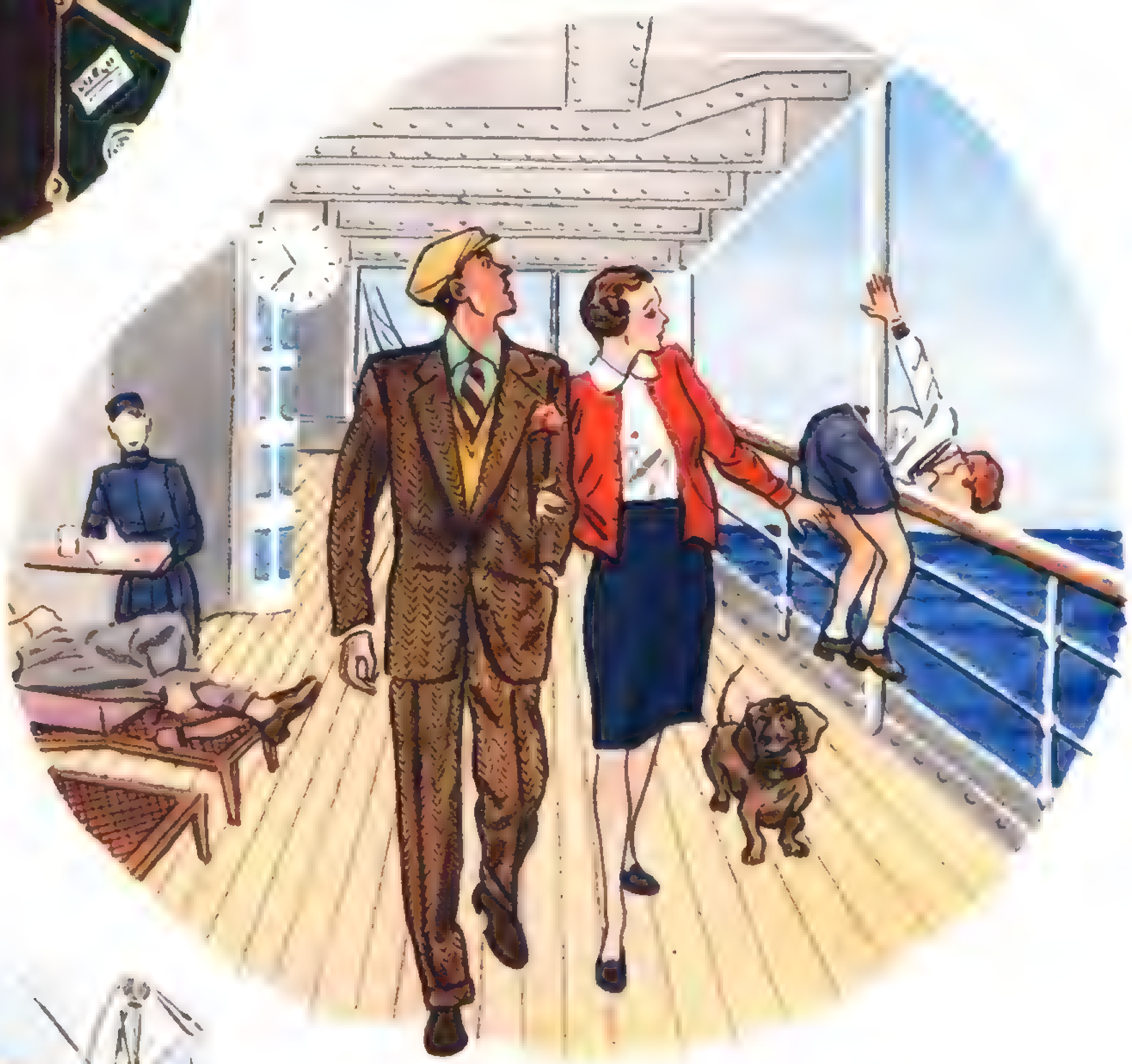
Drawing by A. J. Pimsler

Working on the proposition that the amateur ranch hand ought to corral the proper attire before launching on a vacation west, we offer the above triumvirate of sartorially splendid examples. Dude clothes, praise be, are a cinch to select. All you need worry about are four items—shirts, trousers, hats and boots. Shirts are gaudy, with absolutely no color inhibitions, and come in gabardine, bright wool tartans or what you will. Trousers are tight about the hips, low at the waist and can run the gamut from denim dungarees to checked riding models. Hats come in three types: flat crown, broad brim; conical shape, broad brim; broad brim, center-creased crown and narrow band. Finally, no cowboy boot qualifies without high heels.

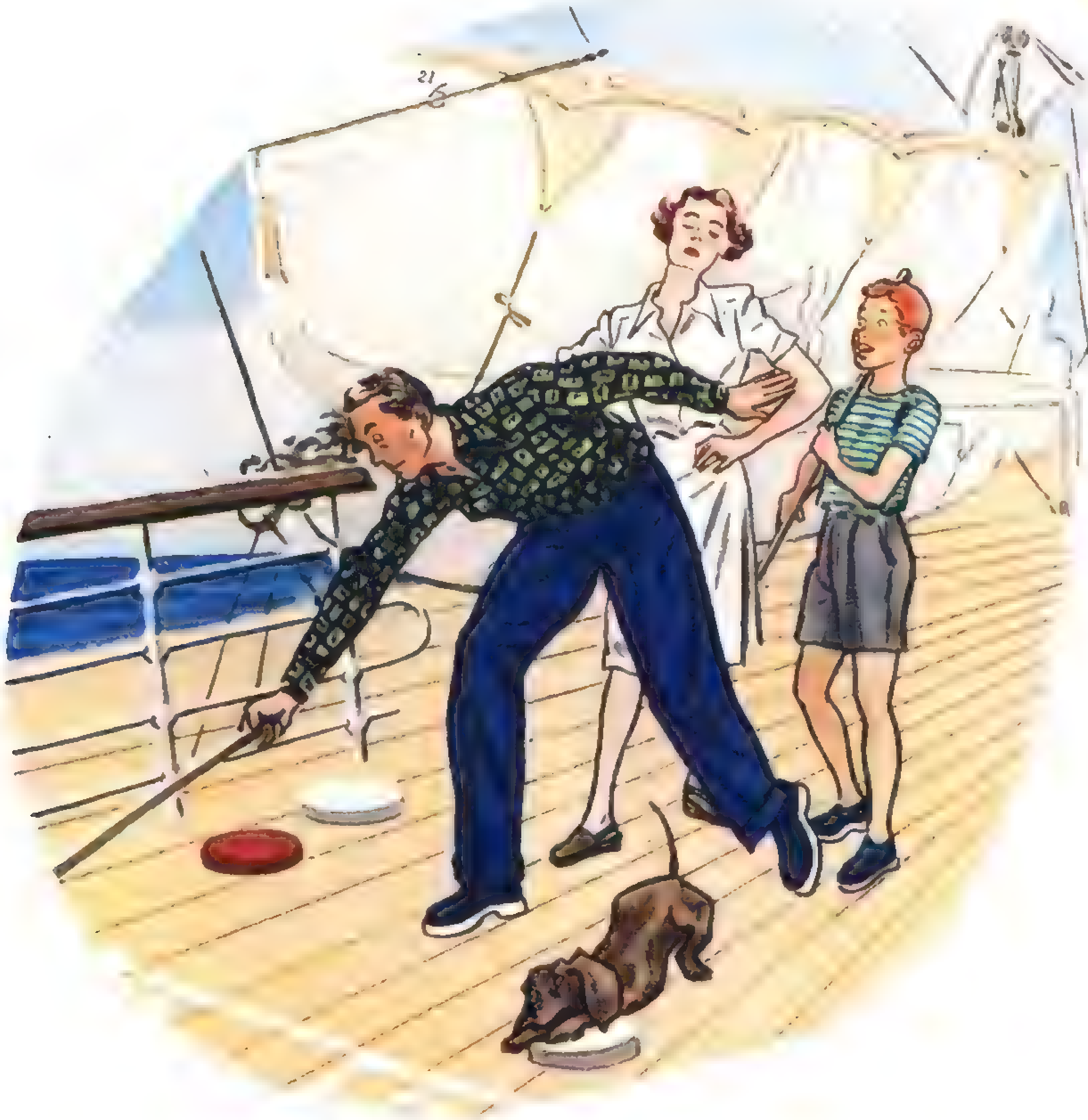
Transatlantic Cruise Capers



Sailing day, and all's shipshape for that long-planned trip across the brine. This time, though, you're a guest of the line, not a guest of the government. In a double-breasted sailing suit of blue-grey flannel with lightweight snap-brim felt hat to match, you're ready to face the steward, the purser, the deck-chair arranger. But not quite up to Junior's machinations, are you? Nothing to do now but make the most of Max. He'll be an old sea dog in no time.



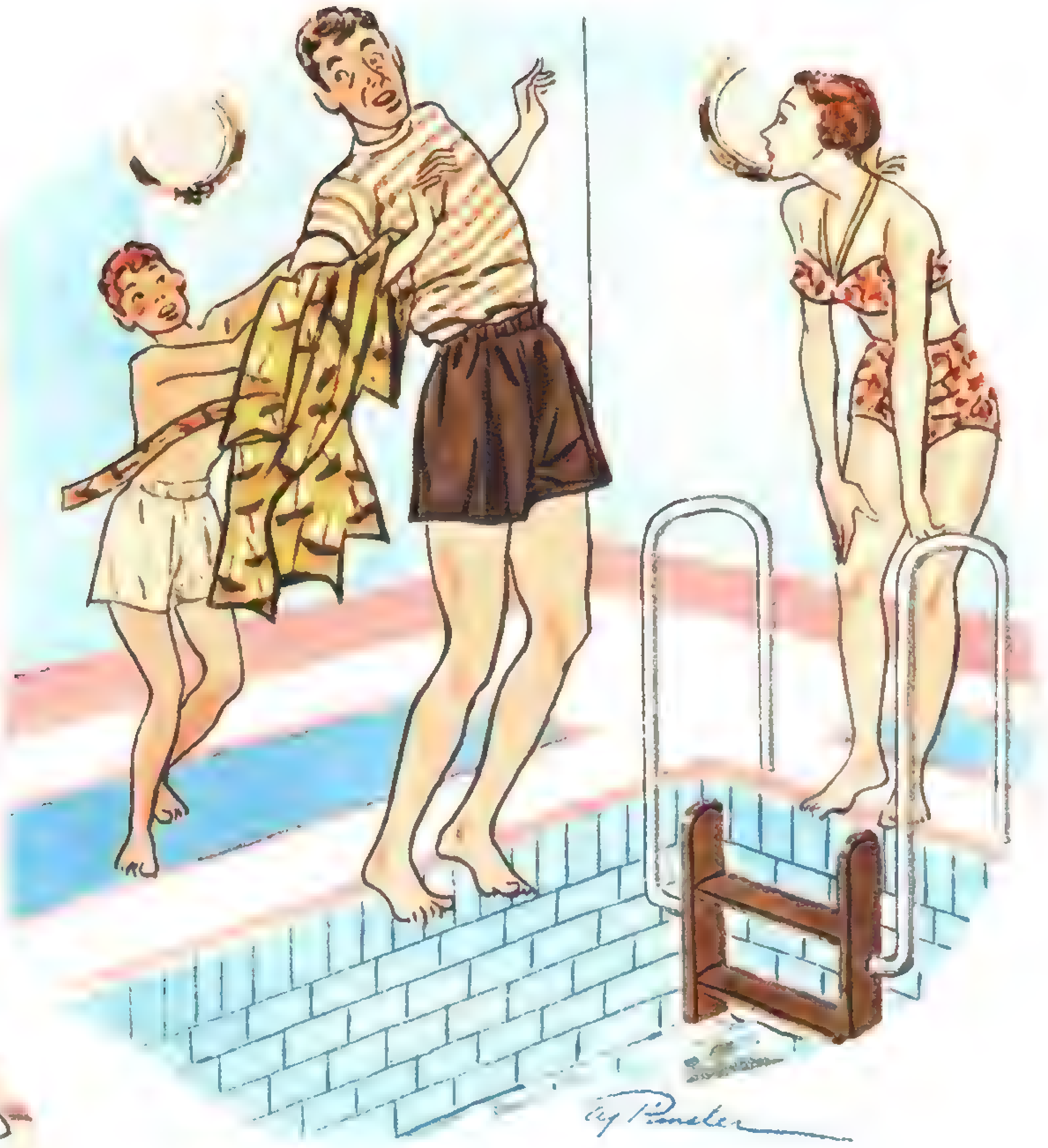
High jinks on the high seas. Junior wants to play with the porpoise, Max wants his midmorning brunch, your better half wants to watch the waves, and you want your walk around from stem to stern. Your brown reverse-calf bluchers are fine for decksercising, as is the tan herringbone Shetland tweed suit. Cap suits nicely, too. With sleeveless sweater, button-down Oxford shirt and regimental-stripe tie, you'll do well at home or abroad in that casual wear.



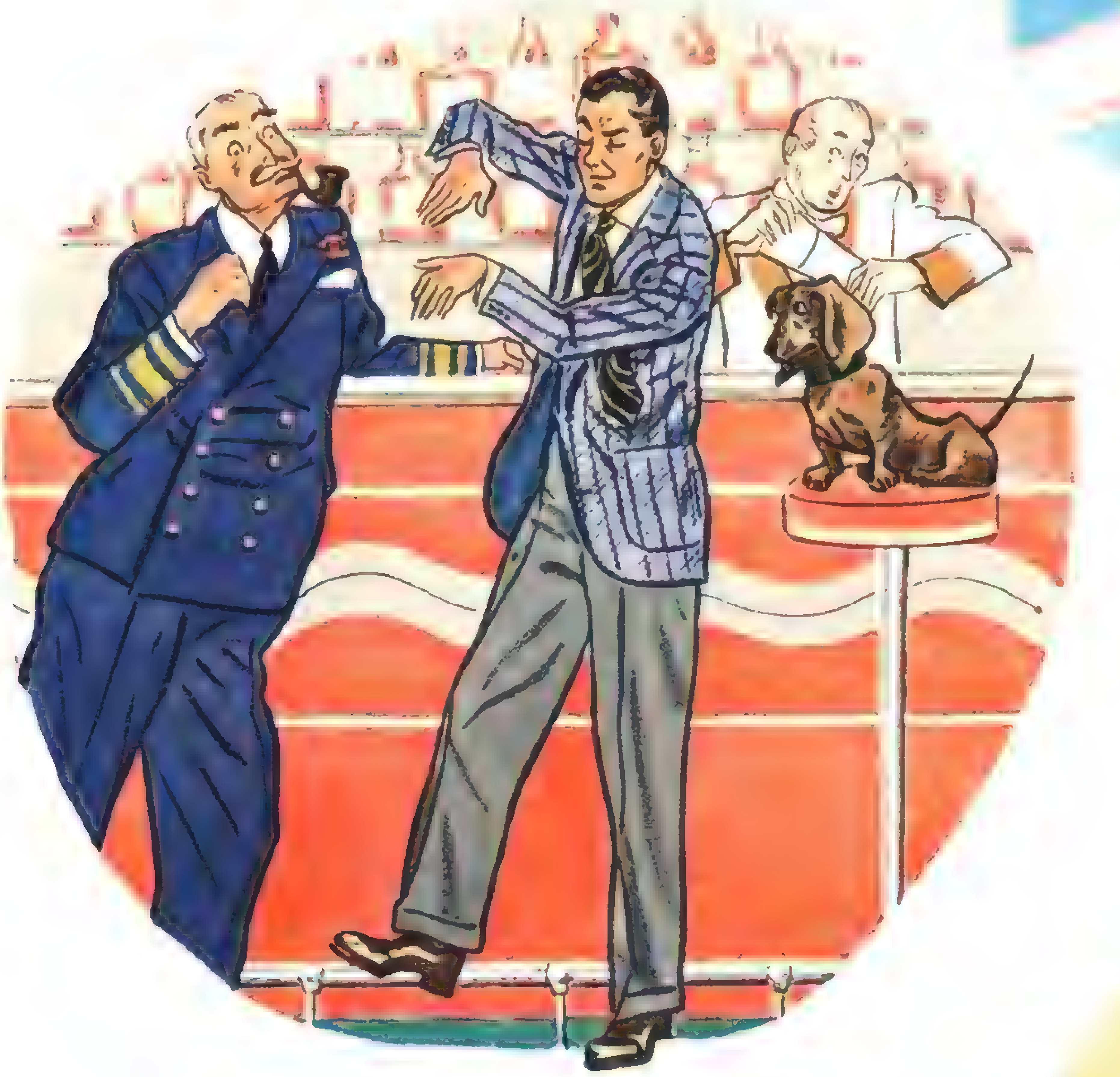
Every voyager takes a fling at shuffleboard. You'll blame the wind, the imperceptible pitch, even mischievous Max for your losing score, but never you mind. Your red-and-grey geometrically patterned long sleeve sport shirt and royal blue linen slacks are the envy of onlookers. And you used good sense to bring your white-soled navy canvas tennis shoes. Along with giving you a good grip on things here (your score to the contrary), they'll serve you in good form on continental courts.

Trippers are bounding over the main once again, so Esky packs a trunk full of dress ideas for aboard and abroad

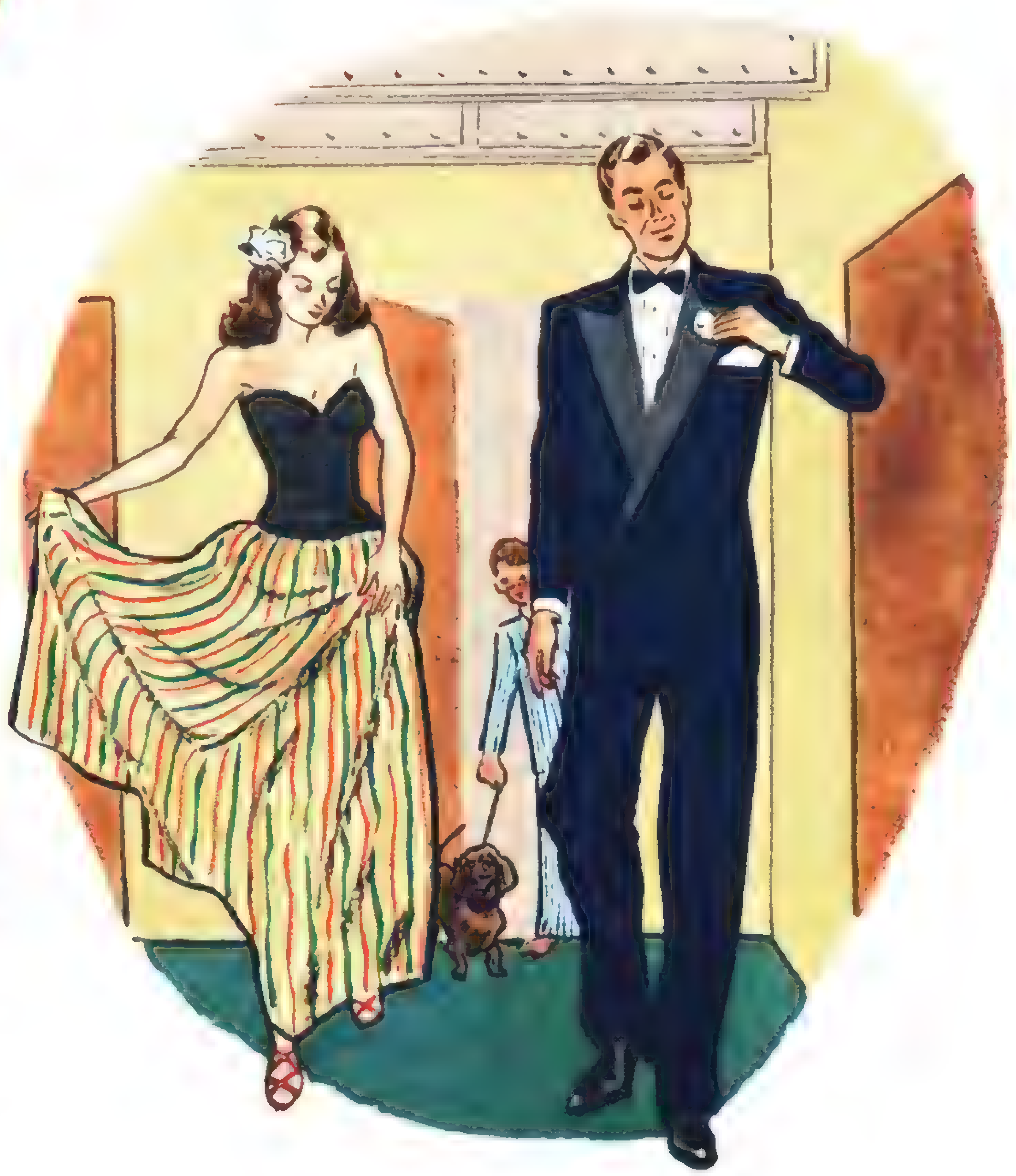
DRAWINGS BY AL PIMSLER



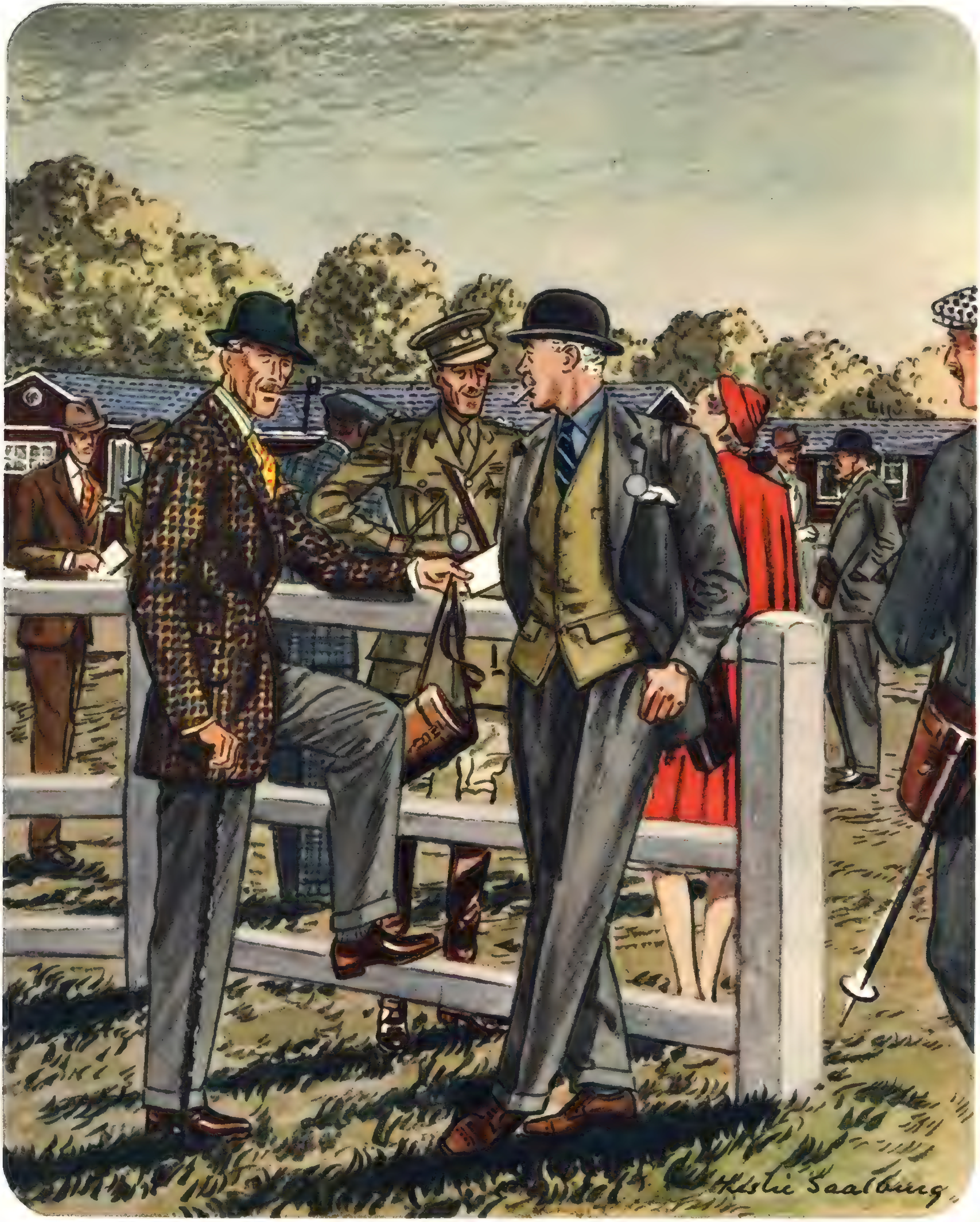
Junior can't see dillydallying about the pool, so ready or not, in you go. Unorthodox as your dive may be, your swim wear is entirely good style. Brown poplin boxer-type shorts (quick-drying, too) topped with a tan-and-white striped T-shirt are in the swim everywhere. Your nautically printed cotton robe will take the wetting well as well. No need to wear your natural rope-sole espadrilles here, but they'll look mighty nice on the beach at Torquay.



Tall tales over a tall drink. The Navy seems agog at your aerial acrobatics, the barkeep wonders if you'll pull out, and Max is quizzical about the entire thing. One thing obvious to all is your good choice of leisure wear in the way of that patch-pocket sports jacket made of light blue diagonal-weave tweed with vertical maroon overstripes. Worn with grey flannel slacks and medallion-tip scotch-grain shoes, they'll add authenticity to any Munchausen myth.



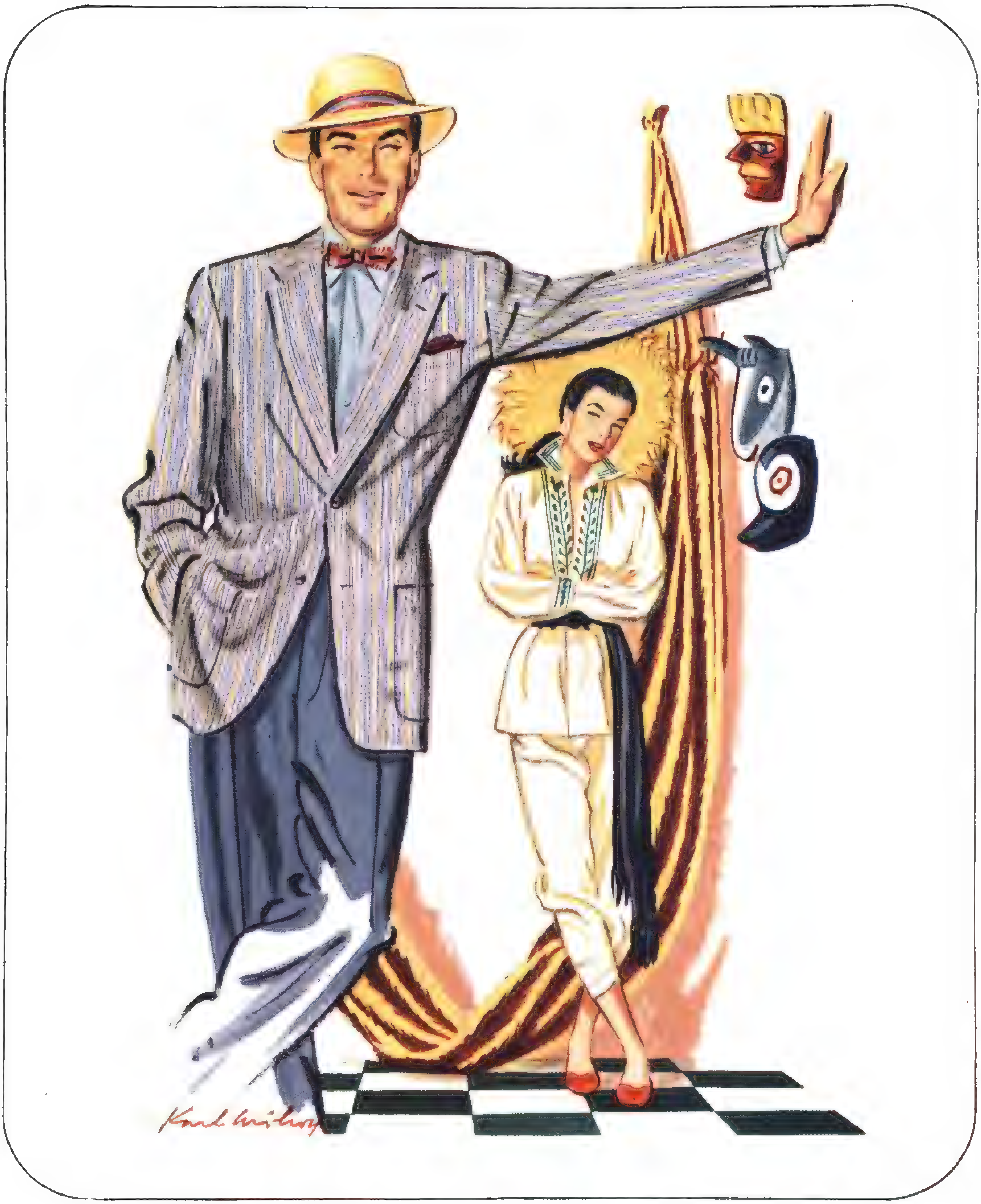
Naturally, you'll dress for dinner. You're at your festive best in a dinner jacket of midnight blue, so choose a sparkling vintage with your food. Your collar-attached pleated dress shirt is quite all right. Turndown collars for evening have many admirers. And little else gleams like patent leather shoes during a dancing eve. Now be the gallant and pay a compliment to your good-looking wife. Remember, there's many a guy with a roving eye aboard.



PADDOCK PARLEY

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

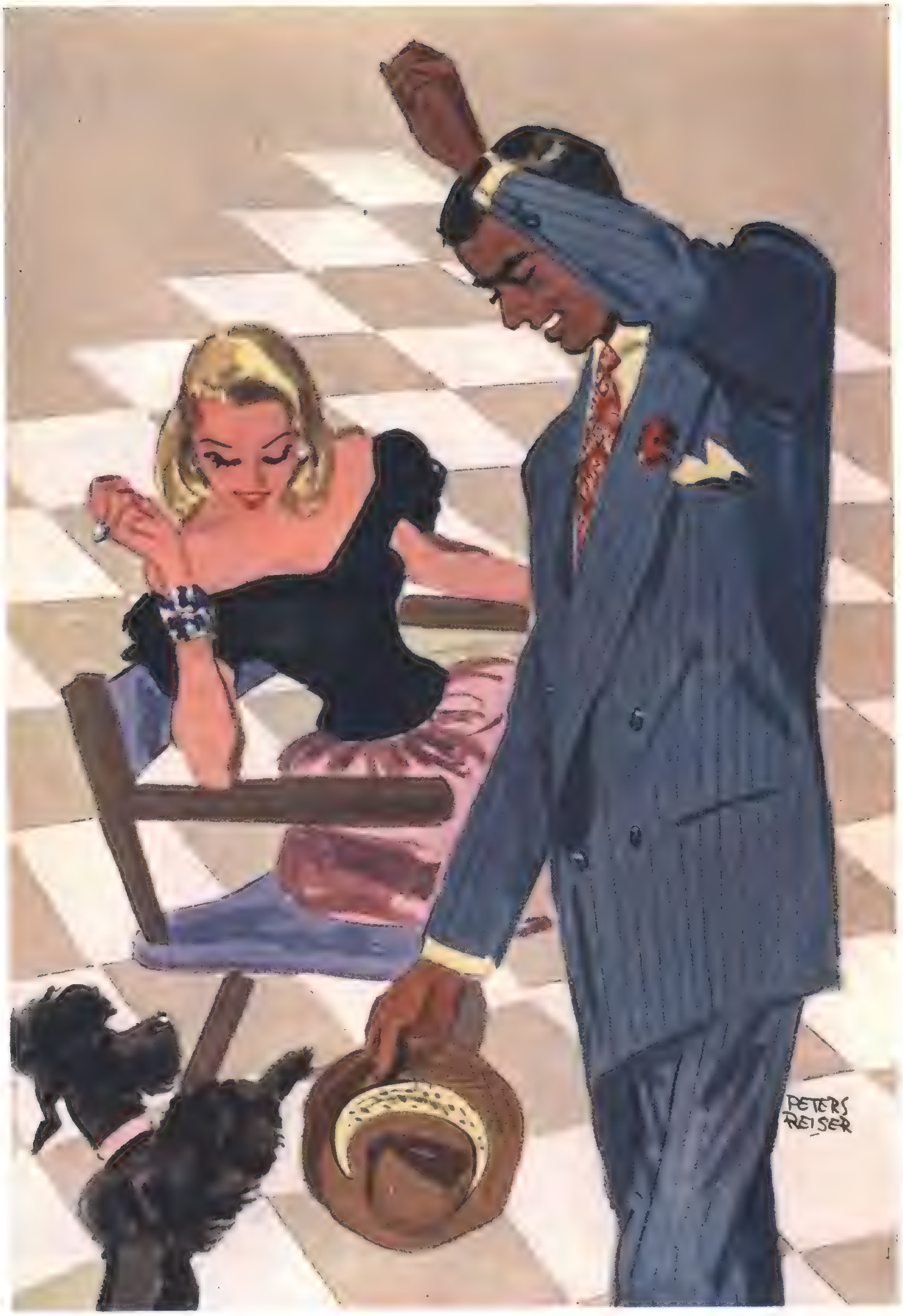
No matter where they're running, you're certain to find a congregation mulling over odds and entries. If your eye for dress details transcends jockeys' silks, you will note innovations characteristic of the British sporting scene. The flat-bowlered gentleman resting against the rail has enlivened his grey flannel suit with a yellow flannel waistcoat patterned in postilion style. Give credit to his taste. He also wears reverse calf bluchers and a rib-striped tie. Looking at our artist's sketch pad is a chap sporting side vents on his three-button hound's-tooth tweed jacket. Monk-front shoes, rough felt hat and blackthorne cane complement him nicely. And if we recall the pip system, the military man is a full Lieut.



RECUERDOS DE MEXICO

Drawing by Milroy

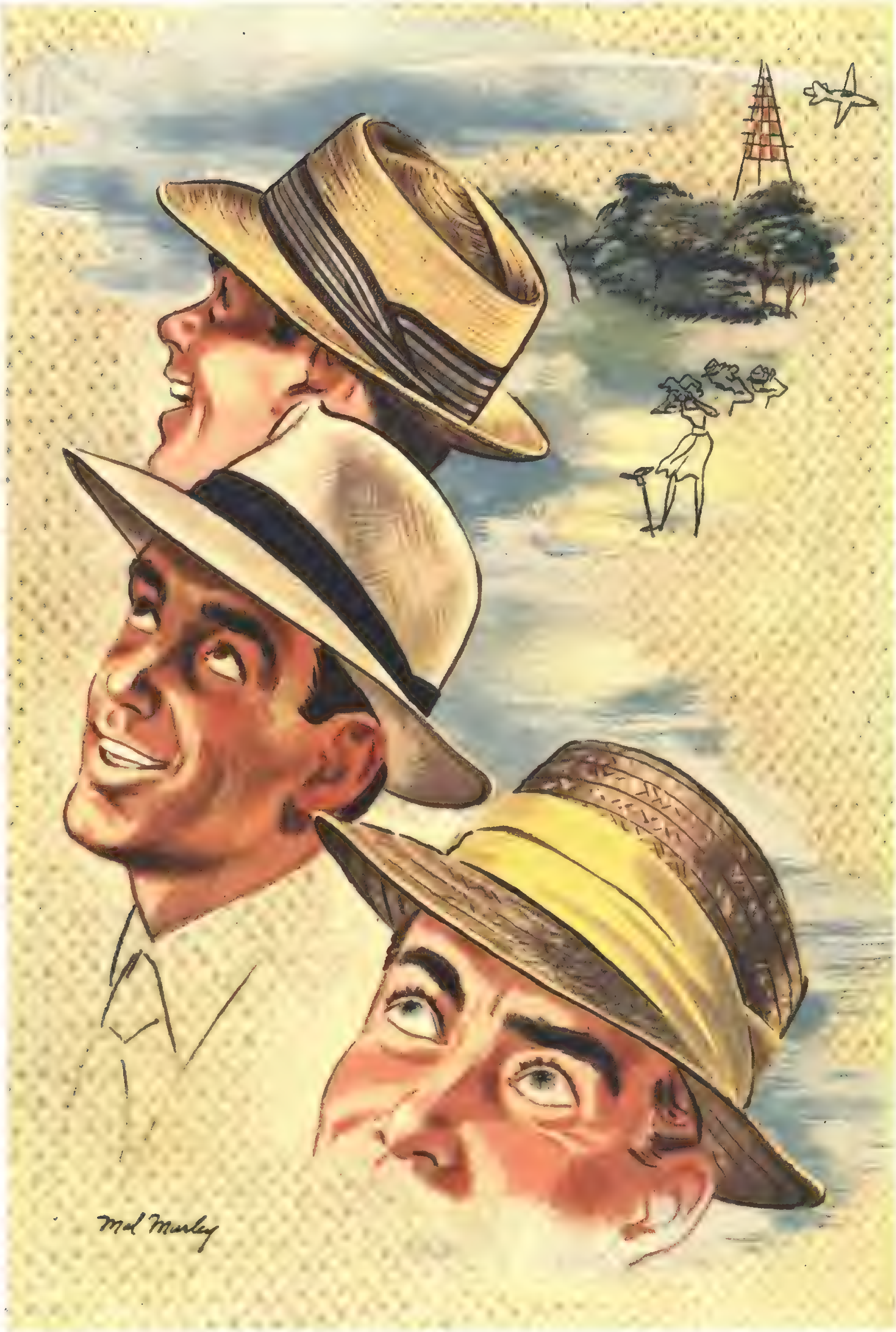
Obliging fellow, he is. He politely turned his back while she whisked into mementos of her Mexican holiday. When he turns round, he'll see her in *camisa* and *calzones* (what natives call shirts and trousers) indigenous to the mountains of the Puebla region. In fact, he's well-clad for a trip to Mexico too. Or anywhere else where lightweights are in season. The two-button patch pocket jacket is of that new smooth-textured featherweight worsted, and striped with blue and tan puts it in the multicombination class. Because his slacks are of blue gabardine, he sensibly chose a blue shirt. Those two items in tan would be equally in order. His hat is a soft Madagascar straw, while hers was swiped from a Patzcuaro fisherman.



LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

Drawing by Reiser

Clever, he is. Knowing how she feels about her canine caricature, he brushed up on how to make friends with pets and people, and now shows her new dog some old tricks. The pooch knows a soft touch, so he goes along with the gag. That summer suit shows more than casual selection, too. He adroitly chose one of those comfortable lightweight rayon blends in Bedlington grey, nicely chalked with blue stripes. It's an easy fitting affair, with lapels taking a long, natural roll. Those accessories show thought also. Yellow shirt backing up a red-ground foulard tie and mesh Panama hat are perfect accoutrements. They're going out for the evening now, so enough of the parlor tricks. He might return to them later, though. You never know.



HEADS UP!

Drawing by Murley

The basic tenet about hats being worn in the summertime has long since passed the "Shall I?" or "Shan't I?" stage. As the situation stands, going hatless simply means you haven't the wherewithal to tip to the ladies, nor are you completely dressed. So with the season of fevered brows upon us, consider these choices for hot weather headwear. The top man wears a tapered crown pork pie long away from the summer scene. It's in strong again in soft, lightweight Milan, and will be seen with striped ribbon bands. In the midst of all this is a broad-brimmed ballibuntl, strong contender for lightweight honors. A dark blue puggree makes the hat quite versatile for most summer needs. Bright eyes on bottom likes a lighter-than-usual coconut palm.

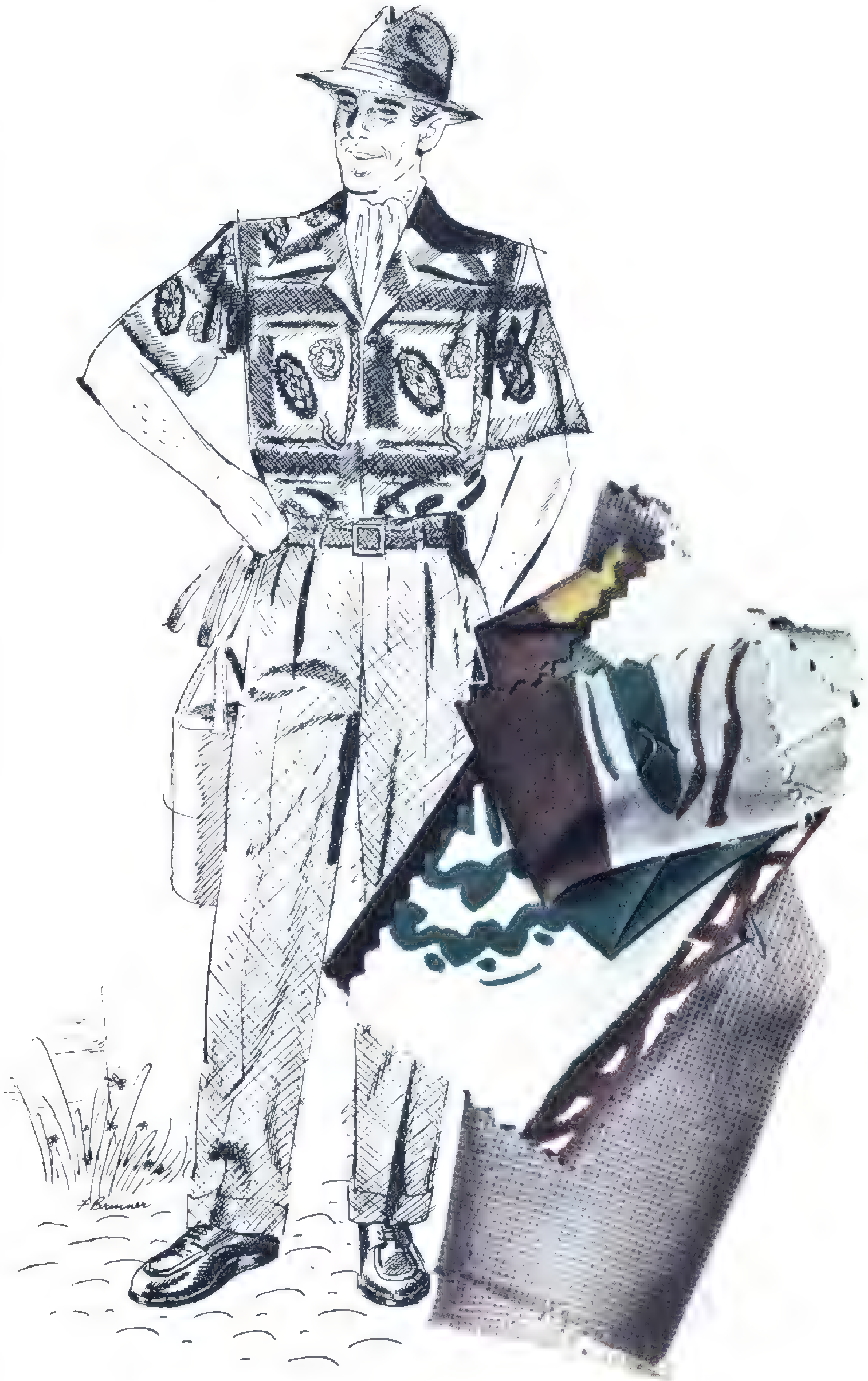
it's a man's world

FRED ASTAIRE

In all probabilities, the minor executive of that motion picture studio who wrote "Can't act. Can dance a little," across the report of Fred Astaire's first screen test has long since been fired. A talent judge with as little perspicacity deserved to be, for Fred of the dancing feet had been the junior partner in a brother and sister jig and jive team since he was seven. He and sister Adele hoofed around the three-a-day circuit for nine years before they broke into Broadway big time. Adele Astaire did her last pirouette in 1932 and went off to her husband's castle in Ireland. Fred soloed successfully for a while, then found himself teamed to Ginger Rogers in *Flying Down to Rio*. He's been an international headliner since. With talented fingers as well as feet, he's at home on the piano keyboard and has a number of hits still selling. Middle 70 golfer, thoroughbred owner in Southern California, Fred Astaire only recently decided to sit the next one out. Not for long though, for he's at it again, this time teaching the terpsichorean art in his own studios.

THOMAS AUSTIN YAWKEY

Most kids get to be baseball fans via the sand lots. Tom Yawkey, the man who brought a pennant to the Boston Red Sox, was practically born in the game, for his uncle bought the Detroit Tigers in the same year. And although young Tom inherited his uncle's fortune at 16, a single dollar a week allowance kept his feet on solid ground. At the age of 30, Yawkey gave in to a lifelong urge to own a ball club and bought the belabored Red Sox for a million dollars. Then he spent over a million rebuilding Fenway Park, Boston's home grounds for the American Leaguers. He spent still another million on players, and then discovered it takes more than money to get a championship team together. So he started all over again, built up a farm system, and poured more money into developing his own players. After thirteen years, it paid off with the League championship in 1946. Though winning that pennant was the biggest thing in his life, his honors didn't end there, for he was named No. One Executive in 1946's citations to outstanding men in baseball.



going native

Summer's popular sport shirts are patterned with aboriginal influences and owe their origin to the South Pacific. They've invaded our best-dressed beaches and, combined with brown rayon slacks, neckerchief and alpine crown straw hat, there's little smarter this side of the Sulus.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Marital memoranda from Esquire's Fashion Staff on formal and informal summer weddings, with an added note to smooth the brow of that very harried but important gentleman—the man chosen to be best

Wedding Bells and Manners

If you've managed to persuade her you're the man she should be seeing the rest of her life, if you've bought the ring and if everyone is happy about the whole thing, then here are some protocol suggestions governing the time-honored rituals known as weddings.

Right from the very start, bear in mind you're as much a party to all the goings on as is the bride, so don't be eased out of the planning that concerns the wedding type, time and place. If you haven't already been, you're going to be surprised at the number of bystanders who have considerable to say, and proceed to go about the organizational details with the skill of logistical chiefs of staff. You and your bride-to-be have the final words as to whether the welding will be done at home or church, in town or country; whether formal or not, whether afternoon or evening.

We've no intention of slighting the bride when we say that the groom should be the outstanding figure at a wedding. She'll get her share of attention all right, but see to it that you're in the show also. Your garb has a lot to do with whether guests recognize you as the groom or come up and ask to be shown to their pews.

If you've compromised on a formal day wedding, here is your wardrobe for the event. Your morning coat should be in Oxford grey, and well-fitting too. Note particularly how it hugs your collar and watch the sleeve length. Your trousers will be striped, of course, and of worsted or cheviot. Either is acceptable. The double-breasted white linen waistcoat should peek a bit below the button of your morning coat, and here, too, fit is important.

Your shirt is white and can either have a soft, pleated, or starched bosom, depending wholly on your preference. The cuffs and wing collar should be stiffly starched, and wear an ascot in plain grey or simple design. Ascots are inevitably matched with pearl stickpins and there is no exception to the rule, even for your own wedding. As for shoes, they should be simple black calf with plain toecaps and worn over silk or lisle hose, black and clocked. Silk hat on, white gloves within reach, white linen handkerchief in your breast pocket, and you're perfectly garbed for the fray.

As for the boutonniere, lilies of the valley go in the groom's lapel. The best man would be wise to choose a gardenia, and ushers, father, and father-in-law-to-be are known by their white carnations.

During the summer months, informal country weddings seem to be preferred and the dress regulations are a bit simpler. Here the groom gets by nicely with a single- or double-breasted jacket. Dark blue or dark grey should be the limit of the choice. White flannel trousers and brown and white hard-sole shoes are also standard equipment for warm-weather nuptials. The white shirt is accompanied by a white starched collar (yes, starched and not soft), and the tie should be pleasantly inconspicuous. Either small polka dots or smaller checks.

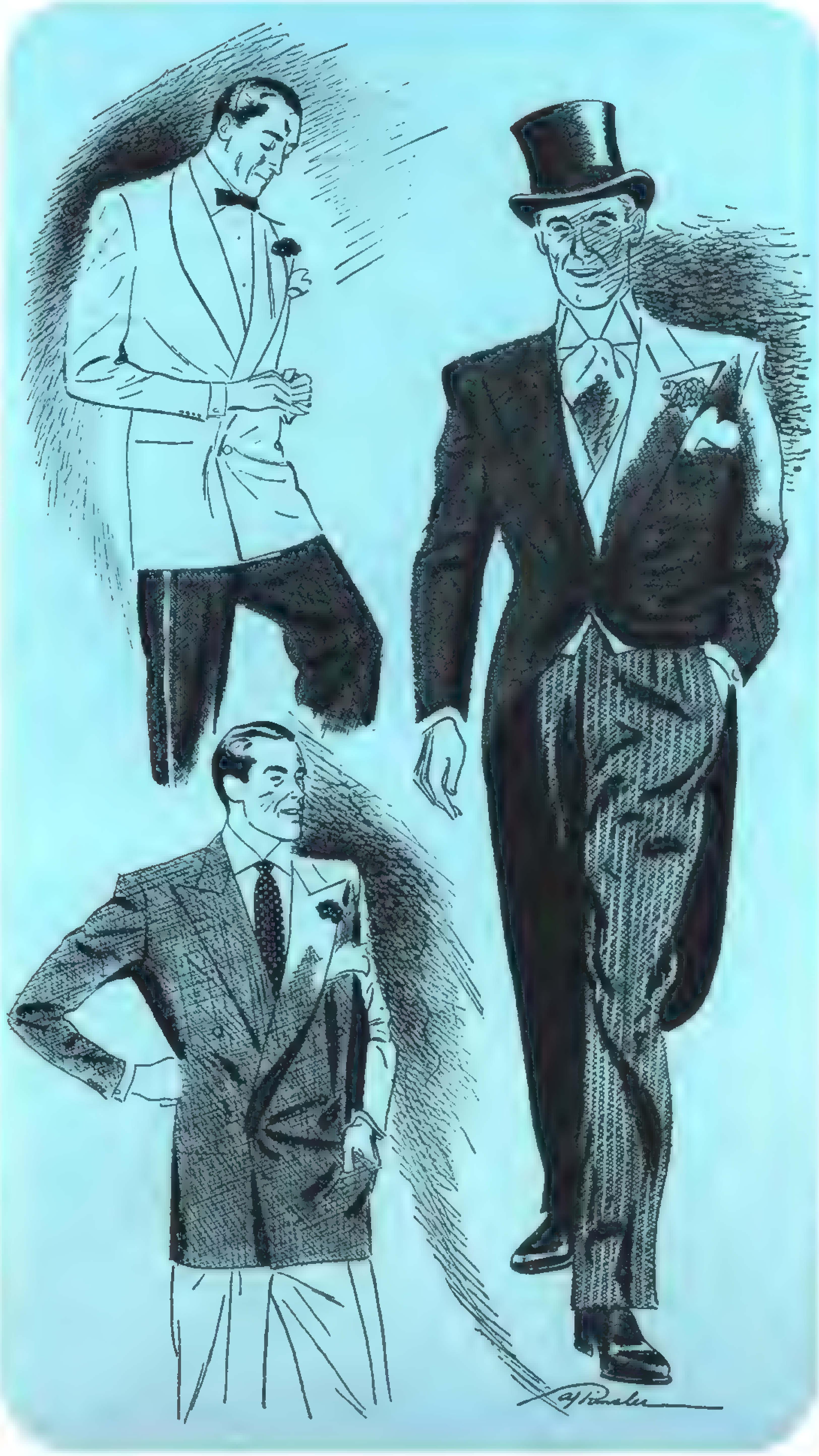
A variation of this theme for summer evening wear is the white coat with shawl collar, dark trousers and bow tie. You'll know you're correct if your collar is hard and if you choose an attractive set of studs for your shirt bosom.

Now let's give a bit of attention to the wedding's forgotten man, who works hardest, is least thanked, and is glad when the affair is over. If you've ever been a best man, you'll know whom we mean.

With the groom usually bewildered by the thought that all this is happening to him, his aide, mentor and right hand is his best man. The chap so honored has a handful of duties and it would be wise to know them in advance. Normally, the best man sees to the ushers' accessories and makes sure these ushers are at the ceremony a half hour before schedule. He is also the man in charge of arranging the bachelor dinner for the groom-to-be, delivers the toasts, and bundles his charge home into bed, sober or no.

The groom arrives at the wedding ceremony about twenty minutes ahead of time, in the best man's tow. Having custody of the groom's welfare, this chargé d'affaires does well in giving the groom a quick snort. Of course, the best man has the all-important ring with him. And when all has been said and done, it is the best man who gives the minister his check and the church verger cash.

If you think that's where the best man's work ends, guess again. For in addition to arranging to have his and the groom's hats and coats handed them after the ceremony, he assumes the responsibility for the ushers being at the reception in advance of the guests, reads letters, telegrams, proposes toasts, assists the groom in changing from formal clothes, and sees to it that the car or cab for the newlyweds' departure is at the appointed place on time, too. His last few duties include rounding up the groom's luggage, stowing it where it will be when needed, and returning the groom's formal clothing to his new home. But if you think that's work, consider the groom. His job is just beginning. ⌗



The Chairborne Sport

Continued from page 68

replies, you'll fare best in what most people generally consider the best seats. They are in the center of the field along the side lines, fairly high in the stands. Stadium press boxes invariably are set high up above the last row of this central position. Most Hams will gravitate towards this vicinity if they can, and I don't maintain that they are wrong.

It is worth pointing out, however, that a great many Pros prefer infinitely less choice seats, from the popular standpoint. The Pros want to see as much as they can of the complicated relationships in which twenty-two players can get involved during an afternoon. So the Pros are likely to head for the seats located high up and directly behind one goal post or the other. From this position, the team strategy of development of plays, the individual efforts of linemen and blockers, can be appreciated with an understanding that you can't get from the side-lines perspective. Trained football scouts, whose job it is to chart plays and analyze them for the benefit of future opponents, choose the end-of-the-field seats. They are interested in more than the simple element of the ball carrier's progress, and as a result they get a lot more out of watching a game.

The catch, of course, is that when the action is at the other end of the field from the one at which they are sitting, they are some hundred yards removed from the play. Binoculars are handy. If they are lucky, most of the action will be at their end, in which case they have the best seats in the stadium. If they are unlucky, the worst that happens is that everything is in miniature. They can still see more of football strategy and tactics. Most games are best seen along the axis of play, which is the same view that an actual competitor has.

Tennis is a sport which recognizes the advantages of the axis-of-play view. At Forest Hills, the higher-priced seats for the National Tennis Tournament are those directly behind the ends of the courts. Not only do these seats have the obvious advantage of eliminating the perpetual wagging back and forth of heads, which is the bane of a side-line spectator's existence, but they are the only locations from which sharp-angle shots can be appreciated. A tennis court, of course, is small enough to place the players reasonably close to the spectators, so the one disadvantage of end-seat locations at a football game isn't present. Most tennis spectators are competitors themselves and recognize these advantages. Therefore the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association can make the unusual move of placing the reserved-seat section behind the courts and everyone who can afford it will flock there. This includes the Preeners, who would as soon be caught eating in the kitchen with the cook as be seen sitting behind the end zone of a football field.

Basketball and hockey are two spectator games which have much in common. The basic idea of each is extremely simple. One team tries to score more baskets, or goals, than the other. Even the lowest I.Q. Preeners can understand and take a moderate interest in this. If that is your only interest, by all means get side-line seats. Most people do who follow and enjoy these two games.

As in football, however, the fact remains that basketball and hockey offer a fascinating show in intricate offensive and defensive coordination, and you can watch them best by looking down the length of the court, or rink. The size of the playing surface is not huge, so the visibility disadvantage isn't severe.

Action in baseball, our most complicated game, runs in all directions, and so there is no particular disadvantage whatever the seat, other than sitting behind a fat man. Even in baseball, however, the Pro will probably prefer to camp directly behind the catcher, since this view is the closest thing to an axis-of-play perspective. One can see strikes and balls best from this location, and there may also be a slight advantage in checking infield and outfield shifts, as the defense moves to play the batter most effectively. Most fans will consider this pretty academic, however, and will agree that there isn't too much choice as long as you are seated somewhere in the arc inside third or first base.

Track is a sport which does not feature team play, and so the best idea is just to get a good view. In the big indoor meets, the closer you can sit to the center of things, the better off you will be. Your choice of seats at an outdoor track meet should be influenced by other, more subtle factors. In a stadium like the one at Randall's Island, New York, built expressly for track and field, an intelligent architect set the cinder track back from the stands some twenty yards. This simple device is a great boon to the ordinary Ham spectator, who usually seeks seats directly above the finish line. It eliminates his having to crane forward to look past the crowd to his left, as the runners come into the straightaway. Since most fans are likely to stand up at this stage of a race, the craning is often only partially successful.

If a track is constructed as sensibly as the one at Randall's Island, the finish-line seats are excellent. However, most tracks are merely appendages to football stadia, and hug the stands themselves. I don't know the statistics on athletic injuries in any given period, but I'd guess that among spectators, the dislocated vertebrae, suffered by track fans who lean over desperately to see runners come down the stretch, ranks high.

There is an easy way to make yourself a better insurance casualty risk and, incidentally, get a better view of a track meet. Merely choose your seat on the other side of the track, opposite the finish line. The only people who sit there are track coaches, managers and competitors who are not competing at the moment. They know that it offers the best general view of the runners' relative positions for the entire race, instead of for just the one moment when they flash past. People sitting in the far stands can stretch their legs on the seats in front, put their hats and coats on the seats alongside, and generally luxuriate in a manner impossible for those who crowd into the finish-line section. As an additional attraction, the field events are usually somewhat closer to this side of the field.

There are several sports where no amount of advice can do the spectator much good. Other circumstances dictate the point from which he must watch the event. In horse racing, for example, if you go down to the mutuel windows to lay a bet, you must stand or sit wherever you can upon your return—unless you happen to be sitting in a box or you have brought a Tagalong to hold your seat. The view at a race track isn't terribly important to most attendees anyhow. Race-track people don't particularly want to watch horses and, as one sage put it a few years ago, it is moderately certain that the horses don't want to see them either.

If you happen to be a golf fan or a student of psychiatry, the National Open Championship is a fascinating event to watch. There is a morbid attraction in seeing one contender after another blow up just as the championship seems to be in his hands, while still another, thinking he has nothing to lose, burns up the course to become a threat. There are three ways to watch an Open. If you happen to be enamored of one particular contestant, you may just wish to follow him. Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen used to draw this type of gallery, and Byron Nelson and Ben Hogan do today.

A real bug hangs around the press tent, and as he hears that someone is really hot, he trots out to join him. Reports fly thick and fast around a golf course during the Open, and he will change allegiance half a dozen times a day. This type of spectator gets the most fun out of an Open, but he also gets the most exercise. In fact, it is advisable that he have previous cross-country running experience, or he may need arnica the next morning. He is apt to cover upwards of fifteen miles in a day.

The best system for the spectator who doesn't want to take a shower himself is to select an interesting short hole where he can perch on a hillock above the green and look back to the tee. It's a good spot to bring a Tagalong and a thermos jug of Tom Collinses. Seated here, you can watch the entire parade go by, and if some grouping of contestants happens along which intrigues you particularly, you can stash the thermos jug in a sand trap and follow for a few holes. As the tournament reaches its final stages, where the outcome is the principal interest, shift to a point near the eighteenth green, where you can watch them come in and post their scores. This is not recommended as a permanent post, however, because it's always overcrowded with Preeners.

These, then, are the general rules which a spectator of sports might consider. Get at least a little height above the playing surface. In team games, all other things being equal, try to get a view along the axis of play. Although quite often the highest-priced seats offer the best vantage point, don't accept that assumption blindly. Quite often the less sought-after seats are really better, which should be welcome news for Hams who would like to be Pros, as well as for people with slight cases of claustrophobia. ##

D. J. SMITH
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

"Come in children—come in"

The Producers Take Their Midyears

Continued from page 70

Stanwyck's doctor, is a medico of such charm that few belles would be unwilling to develop a few symptoms in order to have him tune in on their hearts with his stethoscope. Remarque's plot avoids a passive romance by a clever twist. The girl's sick mind is unable to accept her lover's sincerity. She suspects his attentions of being a part of the therapy.

So she flees from the hospital in a thirty-eight-piece wardrobe that any woman would be happy to be found dead in. Life is calling her in the person of a handsome young French auto racer, played by Richard Conte. Mr. Conte is an undeniably dynamic actor, though at times (perhaps because he may have been reading about himself in the fan magazines) he seems a little ill at ease in the presence of his own rich virility. He was the doughboy in *A Walk in the Sun* who kept barking, "A spud!"—"A match!" And he still tends to chisel out each line of dialogue as though engraving it on a tombstone.

But he has all the potentialities of an important movie star, which makes one hope that he'll be with us for some time. In the old days, when reviewing a picture of this sort, it was not considered necessary for the critics to brew an antitoxin for the imaginary ailments of the players. But that view is passing with the old era of unscientific horse and buggy criticism. A recent review in *The Hollywood Quarterly* condemned *The Bells of St. Mary's* because no effort was made to immunize the offstage characters who might come in contact with Ingrid Bergman after the story was over. So, just to be on the safe side, we'll advise Mr. Conte to get lots of rest and drink plenty of milk after his holiday with Miss Stanwyck. And it wouldn't hurt to consult a specialist. The next time Conte goes East I wish he'd stop at *The New Yorker* to let Wolcott Gibbs look at his tongue.

Not that it's anything serious, you understand. The passion of Stanwyck and Conte hardly gets to the contagious stage. Even after they've run off to Monte Carlo, they not only live in different rooms—but on different floors of the hotel. You'll never catch anything that way.

In the Grand Casino, the producer has to do some more glamourizing. All the extras around the roulette tables seem rich and gay and loaded with money. I've never been in this famous gambling hall when it didn't look like headquarters for the Lonely Hearts Club of greater Los Angeles. Old gentlemen in greenish tuxedos silently worked their jaws as they listened to the croupier. I kept trying to pick up one of the mysterious countesses who are supposed to roost there, but the best I ever did was to stall into a landlady from Arles in a feather boa. Of course, the management may have put me in some special subbasement reserved for rakes on tour from Kansas City.

Anyhow, on the screen, all is elegance. The Alpine doctor soon follows his errant patient to Monaco where he quarrels with the racing driver over her. Both love her madly and each respects her too much to touch her. If anything should make a girl feel better, this should. A heroine couldn't get better treatment in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Gilbert Roland introduces one tiny note of masculine selfishness by going on the make for the exciting invalid. Mr. Roland got his break opposite Norma Talmadge in *Camille* and he probably was trying for a comeback.

An excellent musical score keeps mortality in melodious tune with the infinite. After all things have been considered it must be admitted that Mr. Lewis has scored infinitely more success than any Fuller Brush man and he was selling a much less attractive commodity to female audiences. If the little woman wants you to see *The Other Love*, don't resist. You can't have your own way all the time and if you are too obstinate you may find yourself watching Margaret O'Brien making Lionel Barrymore believe in fairies.

Stallion Road

Quite logically, *Stallion Road*'s most interesting view is of a female. In Stephen Longstreet's novel, Producer Alex Gottlieb found a novelty which he converted into a formula. But, in Alexis Smith, he found a clotheshorse whom he converted into an actress. By so doing, he undoubtedly increased her box-office value and gave his studio a new commercial asset. So here, the producer's greatest achievement was to improve the star's personality.

Gottlieb succeeded where many have failed. It might be going too far to credit him with responsibility for Alexis' long legs. But he's the genius who decided to let the public have a look at them in jodhpurs. He also put her in flannel sport shirts and released her hair in a long bob. This was revolutionary. The make-up men usually make her blonde tresses into something like a brass light bracket in a second-rate French hotel. Now she looks like a woman.

With the new ease in her appearance, there has come a new assurance in her acting. Ever since *The Constant Nymph*, discerning critics have suspected Miss Smith of carrying concealed talents, even though her producers have done their best to acquit her of the charge. In that film she caused all the plot values to go cockeyed. Charles Boyer seemed a dope to desert such a wife, in spite of the fact that matrimonial tempests threatened to beat him to death against her well-corseted sides.

No couturière fences her in *Stallion Road.* Here she is cast as the proprietor of a California horse ranch—a self-reliant, unaffected American girl whose intelligent efforts to support herself in a difficult business give her little time to think about her healthy beauty. Her frank charm is reminiscent of Ingrid Bergman's appeal in her early pictures.

Longstreet's novel presented the ranch girl in an unusual romantic triangle. A visiting novelist (played in the movie by Zachary Scott) found her such a relief from the cocktail party Dianas whom he had known in the sophisticated centers that he went after her like the wolf picking up Red Riding Hood.

But the modern wolf is not at his best in the open air. And the modern girl has her own sort of sophistication. Arched-eyebrow references to sex seem rather silly to a woman who makes her living breeding horses. The novelist, who has manufactured much romance for his books, finds that he can't put over a kiss in the moonlight. And it irritates him. The object of his affections has given her heart to a veterinarian (Ronald Reagan). The horse doctor has something more than a pleasing stall-side manner. In the girl's world, he is an important, admirable figure. The prosperity of a whole community depends on him.

Naturally, this increases the novelist's interest. At first Mr. Scott seems to be trying to function as the poor man's Noel Coward. His every line is a witticism delivered with a dead pan. An actor is supposed to throw humorous lines away, but they've seldom been thrown further or harder.

However, Scott's performance gets better as his function in the triangle becomes more important. He's a great brooder and those dark somber eyes of his make it easy to believe that he's carrying a torch in his sinus. When the ranchers take their horses down to the Pacific (to toughen their hoofs by letting them swim in sea water) the picture picks up the bracing outdoor charm of an idyllic vacation. The shots of the herders driving the animals into the surf are beautiful. And there is an enviable mood of carefree luxury to the scenes of the young people lounging around the campfires at night—broiling lobsters and indulging in lazy necking.

The first half of *Stallion Road* fulfills the promise of the book by becoming a new and different type of western.

In the second half the author was abandoned and the director, Jimmy Kern, took over. Jimmy used to be a singer with the Yacht Club Boys. When the head of the studio decided to let him direct, there were those who were puzzled by the logic of the promotion. But after Jimmy had directed *The Doughgirls*, a comedy that was not to be laughed at, even his harshest critics had to admit that he told the funniest jokes in the Warner executive dining room. This is important. A studio travels on the stomach of its front-office executives. If their food is consumed in jolly atmosphere it prevents indigestion and thus avoids trouble with the stars and quarrels with the exhibitors. Therefore, it is only a question of time before the man who can make a bowl of strained vegetable soup seem funny becomes another Capra. Anyone can finally make a good picture if he's allowed to make enough bad pictures. Already in *Stallion Road* Jimmy has made half a good picture. He is on his way.

I suspect that the first half of *Stallion Road* was made in the forenoons when Jimmy was fresh and eager. The second half must have been made in the afternoons when he was worn out from his efforts to laugh dyspepsia out of Burbank. For here there is some very bad storytelling and some very bad direction. The lap-dissolve from the face of a stuffed bobcat to the face of an elderly actress (the widow of the late Ralph Lewis) is in atrocious taste. But that isn't all.

He soon turns a fresh and authentic story into what seems to be a garbled medley of *My Friend Flicka*, *Arrowsmith* and *The Life of Louis Pasteur*, made by a man who remembers all of them inaccurately. The tough fourteen-year-old ranch boy in the original story is replaced by a tearful little ranch girl (the heroine's sister) who likes to sit up with sick horses. She weeps enough tears to soak the feet of all the mounts in the United States cavalry in salt water. At the very second when the heroine is about to marry the wrong man, baby Sis rushes in to say that the entire equine population of the Golden State is running a high temperature. Immediately the bride is headed for the barn, unable to spare ten minutes to complete the ceremony.

Pretty soon the veterinarian hero isn't feeling so good either. He gets kicked by a horse and contacts anthrax. A curiosity in scientific circles, he is the first man in medical history to have a germ kicked into him. By now, you've probably guessed that he's been working on a serum to cure anthrax in his spare time. And of course the regular doctor refuses to give him a shot of this untested remedy. The doctor just sits around and talks with the novelist about the futility of human conversation. This is an hypothesis that they both prove.

But movie actresses are not deterred by considerations that dismay physicians. With a precise knowledge, perhaps acquired at dramatic school, Miss Smith rushes out and fills a syringe with the exact amount of untested horse medicine required to restore life to an expiring human being. It

Continued on page 128

The Producers Take Their Midyears

Continued from page 127

isn't long before Mr. Reagan is up and around again—possibly on a diet of oats and linseed oil.

It Happened on Fifth Avenue

The most important thing about a belly laugh is what's in the belly of the person who's laughing. If he's just imbibed four Martinis, a half quart of wine and a couple of brandies at the Stork Club, he's in a mood for broad but sophisticated clowning. But if he's just taken on pig knuckles and sauerkraut at the church supper in Bethel, Kansas, he's ripe for kindly chuckles. It would seem impossible for any comedian to play both these publics at once.

Yet that's what the movies demand every time they turn a lens on a funnyman.

The secret of screen comedy is to get laughs from sober audiences. This at first baffles those jesters who seek to repeat their Broadway successes in Hollywood. I do not mean to imply that the theatres on Forty-second Street should be confused with the Malamute saloon. But they do cater to smart diners-out who arrive with a certain amount of fermented grain and fruit juices decanted into their systems. This makes for sophistication or at least for the illusion of sophistication. And the tendency increases at intermission when the drama lovers step out for a couple of quick ones. A comic can't survive on Broadway unless his second act is as good as the Haig and Haig and Old Taylor. This undoubtedly keeps the buffoons on their toes.

So the harlequins have become expert at entertaining the hep yokels and the even more savvy outlanders. No one can be more metropolitan than the buyer for the Bon Ton Store of Gopher Prairie on his annual pilgrimage to the Big Town. To dominate such patronage, many mimes find it necessary to deliver their gags with a brassy "Boy! I'm Good" inflection. Others get their laughs by portraying boobs, whom they impersonate with much ridicule and no sympathy. This appeals to the vanity of the audience—especially that part of it composed of boobs. The hick in Babylon loves to consider himself one with the city slickers. The sure way to butter a butter-and-egg man is to invite his laughter at the yokels.

But things are different when he gets back home. Neither of the above approaches has much success with an audience that has just come in from milking the cows. Here the brassy comic is too apt to be identified with the con man who sold the county a statue of bronze pasteboard which the first rains melted on the courthouse lawn, and it's bad showmanship to ridicule a fall guy to an audience of fall guys. The hick who's just finished cleaning out the silo isn't kidding himself. He knows that he's a hick and he doesn't want to sneer when he goes to the movies and sees a fall guy. He wants to sympathize.

This important aspect of screen comedy has recently been discovered by Victor Moore. Justly famed in the annals of the stage for his portrayal of that hilarious jackass, Vice-President Throttlebottom, he'll probably become equally eminent in screen history for his impersonation of Aloysious T. McKeever, the philosophical little bum who is chief ornament of *It Happened on Fifth Avenue.*

The picture opens as Mr. McKeever, an inanely optimistic hobo, approaches a boarded-up Fifth Avenue mansion with a faintly proprietary air. After adroitly dodging a cop, he ducks under a loose plank in the fence and, with the happy smile of a returning prodigal, flings himself down the coal hole. Once inside the palatial mansion, this extraordinary housebreaker carefully winds the grandfather clock. Then he ambles off to give himself a bubble bath.

Thus the director, Del Ruth, an old hand at smart movie making, seizes interest for a story which he never permits to become trite. Fundamentally, there's nothing very original about either the theme or the plot. The idea of a poor man being rich in all-that-matters is as old as is the notion that rich men can be spiritually poor. Yet Del Ruth blends these clichés into a minor masterpiece.

The audience soon discovers that McKeever has broken into the home of a mighty industrialist, Mike O'Connor (Charles Ruggles). Mike is a thoroughly maladjusted tycoon. He has been divorced by his wife (Ann Harding) and he is rapidly alienating the affections of his daughter (Gale Storm). McKeever is well adjusted. By skillful illegal entry he manages to live in Mike's summer home in the winter and his winter home in the summer. He gets along perfectly with Mike's cigars (Corona-Corona) and brandy (Napoleon).

But the postwar world catches up with Mr. McKeever. He permits a kind deed to disturb his snug life and this benevolence has all the ramifications of a fatal glass of beer. While strolling about in Mike's silk hat and fur-lined overcoat, he notes a homeless war veteran (Don DeFore), and invites the young man to share Mike's involuntary hospitality.

They've hardly settled down into their surreptitious but luxurious bachelordom before a woman invades their privacy. Mike's daughter has run away from school and has come home for her fur coat. The two male interlopers think she is trying to steal it. And McKeever, like all failures, is always bursting with character-building advice. He insists that she take up residence in the mansion so that he can reform her. One look at the handsome vet and she is willing to co-operate.

From here on you undoubtedly can write the rest of the plot from memory. You know that it won't be long before the hero brings other homeless veterans with their wives and children to take up their abode in the old mansion. Three's a crowd, but the Johnston Office insists on chaperones. And it would be flouting one of the basic laws of the Dramatist's Handbook if the millionaire father did not have to disguise himself as a tramp in order to invade his own home to get a close-up of the daughter's boy friend. "He is proud, Father, and he would never love me if he knew me to be the daughter of a millionaire." (See *How To Write a Plot*, Page 53—Chapter IV.) It also is a part of the immutable law of the theatre that the man of money should recapture true happiness while residing incognito among the vagabonds. He not only regains happiness, he also rewins his wife—for she too has assumed a humble masquerade through one of the daughter's pretty stratagems.

The picture's success lies in the fact that Del Ruth never lets comedy become so slapstick that human interest is impossible. Mr. Ruggles and Miss Harding arouse real sentiment as they reminisce of the days when he sat on the front porch in his sock feet drinking beer while she spat cherry seeds at the goat next door. But whenever this nostalgia threatens to produce a bit of autumnal necking, Mr. McKeever butts in with the reminder that they must set an example for the young people.

This McKeever is a man with a sincere and inverted sense of values. He believes that the poor should look after the rich. So he makes the millionaire shovel snow to pay for his own canned goods. With a saintly idiocy he plunges the characters into one ridiculous situation after another.

The producer's problem with a vehicle of such warmhearted nonsense is to create what the professors call a suspension of disbelief. In achieving this, Charlie Ruggles is invaluable. He discards his familiar antics to become the perfect straight man who makes the most uproarious situation seem momentarily plausible.

The only sad moment about *It Happened on Fifth Avenue* is the one when you realize it is over.

Welcome Stranger

All those who really and truly love Bing Crosby should pray that the poor guy never makes another good original picture. Bing's successes have a way of spiraling off toward infinity and Der Bingle has to strain to make each new episode nobler than the last. Some years ago he and Bob Hope made an amiable farce called *The Road to Singapore*. This was followed by *The Road to Zanzibar*, etc., and the series will probably keep right on dramatizing thoroughfares until we have had a movie about the last remote kangaroo path in Australia.

In between these "Road" pictures, Crosby made *Going My Way* in which, in the role of a young priest, he saved the parish of an old priest, played by Barry Fitzgerald. This was so successful that it has set in motion a second series in which Crosby and Fitzgerald will work their way through all the vocations of mankind just as he and Hope are exhausting life's highways. In the latest picture, Crosby, in the role of a young doctor, saves Fitzgerald, in the role of an old doctor, for a new hospital which a New England town is building. If we stick around, this probably will be followed by a simple heartwarming little story in which Crosby will appear as a young Eskimo helping Fitzgerald, as an old Eskimo, milk his last reindeer. All of Crosby's activities tend to become as formalized as the devil rituals of Tibet and as traditional as the ostrich's mating dance.

Yet he keeps them interesting. If Crosby had played Gregory Peck's part in *Duel in the Sun*, Jennifer Jones could look forward to ten years of steady employment crawling up every mountain in the western hemisphere while yelling, "I'm a-comin', Lewt! I'm a-comin'!" It may be just as well that we missed that series.

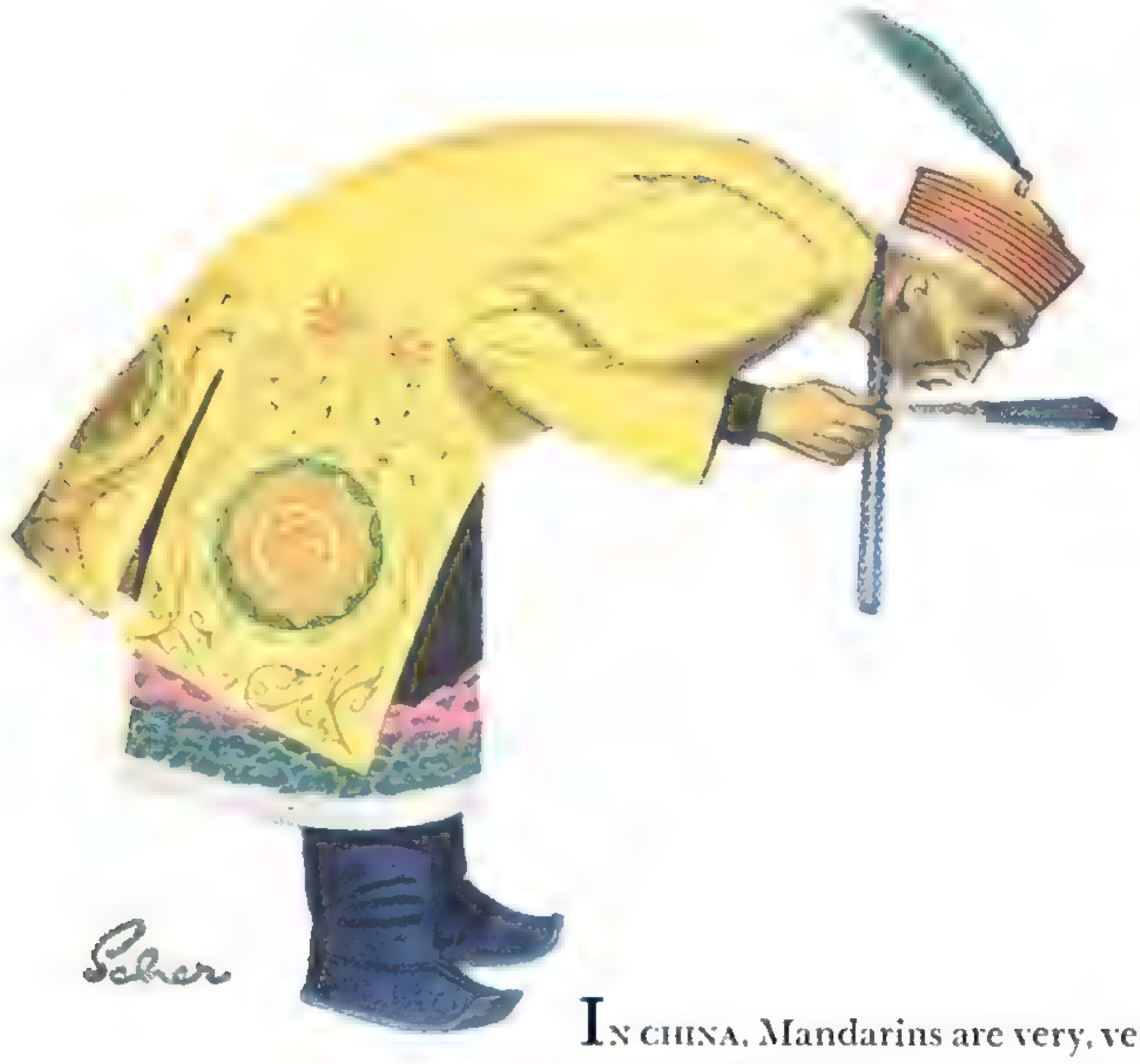
The producers of all these films face a problem that might have stumped Romeo on his Golden Wedding anniversary. It is their difficult task to make repetition seem refreshing. Sol Siegel, who held the reins on *Welcome Stranger*, came through very nicely. Frank Butler wrote a sequel to *Going My Way* that is the same, only different. The difference is a love interest played by Joan Caulfield, who is as sweet as the rim of the glass of a sidecar and who falls into Bing's arms as gently as an olive dropping into a Martini. Arthur Sheekman's screenplay is full of funny situations and dialogue. Unlike the screen version of *The Late George Apley*, Sheekman's screenplay gets its regional laughs not by burlesque and character, but by shrewd interpretive humor. And there's a funny part for Percy Kilbride, who is recognized in movieland as the composite Yankee. You can't order a New England boiled dinner in Hollywood without having Mr. Kilbride's name come up.

But the real audience joy comes from watching Crosby and Fitzgerald out-casualing each other. Barry frets more fascinatingly than anyone else in pictures and through all his fussing Bing remains remotely detached. He's as imperturbable as a Buddha with the mumps and he seems to dwell in his own mist, like a stuttering man trying to say "nuclear fission."

There's nothing strange about *Welcome Stranger* but, in a month that isn't too promising, it's certain to be warmly welcomed. ⌗

Continued from page 70

from one Mandarin to another



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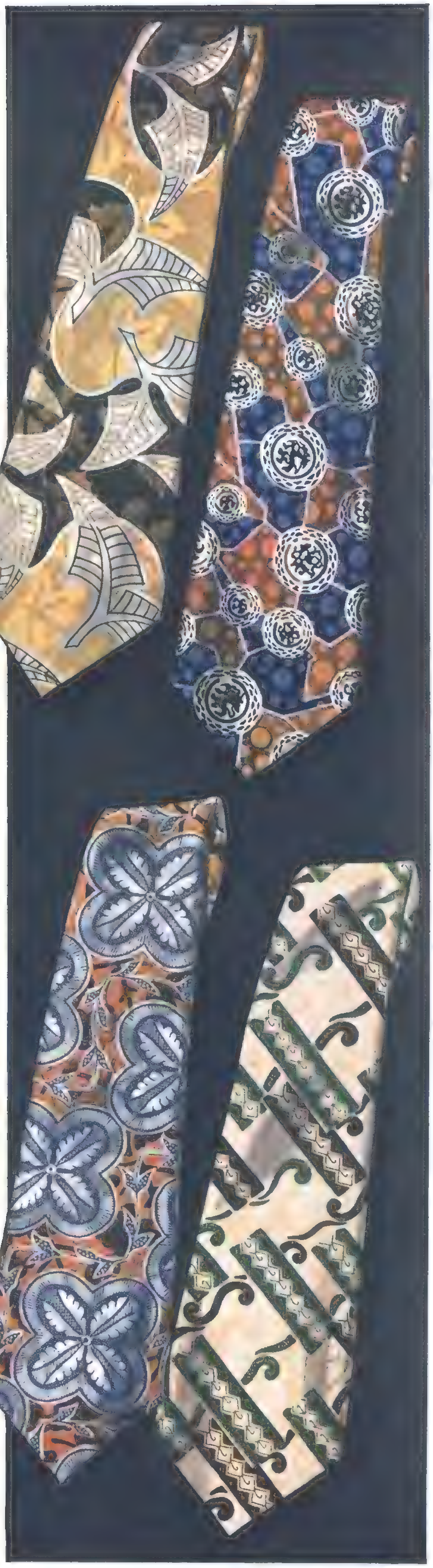

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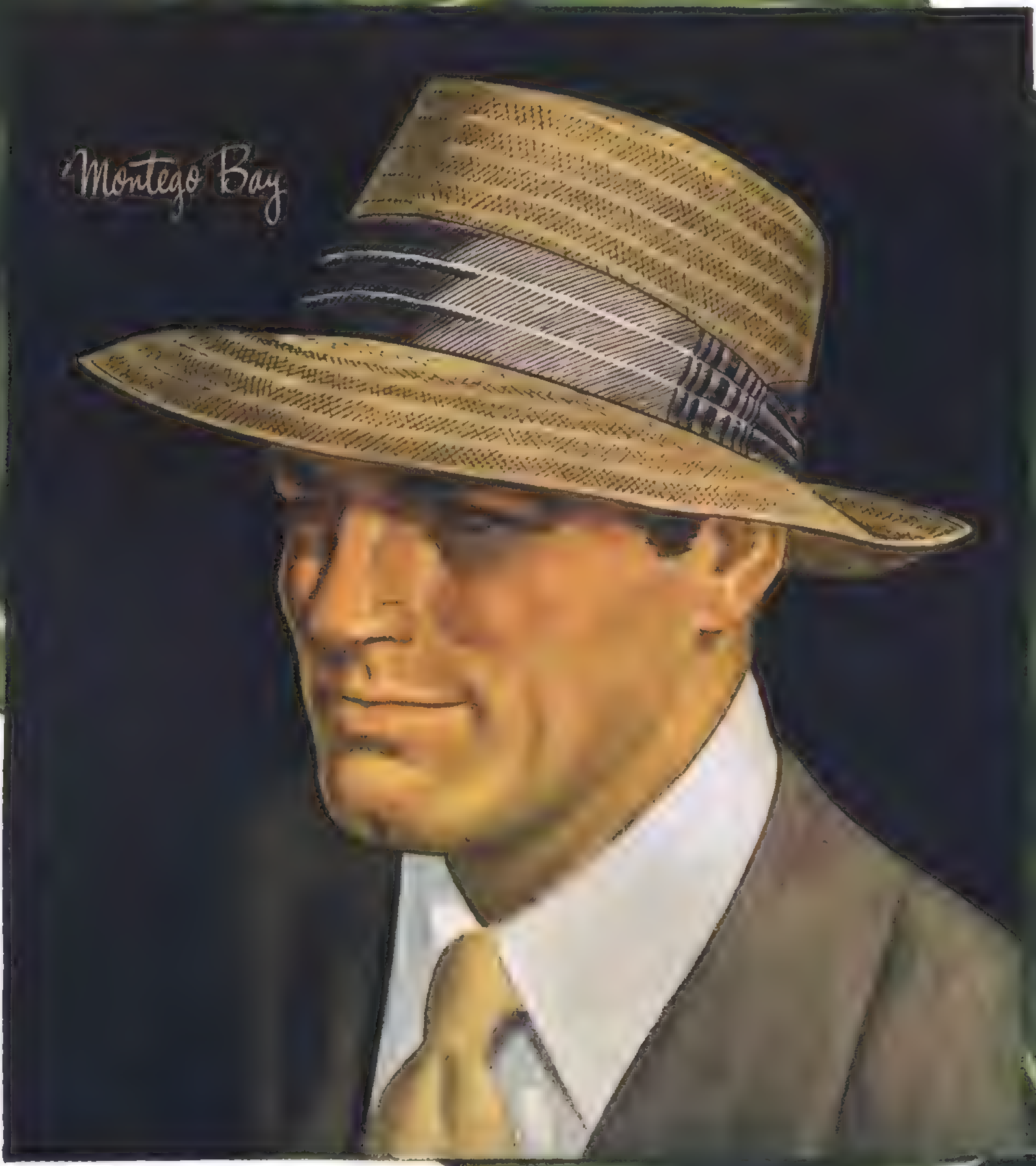

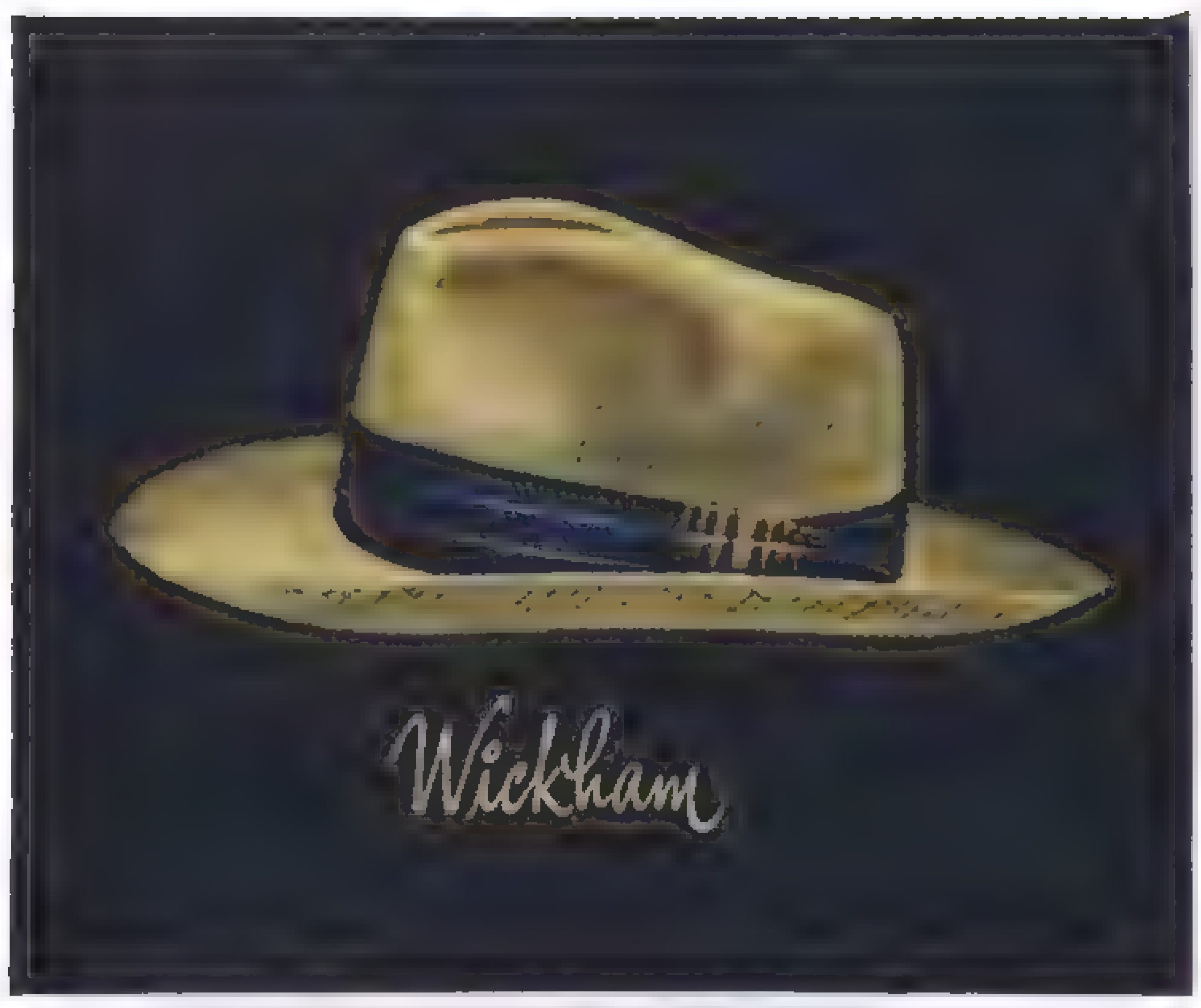

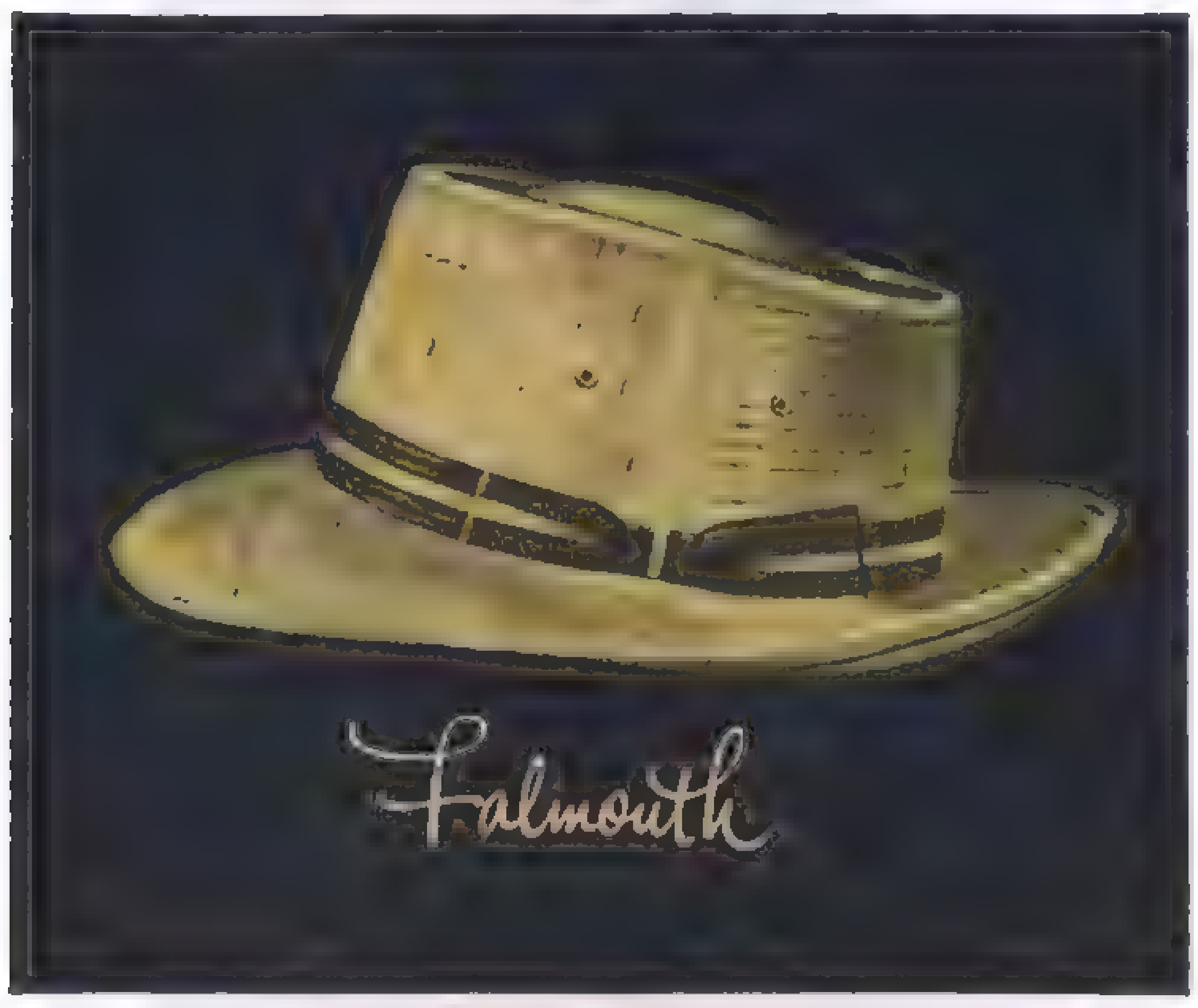

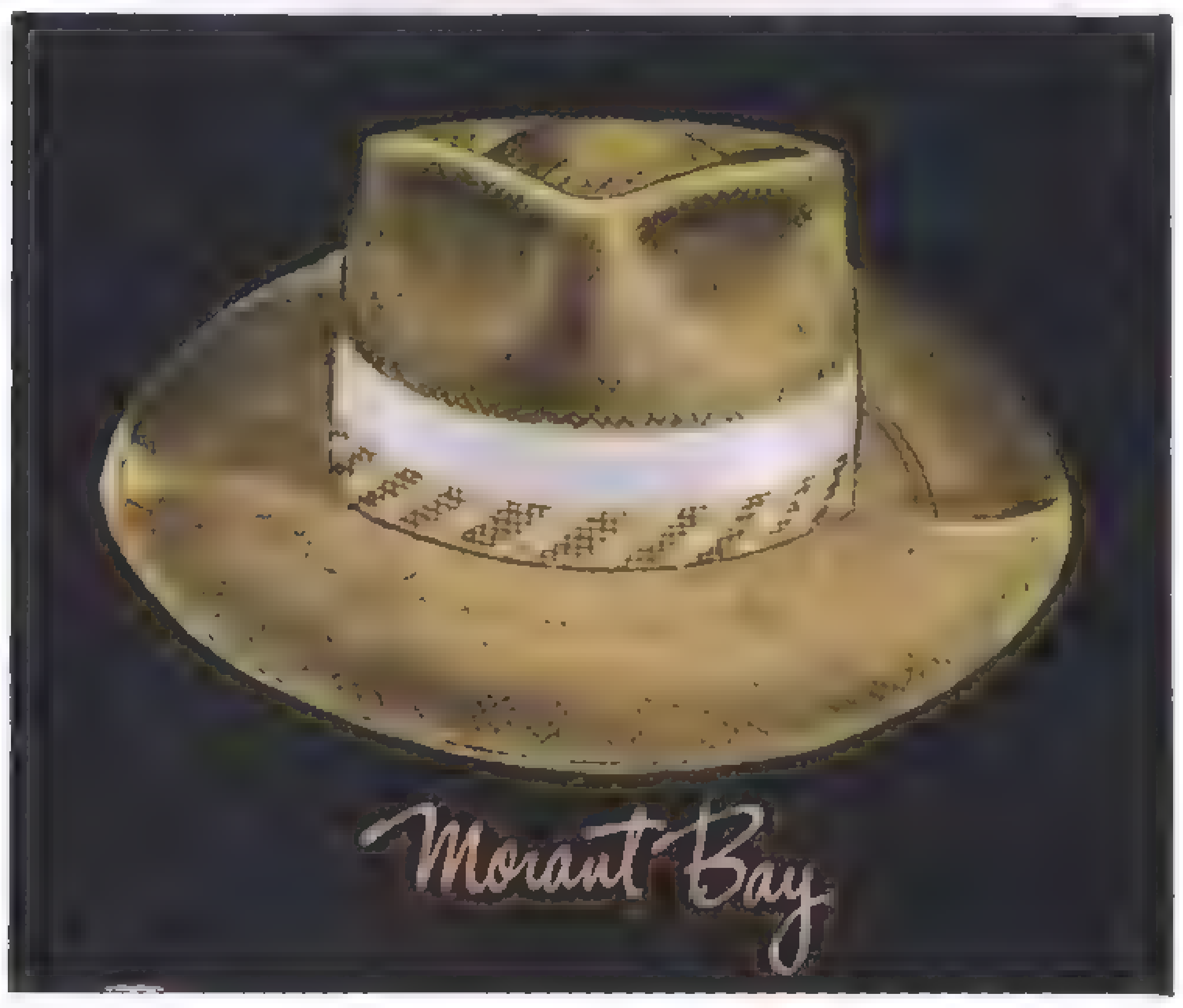

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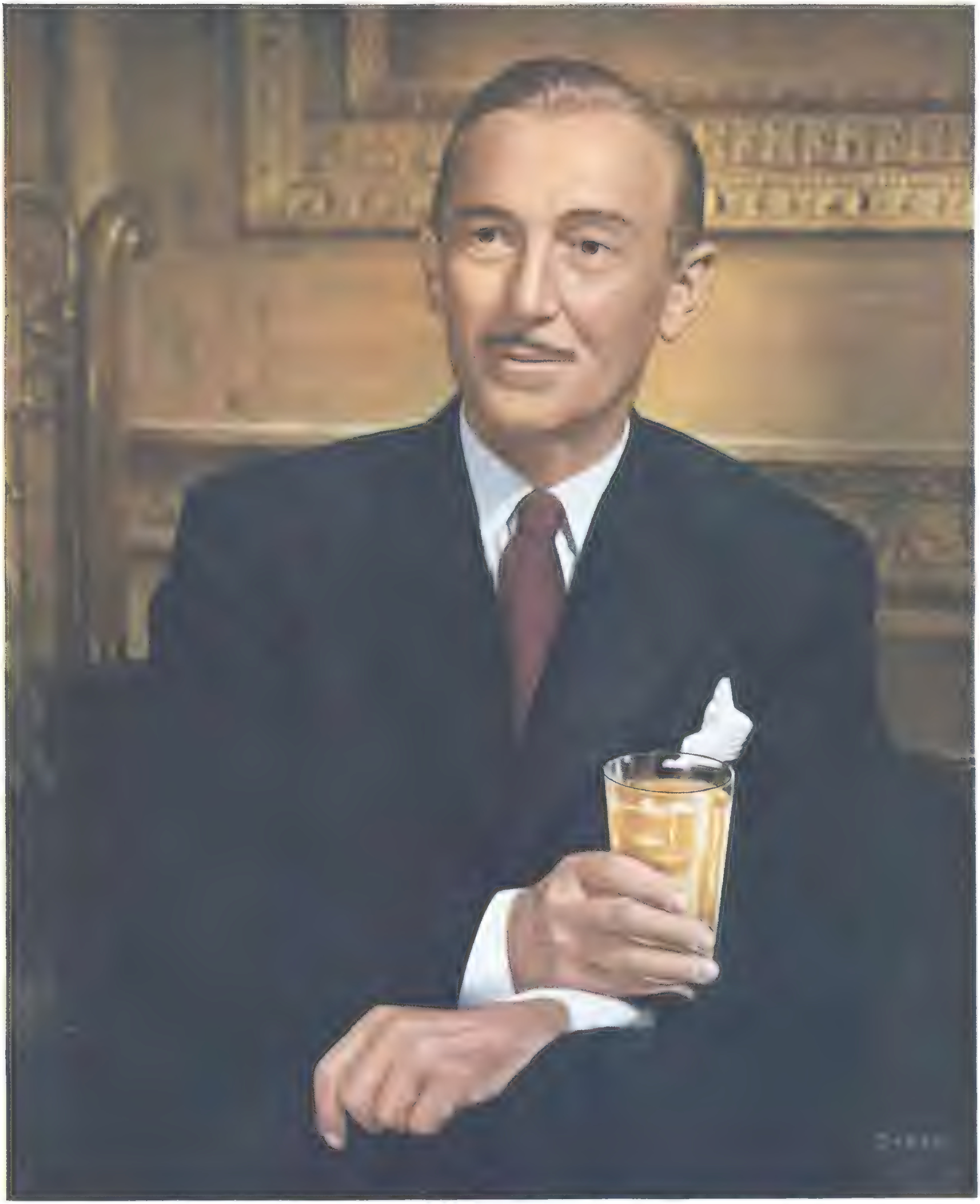

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Pasteboard Darby

Continued from page 106

turned for all four entries. Suppose, for instance, the heart horse in course two pokes his nose across the finish line. The horse in course one already has had his turn but each of the other two is entitled to get one more card turned up. And it may be possible for one of these to pass the heart horse in a driving finish. You will even encounter an occasional race in which all four horses come across the finish line in the same turn, with the race going to the one that covered the greatest number of lengths. If two or more horses cross the finish line in a dead heat the race is continued for the tying contenders until first and second places are decided.

It will often happen that all the course cards are turned up without ending the race. In that event the steward begins to face up cards from the part of the deck left over—one card in turn for each entry. If this still doesn't decide first and second place these cards are shuffled, cut by the handler and turned again. The handler, by the way, moves the horses during the race and his moves are checked by the steward.

Here is the way the pay-off works. When the race is over, one counter is taken from the main pot and put into a side or jack pot. For being on the second-place horse you get back the number of counters you put in at the beginning of the race. The winning bettor collects everything in the main pot. If more than one player is on the winning or second-place entry the pay-off is divided equally, odd counters being cut for. If nobody is on the winning horse the first-place share is added to the next pot. The jack pot goes to the winner of every tenth race in addition to the regular pot.

Let's start a trial race. First we lay out the four aces so that course one is headed by a spade, course two by a heart, three by a club and four by a diamond. We then deal the rest of the layout, four rows of seven cards each. Next we place the horses at their starting places and spring the barrier by turning up the bottom card of course one. It's a club four-spot so the spade horse gets away for one and one-half lengths. The bottom card of course two is a spade eight-spot, leaving the heart entry at the post. A heart ten-spot shows up at the bottom of course three and the club filly gets off for two lengths. And a diamond five-spot moves the diamond horse two lengths from the barrier.

The second cards of each course are then turned up. A club five-spot for the spade horse gains another length. A spade three-spot leaves the heart horse still at the post. A king for the club horse shoots her forward three lengths more. A heart six-spot for the diamond horse gives him another one and one-half lengths.

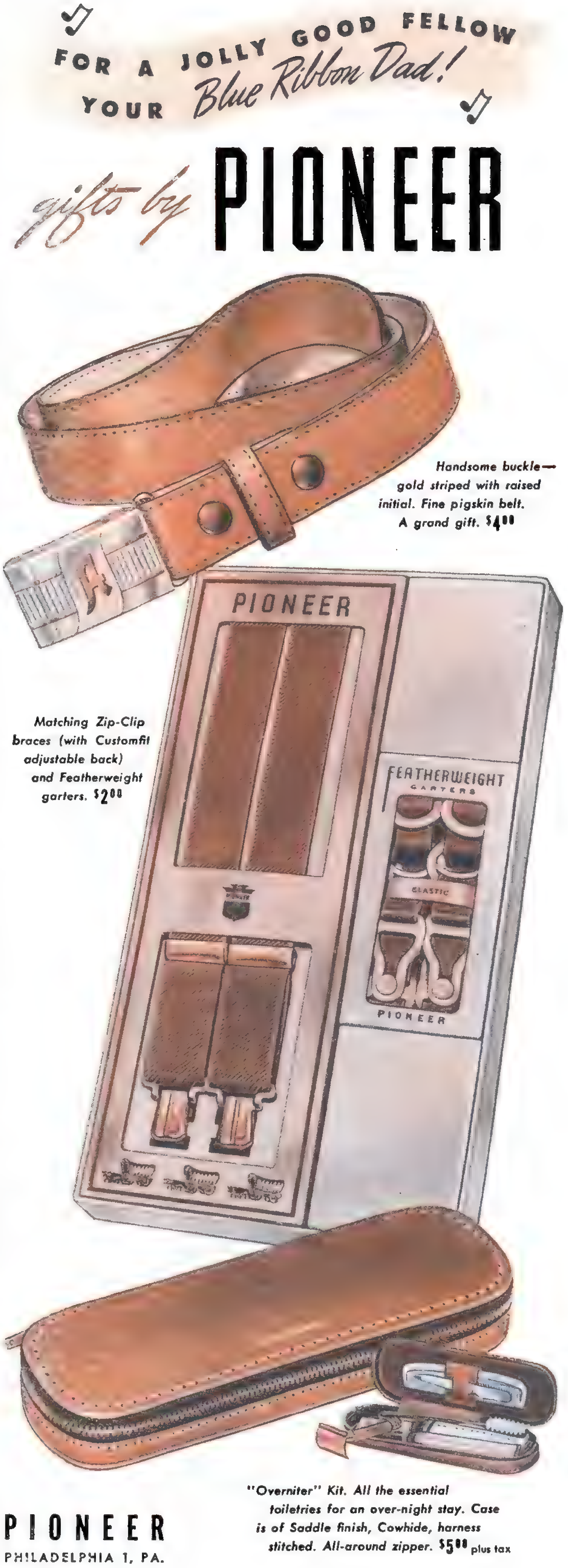
The third cards are turned. A club three-spot enables the spade horse to come up another length. A heart four-spot finally qualifies the heart horse to move away from the post for two and one-half lengths. A spade four-spot sends the fast-running club filly forward another one and one-half lengths. A heart five-spot and the diamond horse adds a length.

As the fourth cards are about to be turned, the club horse is in the van, followed by the diamond, then the spade, with the heart bringing up the rear. Betting on the club? Don't be sure. She's still got eight more lengths to cover, with four ground-losing deuces yet to account for. And don't count the heart horse out, not with the joker and plenty of picture cards still coming up.

You can spice up the game some more by allowing side bets between players. You can increase the course lengths, or add courses and horses by using a double deck. Sprints can be organized by using fewer than seven cards to a course or by designating cards as extra jokers.

Well, there you have Pasteboard Darby on paper. But to get a real idea of the game and the excitement it generates, you have to play it. Once you do, the chances are you won't know when to quit. ⵌ

WET PAINT
Frank BEAVEN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The Scene of the Crime

Continued from page 61

murder," said the policeman with gusto, "a murder of almost unprecedented brutality. The criminal went into No. 14 as it was then, murdered the old lady, murdered the old gentleman and ran off with every farthing he could lay his hands on. It amounted to something like six-hundred-and-twenty-five pounds, six shillings and threepence."

The other said, "Where was the policeman on duty at that time?"

The policeman replied, "This was over thirty years ago, sir, and things were a little looser in the Force than they are at the present time. True, your police constable had to account for his movements, but there was not quite the check-up then that you get now. Your sergeants came around of course. But the policeman who was on duty here at the time of the Joyce murder had the whole Crescent to cover, and this Crescent makes a considerable bend, as you'll see by the time you get to Mahogany Road. The man who killed poor Miss Joyce and her poor brother must have watched his movements. You know that we are usually at a certain place within a certain time. The whole thing was done in a few minutes. A few minutes? One minute, two minutes at the most. The culprit had means of entry to the house, went in, did his work, and came out shutting the door behind him. We should not have discovered the fact for days, perhaps, if Miss Joyce's brother had not managed to drag himself to the front door before he died. How he managed to do it nobody knows. His skull was smashed. It was a horrible affair as you may well imagine, and that is why they changed the number of the house. Then, of course, there was no housing shortage, and people preferred not to live where such things had happened."

The big man asked, "Were there no clues?"

The policeman replied: "Not one. It happened about 10 o'clock one night in September. If it had been wet, there might have been footprints. It was one of those dry, dusty nights, with a bit of a breeze blowing. The officer on duty observed that this crime had been committed because, in the first place, the door of No. 14 was shut. In the second place . . ."

"Did you say *shut?*" asked the big man with the little black bag.

"Yes, sir. He was accustomed to hear from Mr. and Miss Joyce at about that time. The old gentleman was not afraid of anything. He was a lawyer. But the old lady, who kept the purse strings, she liked to be friendly with the police and, therefore, she made a point of giving the officer on duty a cake, or a pie or a sandwich—sometimes a glass of rum—late in the evening. For the first time in seven years there was silence in No. 14. The officer on duty stopped, flashed his lamp about and wondered what had happened. All of a sudden he saw a red blob creeping out under the front door. He knocked, nobody answered, he rammed his shoulder against the door, and nearly fell inside because the door was not quite caught. Then he saw poor old Mr. Joyce with his head beaten in, on the door mat."

The stranger said: "And there was an end of the matter?"

The policeman nodded, "There was the end of the matter. Nobody found anything. There was no evidence. They questioned Miss Joyce's nephew, but he was paralyzed and had been in bed for the past three years. It was one of those cases in which Scotland Yard was baffled, sir, baffled. The man was never caught."

The big man with the little black bag glanced uneasily from left to right and said: "Do you believe that criminals—I mean murderers—feel compelled to come back to the scene of the crime?"

"Some do, and some do not."

The stranger said: "I can understand that a man might want to come back. I can't imagine what for, but I can imagine a sort of nervous compulsion. I can simply *imagine* it, mind you. . ."

The policeman said: "You're living in Mahogany Road?"

The stranger said: "Which reminds me that I must be getting along. Oh, by the way, what happened to the officer on duty at that time?"

The policeman said: "He was dismissed from the Force. He used to go into the doorway of No. 102 to have a smoke. On the night of the murder it seems he had more than one smoke. He failed in his duty, sir."

"So the criminal was never found."

"Never found, no. But what you were saying about murderers coming back, sir. It really does happen sometimes."

"I daresay," said the big man with the little black bag. "Were there no fingerprints?"

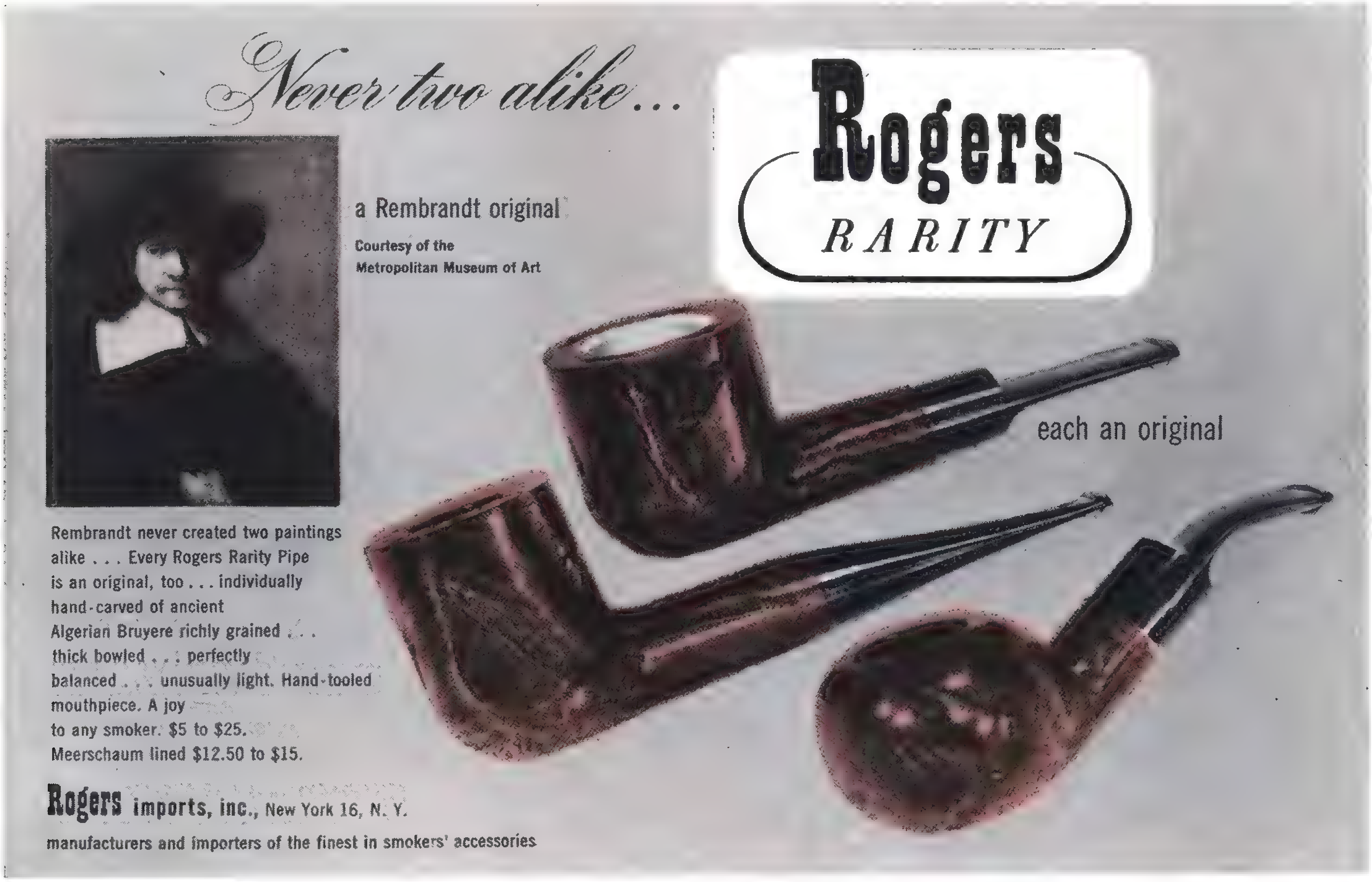
"The murderer was wearing—"

The policeman looked down at his gloved hands.

"The policeman could have done it," said the stranger.

"He did," said the policeman.

Then the big man with the little black bag found himself alone in the Crescent, and there were no footprints in the snow except his own. ⵌ



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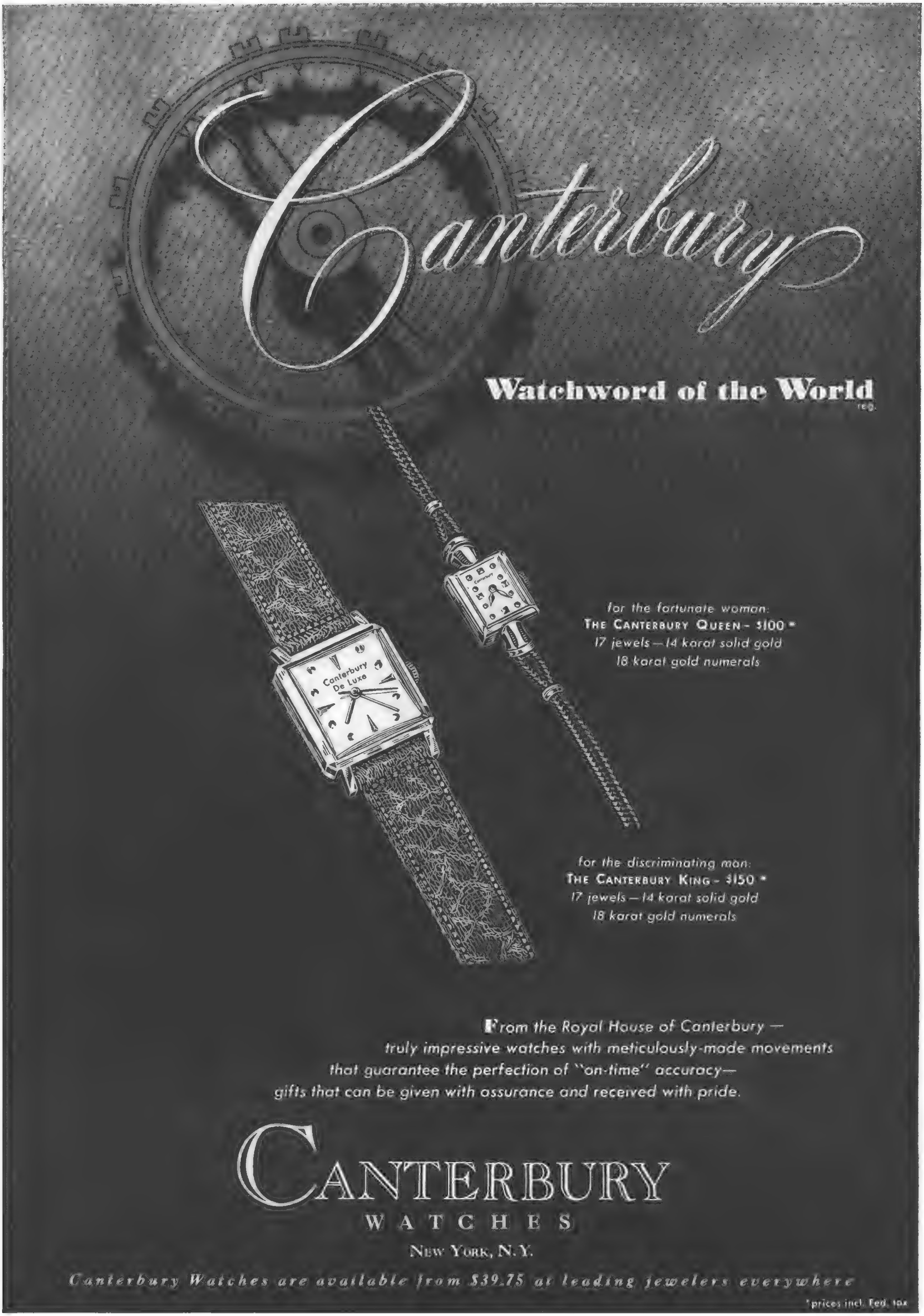
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Will Science Bring a Revolution in Sports?

Continued from page 63

than an ordinary golfer did. Jones also tilted his hips more, to get more leverage, and made use of a wider backswing.

Other high-speed X-ray photographs have shown just exactly what happened to the core of the golf ball at the all-important moment when the head of the driver smashes into it. Working from photographs which showed the compressed core expanding as the ball left the club head, the makers of sporting goods were able to design a club head with a rounded face. This face was intended to help correct the hook and slice and to bring both hooks and slicers right back to the middle of the fairway.

Similar studies were made of place kicks in football, and baseball swings and tennis drives. These showed that the place kicker's toe goes almost one third of the way into the football. The tennis ball flattens out along one side when it hits the racket. And high-speed photography, taken at between one-fifty-thousandth, and one thirty-thousandth of a second, analyzed what happened when the bat met a baseball. Hit squarely, the baseball visibly compressed. Hit at an angle, the compression was less, and the ball had much less punch behind it when it left.

As for gadgets, there are hundreds of them, specially designed after intensive research. The electric eye, sensitive to invisible light rays, has a hundred uses, many of which will replace the all-too-fallible judgment of umpires and referees. It is possible to arrange the beams of invisible light and the sensitive photo cells so that the place kick after a touchdown can be judged accurately. If the beam is broken, the kick was wide. Unbroken, the extra point is scored. And there's no arguing with an electric eye. Similar devices could be used to judge foot faults in tennis, or to tell what happened on those borderline shots that might have landed either in or out. Even the most temperamental court prima donnas could not impress an impassive electric eye with their dramatic breast beating and racket waving.

False starts, especially in the sprints, are the bane of every track official's life. One starting device requires each runner to keep both hands on a metal plate in the ground before him. If either hand is lifted, an electrical connection is broken, and the starter's gun won't go off. The electric eye has also been suggested as a replacement for the tape which marks the winner—and it is already used in horse races. The first runner to break the beam sets off a camera which snaps the finish, and ends all argument. And jumpers might find jumping over a beam of invisible light a great deal more accurate as far as records are concerned. There is no possibility of sag in a beam of "black light." And besides, the beam or beams could be so arranged as to give credit for the distance actually cleared by the jumper, rather than to credit him merely with clearing the bar.

Even bowlers are about to be helped by automatic pin-setting machines, which do away with pin boys entirely. And there is even an automatic scoring device which counts the spares and strikes and totals up the score for bowlers whose arithmetic is feeble.

Technology has even invaded fencing, one of the oldest sports. In épée fencing, a heavy stiff sword is used, and points may be scored on any part of the opponent's body or mask. Judging points in épée fencing is considered to be difficult, because the blades flash back and forth quickly. A sharp, three-pronged device called a *point d'arrêt* has been used which is intended to catch in the opponent's clothing. Sometimes the space between the prongs is filled with rouge, to leave a mark when the point is scored. But these methods are still not very accurate. Now the épée is wired for electricity. A wire runs back up the fencer's arm and back from his jacket. When a direct hit with the point occurs, an electrical connection is made, and a touch is scored.

There are hundreds of other gadgets, some of which may prove to be important in the future, while others are quickly forgotten. But the important point to be made is that science is more and more concerning itself with athletic problems. Athletes have served as guinea pigs in the study of the way the body loses and gains weight. They have been tested for the strength of their muscles and for the strength of their bite. Statisticians have traced them after they left college, in an effort to find out whether athletics lengthen or shorten lives. The evidence is not all in yet, by any means, but the course of the research is clear. Science can improve athletic skill by providing the means to analyze form. It can and has improved equipment. It can determine the bodily conditions which make the best performances possible. And, in turn, it can learn much about the way the human bodies operate by studying the special stresses and strains to which athletes are exposed.

Now athletics stand upon the brink of a new revolution, a revolution, however, that can be controlled. And though the future looks bright, chances are that tomorrow's sports are going to be very different from the athletics we know today. ⌗

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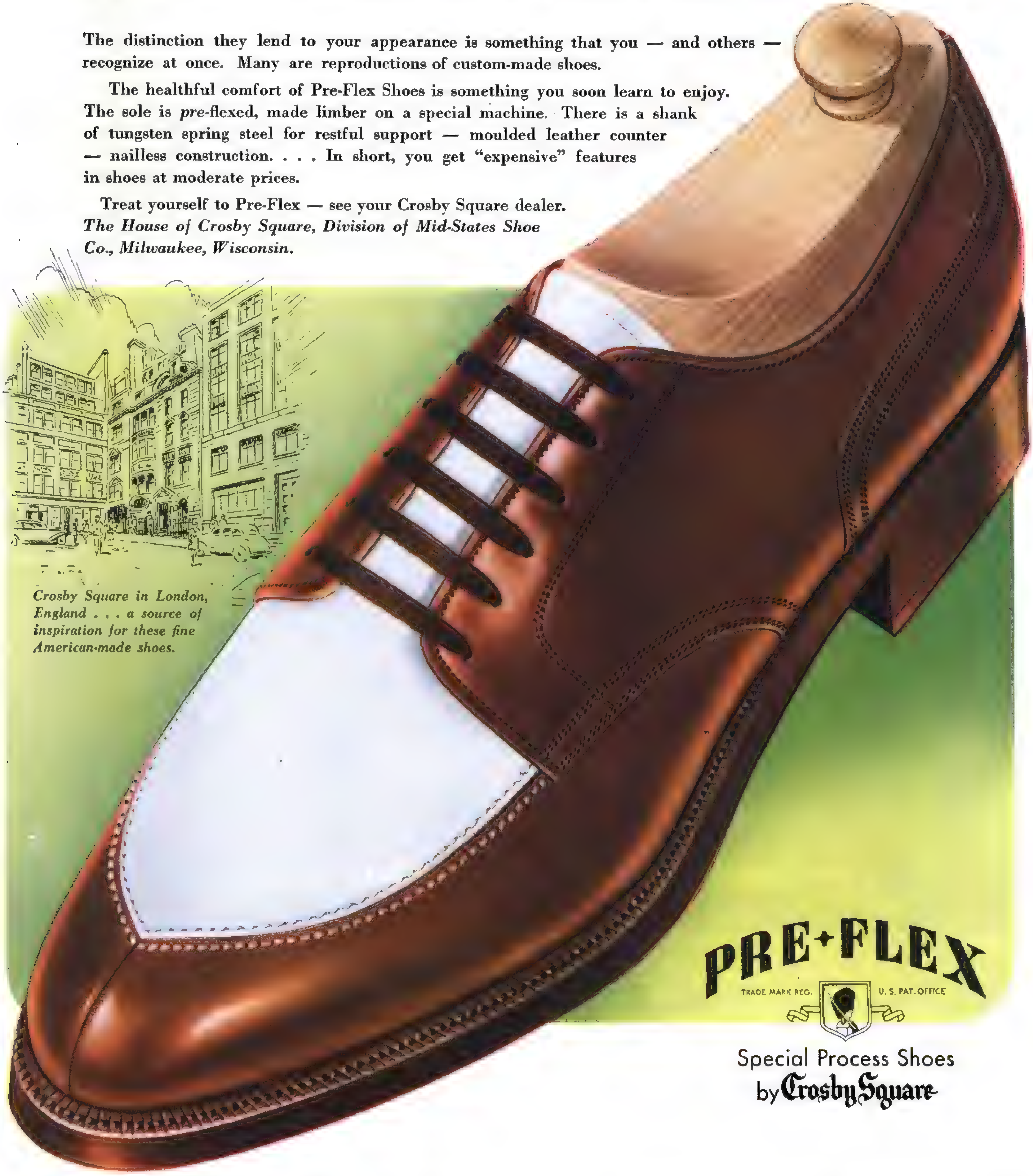

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Down Among the Latin Yankees

Continued from page 90

on the gear-toothed track of the international railroad, takes you to the start of the run and goes to fetch you when you've finished. There are also two tows—a 1500-meter chair lift, and an 800-meter rope tow. Winter temperatures at Portillo average about 36°, so the snow rarely gets very hard.

Other ski centers near Santiago are at Farellones, where a small colony of lodges and cabins has developed into an Alpinelike community, and at Lagunillas, a comparatively unexploited area only thirty-five miles from the capital.

A smart idea would be to combine your ski jaunts with a visit down south to Chile's famous lake district. Here are the ski fields of the Villarica and Osorno volcanoes, about twenty-four hours from the capital in the Pullman cars of Chile's very fine state railways. In many parts of this area you can ski in the morning, then take your choice of tennis, golf, fishing, canoeing or swimming in the afternoon. Closer to the capital—not quite in the lake country but very beautiful—are the excellent ski fields centered around the Chillan and Llaima volcanoes.

Let's say that by now you are all splinted up, your insurance has run out, or that other incentives drive you to forego skiing for awhile. How about some of Chile's other attractions?

Well, if you've been skiing, chances are you've made yourself some good Chilean friends. (If not, you certainly should have brought along a few good letters of introduction.) In either case, start wangling an invitation to a *fundo*, or farm, for a quick picture of what country life is like in Chile.

By means of dark machinations through carefully selected Panagra Airlines personnel (including dark mutterings about inter-American friendship, etc.), we finally managed to stone club our way out to the Fundo Santa Elisa de Mallarauco, an hour and two mountain ranges by car from Santiago. The Fundo is owned by Timoleon de La Taille, a French count by ancestry and a *hacendado*—a Chilean gentleman farmer—by birth and by choice. Señor de La Taille fought in the French navy during the recent war. Having done that much for the land of his fathers, he thought having us around for awhile was not too great a sacrifice to Pan-American solidarity.

The señor's *fundo* is a tidy piece of ground—an entire valley, in fact. While we were his guest, Señor de La Taille threw a rodeo in our honor. High spot of a Chilean rodeo is the *corridas en vaca*, in which a cowboy rides up against a galloping steer and tries to bring him to a dead stop at a fixed point against a semicircular wall of branches. The steer can't get hurt in the mix-up, but the rider can. Tie that up with the fact that there's no bullfighting in Chile, and you get one more example of how Chilenos and Yankees think alike.

After the main event the *huasos* (cowboys) and their *huasas* dance the *cueca* (pronounced almost like "Quaker"), the Chilean national dance, which simulates the courtship of rooster and hen.

Comes time to tie on the feed bag and everybody wades into an arkload of food including barbecued beef, *empanadas*—meat-filled cakes, and *pastel de chocla*—baked pies of corn, meat, chicken and vegetables—all washed down with excellent Chilean wine.

One warning word. *Huaso* means cowboy, as previously noted. *Huacho* means calf. Call a *huaso* a *huacho* by mistake, and you're likely to find yourself filleted. Unlike most Chilenos, the *huaso* is frequently *un hombre duro*, loosely translated as "tough cookie." And he's very handy with his *cuchilla de monte*—long mountain knife. (Now we're just showing off.) Those crosses you see by the roadside are not for the victims of traffic accidents; in the Chilean countryside they have no traffic accidents. They're for losers in arguments with *huachos*—we mean *HUASOS*!!!

Too much fresh air, healthful exercise and sunshine can kill a man, so let's start doing Santiago before our corpuscles start to pop.

Where to go: With all that outdoor life behind us, a small dose of night life seems to be recommended. Santiago is reasonably well provided in that respect. With its population of almost a million, Santiago is South America's fourth largest city. Life begins at the Chilean capital with tea or cocktails at the Hotel Crillon between five and six in the afternoon. For the *gente de sociedad*—society people, that is (there he goes again). Tea and cakes will cost you fifteen pesos. (With the peso at thirty-two to the dollar, you can figure its worth at roughly three cents.) Whiskey and soda is twenty-seven pesos. Ten per cent for service is added to all tabs, so you can just forget about tipping.

You can stay on for dinner at the Crillon or—if your contacts and letters of introduction are still doing any good—you might be able to wangle an invitation to the exclusive Union Club for dinner. There's a very fine bar—strictly stag—with a comfortingly male atmosphere of oak paneling and cigar smoke. Not like some places at home, where you're just as likely to find a dancing slipper as an olive in your martini. The bar itself appears to be about half a block long. Some years back, the Prince of Wales made a goodwill tour through Chile. It seems to have consisted, for the most part, of dropping superlatives, as though he were playing hare and hounds. ("That is the most beautiful lake I have ever seen. That is the highest mountain I ever saw, etc.") The prince is said to

Continued on page 142

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Down Among the Latin Yankees

Continued from page 141

have entered the Union Club, waved in the direction of the bar, and said (and this is supposed to be a direct quote), "That is the finest bar I have ever seen." That makes it official.

With a proper load of fuel aboard, you should then be able to appreciate fully the ministrations of the Union Club's Maestro Julio Vega, reputedly the finest chef in Chile. (Maybe the prince said it.) The maestro's specialties are *congrio*, a whitefish found in the Pacific off the coast of Chile, and lobster à l'Amèricain, a lobster which has been split, then boiled in a quart of whiskey for an hour and a half—we were told—or until the whiskey has boiled away—which is a shameful way to treat a quart of whiskey. From connoisseurs at the Union Club you'll learn that the best Chilean white wine is reputed to be Santa Carolina three stars, while Tarapaca Zavala 1926 or 1935 is supposedly the finest local burgundy.

Patting your round, tight little belly contentedly, you are now ready to move on to the Casanova, Santiago's most fashionable night club. It's a tastefully decorated, medium-sized room with a dropped, crescent-shaped dance floor, quite similar in almost every respect to the average better-type spot in New York's East Fifties, except that you don't have to dress, though some smart Chilenos do. There's a good floor show, and good food, drinks and music until five in the morning.

Or you might drop in at the Oriente, where you dance around the orchestra, which is seated on a platform in the center of the dance floor; or at the Millaray of the Hotel Carrella. At these places you'll see why Chilean women have the reputation of being the best-looking and best-dressed in all Latin America.

During the day you'll see the North American influence on women's sport clothes, but at night you'll notice that they're still primarily French in their orientation, particularly in their screwy hats. Another thing will suddenly hit you between the eyes. Where are the chaperones? You'll realize all at once that tables are occupied by couples and fours, just as they are at home. What's happened to all the mothers and the brothers and the cousins and the aunts? They're packed away at home, where they ought to be. Fifteen or twenty years ago Joe Chileno decided to hell with that noise, and put his foot down. So Chile is the first and only Latin American land to have cast off the amatory shackles of the traditional chaperone system. Hooray for Joe!

Along about now you've decided you've had about enough of high-class people, so you start descending the social ladder and tackle the joints around the Calle Euterio Ramirez. You go into and out of the Zeppelin, and El Dragon Rojo. A few more places. You hear some fairly solid jazz—just as you'll find the real jazz in the lower joints all over the world.

One sentence in our notebook baffles us. It says, "Until you've seen an Indian girl doing bumps and a strip tease to *Besame Mucho* with the Santiago electric system going blooey, brother, you just ain't traveled." We can't understand it either. Very cryptic.

Then there's the very quaint El Submarino, patronized by *poules*, cadets and jockeys. Opens at three in the morning and closes around nine or ten a. m. And there's La Posada del Corregidor, on the Calle Esmeralda, very dark, candlelight and stuff. Local poets get up and loudly read their stuff, while the crowd cheers, applauds, hisses, curses or throws the bums out—according to its mood and their talent. Much like the old Vanguard in Greenwich Village in the old days.

Where to stay: In Santiago the Hotel Carrera is very large and very new. The Crillon is fashionably old and comfortably lived-in. Which do you prefer? The Ritz is also among the best hotels in town.

What to wear: Your clothes will depend pretty much on where you plan to spend most of your time, and how you travel. (He travels light who travels by plane.) Ski togs are just about what you'd wear at North American snow resorts, except that you'll be skiing most of the time in pants, shirt and sweater, needing only rarely the additional warmth of your parka. In town, medium-weight sports jackets and slacks are fine for daytime wear, a dark business suit for going out nights. Chilean men are much more casual about their dress than Argentines, for example. So don't worry about dinner clothes unless you're told about wearing them for a specific occasion. A lightweight felt hat is fine for the average Chile winter weather, and it's perfect for traveling. A gabardine topcoat is right for the same reasons—and if it has a warm detachable lining, so much the better. Then you'll be set for just about any sort of weather you might encounter in the northern and central parts of Chile down to the lake region. (You probably won't want to head too far south during their winter.)

What to buy: Temuco, in the lake region, is the best place to buy handicraft of the Araucanian Indians, who live in the south of Chile, but you can also buy their products in Santiago. Specialties are hand-wrought silver, and *choapinos*—soft, long-napped pure wool rugs, particularly suited to modern interiors. The Araucanians also do fine pottery work.

How to get there: You go by air or by sea, depending on how much time you have and how you want to spend it: whether you want to spend all possible time in Chile, skiing or sight-seeing; or whether

Continued on page 144

NO MATTER HOW YOU

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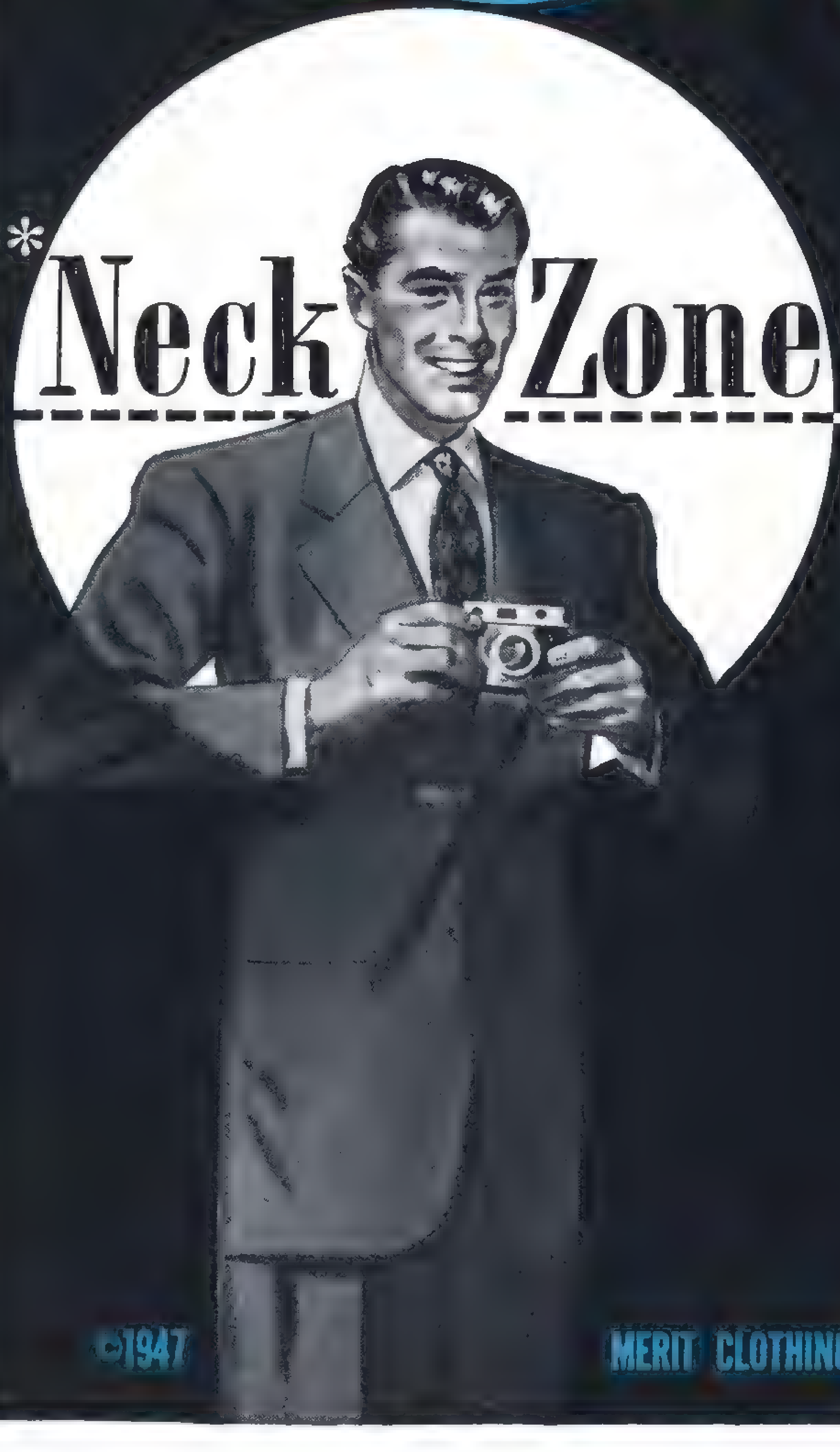
OR TURN



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Down Among the Latin Yankees

Continued from page 142

you'd like to devote part of it to lying on a ship's deck, soaking up sunshine and general well-being on a leisurely cruise down the east coast, across the Caribbean, through the Panama Canal and down the west coast of South America to Valparaiso, Chile. Or you can combine the two, going one way and returning the other. If our advice means anything, we'd suggest going down the west coast of South America, either by Pan American-Grace Airways (Panagra) or by Grace Line steamer, fly Panagra on the unforgettable trip across the Andes to Buenos Aires, then return home along the east coast, either by Pan American World Airways or by Moore-McCormack steamship.

In this way, for about $80 extra fare, you can cover both coasts of South America. Another recommended way would be to go down by ship, getting in the cruise through the Canal, and come back by Pan American Clipper, since they'll give you stopovers at no extra charge at Buenos Aires; Montevideo, Uruguay; Rio de Janeiro; Belém, Brazil; Port of Spain, Trinidad; or San Juan, Puerto Rico. Flying south by Panagra, you could arrange stopovers at Balboa, Canal Zone; Guayaquil, Ecuador; Lima, Peru; or Antofagasta, Chile.

The flight to Santiago from New York takes about forty hours, including a seven-hour stopover at Lima. It takes eighteen days by boat. Fares are just about the same.

Panagra or Pan American—flying on the South American run is flying at its best. Fast, safe, comfortable four-motored DC-4s are used, and the hops are long enough so that you can fly above just about any weather. Stewardesses are cute and bilingual and—since they'll go along with a gag—you can try out your Spanish on them. Recommended recreation: Establish yourself as a good guy, then fall in with the two a. m. bull session that usually breaks out back in the galley among stewardess, steward and off-duty crew members.

We took a Grace Liner to South America a few years back, and it was the finest ocean voyage we ever enjoyed. The second or third night out, they rolled back the roof of the dining salon, and for the rest of the trip we ate under the stars. The food was sensational, and excellent Chilean Rhine wines were served with meals. There was an open-air swimming pool aft; every time you turned around you found tea or fruit juices at your elbow; quarters were sumptuous, the crowd was congenial.

What it will cost: Biggest item, of course, is the fare. Assuming you follow our suggested itinerary, your steamship fare from New York to Valparaiso is $490, plus $2.10 Chilean coastal tax. Railroad fare from Valparaiso to Santiago is about $2. The flight from Santiago to Buenos Aires across the Andes will cost another $50. Pan American's fare from Buenos Aires to New York is $526. That brings your fares for the whole business to $1070.10. Add 15 per cent tax to your fare from New York to Valparaiso (all tickets purchased in the States are subject to 15% U. S. tax) and you find your total transportation cost is $1143.60. That ain't hay, but then, who ever heard of horses going skiing? In the summer, that is. We wish we could honestly tell you that you could absorb part of that very substantial nut by paying much less for everything in Chile than you would at home. The sad fact is that—thanks to the war-born inflation—prices of just about everything are approximately what they would be back in the States. In fact, some things might cost more.

The tab at Portillo, however, isn't too tough. Rates at the new hotel average $10 per day for room, breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner and use of the ski lift. At the old hotel, rates run between $6 and $6.50 for the same things.

In Santiago, rates at the Hotel Carrera run from about $3.60 to $11.50 single, without meals. At the Crillon they range from $2.50 to $3.75 single, without meals; and from $5.65 to $6.87 single, with meals.

By law, 10 per cent is added to all hotel bills as a service charge. That takes care of most of the tipping problem, but you can give five pesos to the bellboy bringing up your bags or taking them down again at the end of your stay. One peso is par for the hat-check girl—two at the swankiest places. Chilenos don't tip cab drivers, but you can leave from five to ten pesos for the maid when you check out of your hotel.

What to read: We have found that it increased our enjoyment of a visit to read about a place before going there. Four fine books on Chile are: *All the Best in South America—West Coast* by Sydney Clark (Dodd-Mead); *Chile—A Geographic Extravaganza* by Benjamín Subercaseaux (Macmillan); *Chile* by Erna Fergusson (Knopf); and *History of Chile* by Luis Galdames (University of North Carolina). Our own recommendation is *The New World Guides to the Latin American Republics*—Volume 2 (Duell, Sloan and Pearce).

Incidentally, we've got a great deal of material on Chile we haven't room for here. Dope on other sections and resorts in the country, stuff on Chile's famous deep-sea and fresh-water fishing grounds; hotel and shop listings throughout the country, etc. If you're interested in taking a trip to Chile, or if you want information on any other vacation spot—domestic or foreign—write to the Esquire Readers' Travel Service Bureau, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17. ⧺

Continued from page 90

destination-fun!

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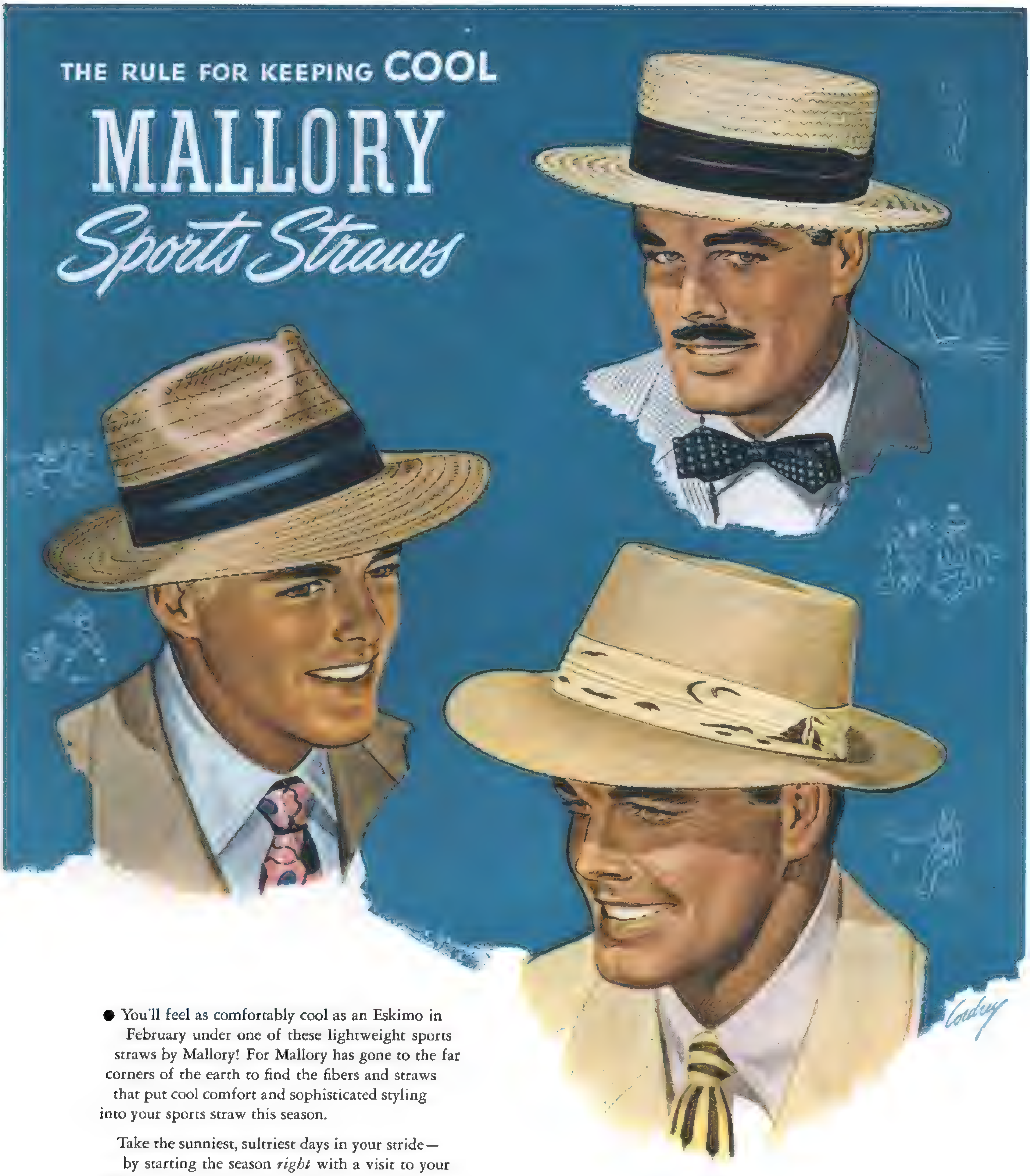

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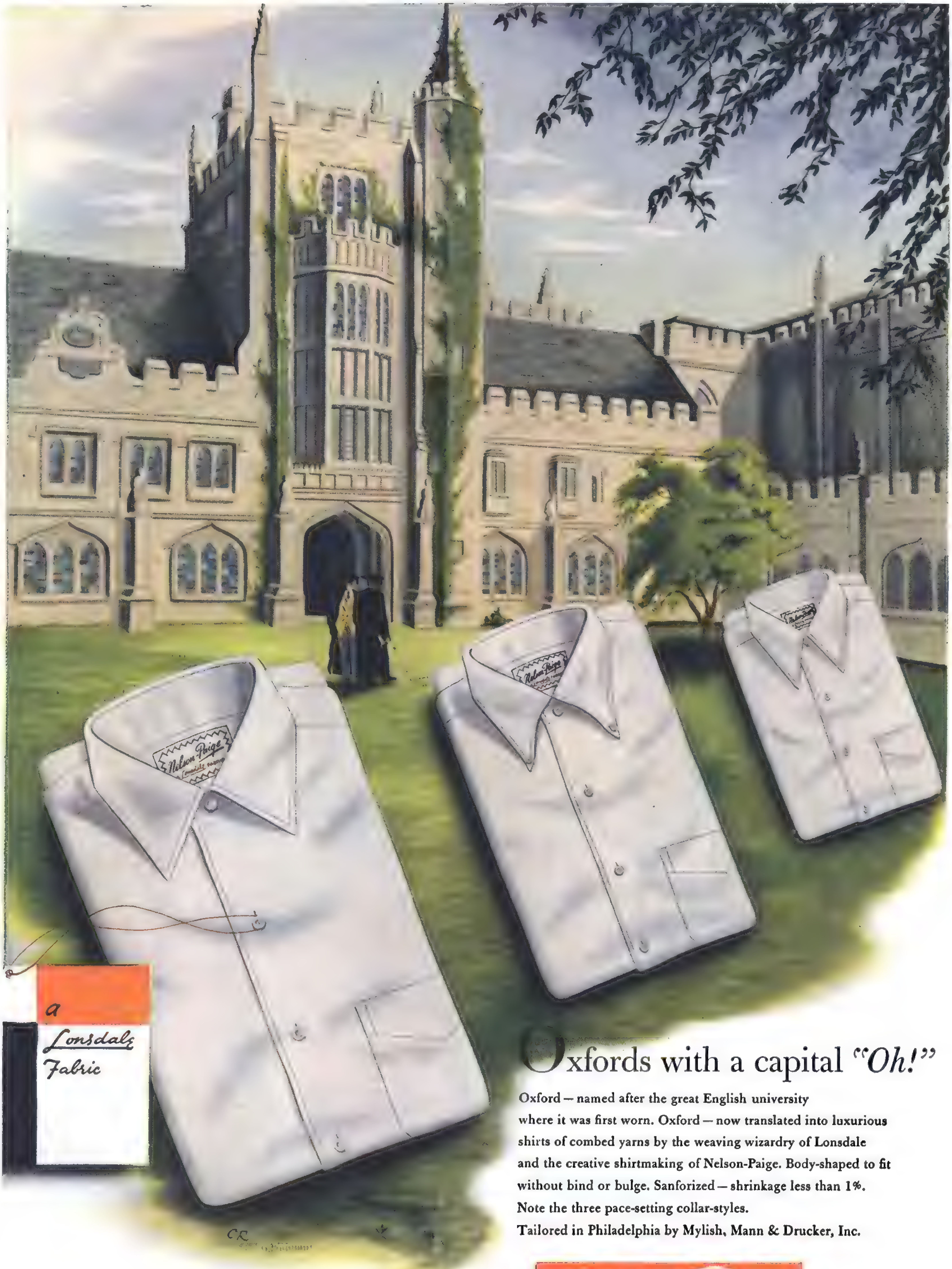

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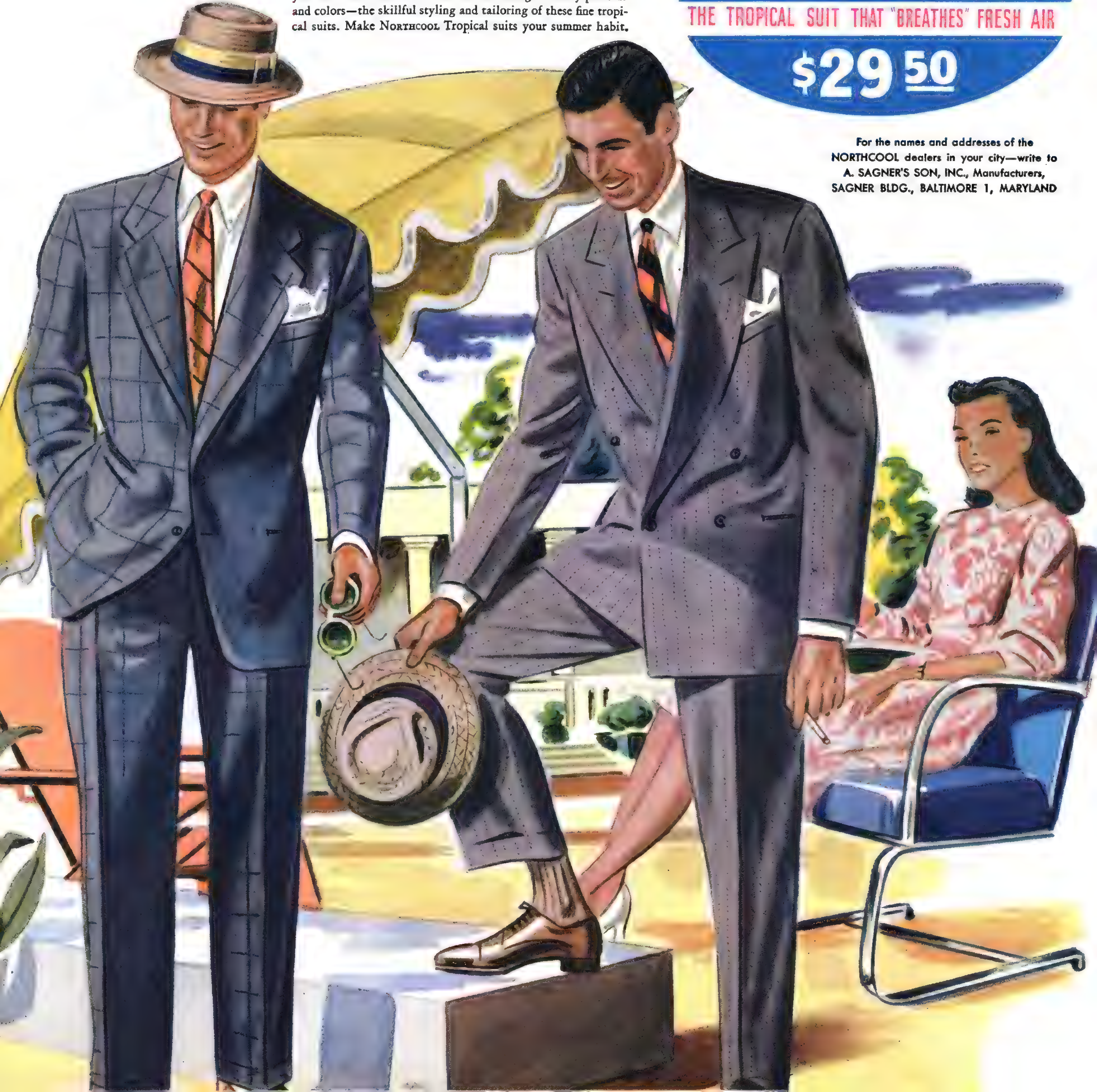

Song, Dance and Iceman

Continued from page 64

maternal grandfather, was not in show business; he operated a basket-weaving shop in South Philadelphia, but nevertheless made his own great contribution to his grandson's stage career. This grandparent was, in demeanor, the pattern for one of the classic vaudeville monologues of our time—Jim's story of the man who got free drinks in saloons by telling a bloodcurdling tale of having been bitten by a mad dog. Once, when he was doing this act at the Palace in New York, he was heckled by a furious female in the audience who shouted that he was libeling the Irish. No Irishman, she maintained, ever got *that* drunk. Barton quelled her by stepping out of character and saying, "Madam, I am doing my grandfather right now."

Jim had been carried onstage by his mother at the age of two, but his real debut, with lines to speak, came in Louisville, Kentucky, when he was four. He portrayed a policeman in a sketch titled *Steve Brodie on the Bow-wowery.*

Barton's early years were spent playing honky-tonks, and he says that not one minute of these years was wasted. His mad-dog act was conceived in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1909, where he was playing stock and was confronted by a "short" week. A short week was a form of discipline for actors who had offended the management; as punishment they were relegated to playing the smallest bits. With little to do, Jim remembered a story his father told about a man bitten by a snake; remembering also his grandfather, and figuring that a mad dog would be more plausible than a snake outside a city saloon, he improvised a monologue for an olio, or between-acts, entertainment. It was an instant success. Ten years later Barton added to his gallery of souses by writing The Pest, another great favorite, and playing it in *The Passing Show of 1919*—a revue which made him a Broadway star.

In the long knockabout years anything was grist to the mill of a comedian. Barton's accomplishments in the theatre, which include almost anything anybody can think of, include an odd, amusing style of dancing—a kind of sliding shuffle. An accident brought it about. Teamed with a man named Barry, Jim was specializing in a roller-skating act whose smash finish was a dance. At one performance one of his skates fell off—so he quickly kicked off the other one and kept up with his partner by pretending to skate on his shoes. This improvisation was such a success that it was kept in the act, and Barton demanded from the managers a bonus of three cream puffs and a glass of milk after every performance.

A partial transcript of Barton's biography in *Who's Who in the Theatre* lists a tour as Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; many years in stock and repertory in the Middle West and South; a Broadway debut in 1919; starring in such musicals as *The Last Waltz, The Rose of Stamboul* and *Dew Drop Inn*, and participation in the Palm Beach and New York editions of *Ziegfeld Follies* of 1926.

Barton's roles in "tom" shows ranged from Topsy to playing Simon Legree. Once, as he was about to make an entrance in the latter character, he discovered that he had misplaced Simon's whip—so he took off his belt and spent the evening cowing slaves with one hand and holding up pants with the other. He did not continue this innovation.

There was money in Florida in the middle twenties, and Ziegfeld's Palm Beach revue was a lavish one. Barton agreed to appear in it only until a specified date in March—because at that time the six-day bike races would begin in New York and Jim would rather have died a pauper than miss any day of such an event. As the time for departure approached, Ziegfeld begged his star to remain in Florida, pointing out how cold it would be up north; but Barton held firm. Ziegfeld dangled the bait of a contract for the Broadway version of the show. Jim expressed interest, but had a date with a train.

He was in his compartment when a Ziegfeld secretary, male, galloped breathlessly into the Pullman waving a sheaf of papers. "Your contract," he puffed. "Sign it quick."

Barton took a look. The document was all in shorthand, and he declined to autograph it. In vain the secretary pleaded a lack of time to make a transcription and made assurances that everything was on the up-and-up and that Ziegfeld's word was good.

"I know it's good," said Barton, "but even so I'd be a damn fool to sign something I can't read." So off he went to the races. A translated version of the contract was mailed to him, and he kept his date with Ziegfeld later in the season, at the Globe Theatre on Broadway.

Barton's impersonation of Jeeter Lester in *Tobacco Road* was a thing of such gusto and perfection that he is inseparably identified with the part. Until his death, thousands of theatregoers thought Uncle John was Jim. Broadwayites sometimes forget that it was not James Barton, but Henry Hull who created Jeeter and played him in New York from December, 1933, to June, 1934, when Jim took over.

Barton's passion for bike races was such that he once went AWOL from a Chicago revue for a week in order to attend the annual lap-and-heat festival at Madison Square Garden. His passion for baseball—possibly inherited from the grandfather who owned the Blue Bloomer Girls—is as acute.

It was during the run of *Tobacco Road* that Jim became owner of a ball park and a team. He ad-

Continued on page 150

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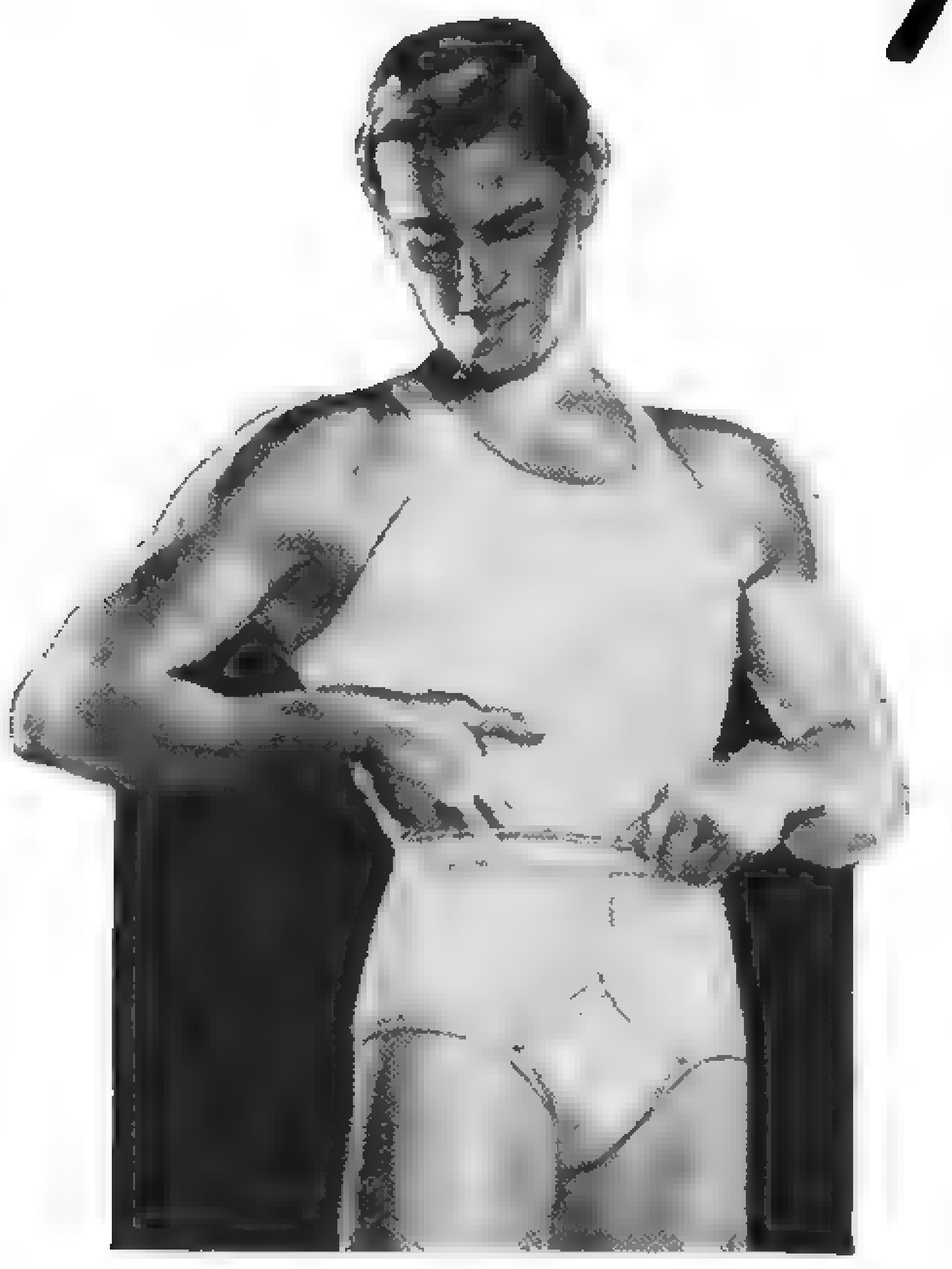

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Song, Dance and Iceman

Continued from page 149

mired the sandlot playing of a bunch of youngsters in his home village, Hollis, Long Island. When the team's lot was sold as a one-family-house development, the kids looked around for another place to play—and there wasn't any. They decided to disband. When Barton heard of this he bought a huge lot and built a stadium. The youngsters became his Night Hawks the following season.

Barton had a private telephone installed in his dressing room at the Forrest Theatre for the sole purpose of keeping in touch with his ball park and the adjoining tavern. The first call to come through, just before Jim had to go onstage, was a report from his manager. A terrific windstorm had wrecked half the towers for the floodlights.

Jim's devotion to his enterprise was steadfast. He had many opportunities to earn $1000 a performance at night clubs after the theatre, but he preferred going out to his tavern and entertaining his customers for free.

During his long run as Jeeter, Barton suffered from many things, including colds and indigestion. The colds he blamed on a drafty stage door, but his wife confessed that he usually got them while hunting rabbits in the Long Island wilds. His indigestion he blamed on the turnips he had to consume onstage. After one matinee performance he went to dinner and came back to the theatre complaining of severe pains. "Those damn turnips are ruining my belly," he yowled. The manager did a little detective work and learned that his star had just put away a large order of frogs' legs. Jim's complaint did not bring him relief from his turnip diet.

Another of his troubles was Jeeter's beard and mustache, which wouldn't stay put. The more glue he used, the less manageable the adornment became. Finally he devised a method of inserting a piece of rubberized cloth with holes in it, which formed a vacuum. The beard stayed in place—and it took almost two hours to get it off after the performance.

By 1939 the *Tobacco Road* company may have got a little tired of each other. At any rate, two actresses of the company complained to Actors' Equity that Barton was cussing offstage as well as doing Jeeter's regular "by God and by Jesus" routine during performances. Equity held a hearing and administered a reprimand, in spite of the accused's able defense of himself.

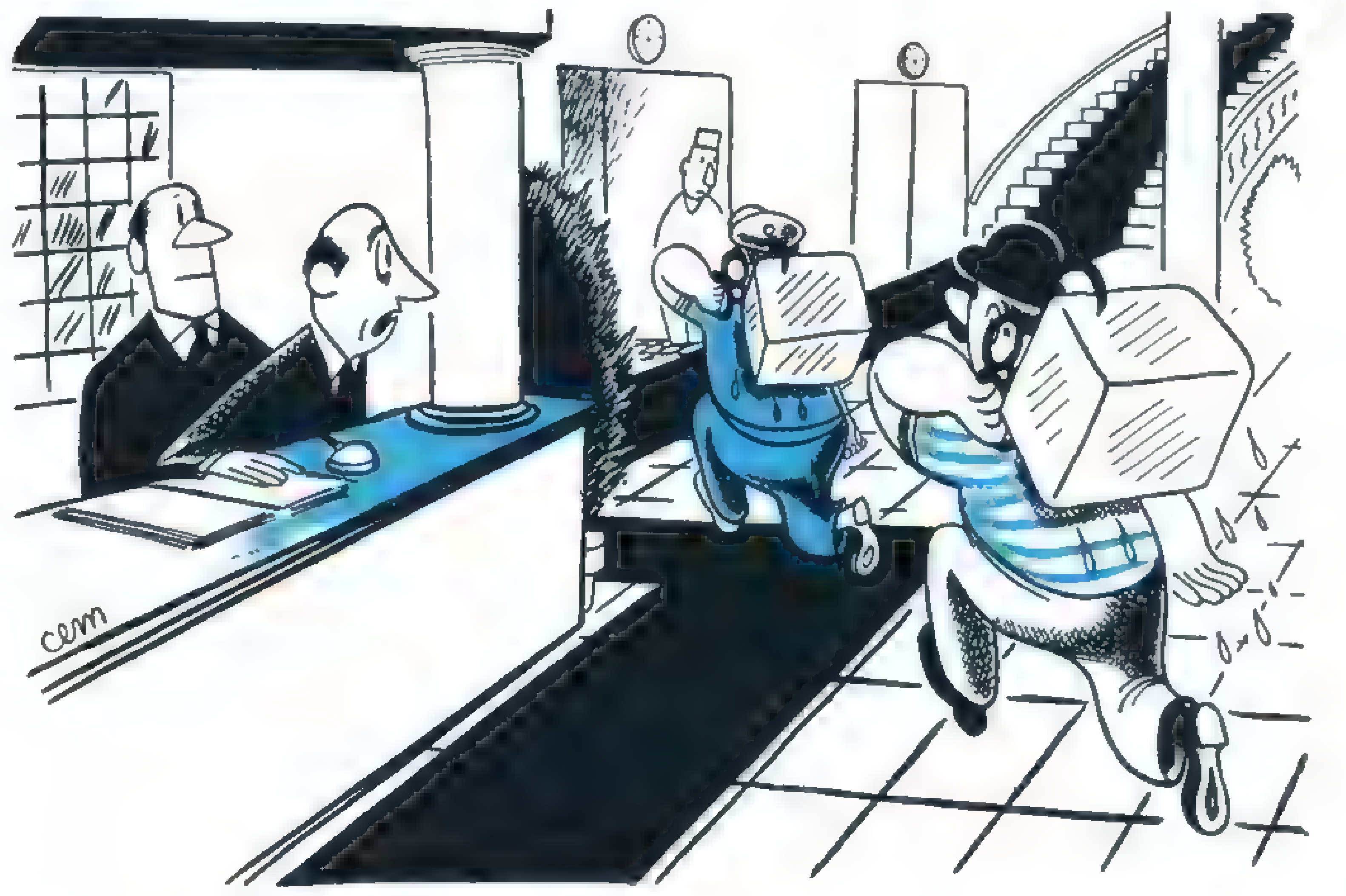
"I can't talk without swearing," Barton explained earnestly, "but I never swear *at* anybody."

Jim's first wife, Ottilia, obtained a divorce and $150 a week alimony in 1926—the year of the *Follies* engagement in which he was doing his sketch, The Pest. In this number was an actress, Kathryn Penman, whom Barton married the following year. Kathryn boasts that she and her husband have never missed a meal together since.

Once they had a pretentious home in Great Neck, where such showmen as Gene Buck and John Golden maintain large abodes; but their home in Hollis is a modest one. Once they had a $40,000 cabin cruiser, but Mrs. Barton sold it a year or so ago for $1500 because Jim never found time to use the boat.

The Bartons' routine when Jim is playing on Broadway might kill less hardy souls. Six-thirty p.m., the beginning of a day's work, finds them in their dressing room. Most actors of prominence employ valets—dressers is the stage term—to help put on pants, lay out make-up tools, run for coffee and act obsequious in general; but Jim does all his own work while his wife sits by and reads. She never has seen a performance of *The Iceman Cometh*, but she could hear it through the open dressing-room door and knew all the roles by heart.

It is after midnight when Jim is back in street clothes. Here again he varies from the star-actor norm: Instead of going home in a splendid sedan, preferably chauf-



"Do you suppose it could be that ice-show team in 303?"

feur-driven, he and his wife walk around the corner to the Eighth Avenue subway, drop a pair of nickels and ride to the bitter end of the Queens line—one of the longest and dreariest passages since the tribes of Israel tagged after Moses.

And the Bartons aren't home yet, nor do they go home. When they leave the subway they catch a municipal bus and ride some more, until, in the dim reaches of Queens County, they come upon a resort which has three pianos, a juke box and a neon sign proclaiming it to be Jim Barton's Star of Tobacco Road Stadium and Cantina. The parenthetical "Star of Tobacco Road" part doesn't light up any more, time having dissipated its news value. Nor does Jim think he will replace it with some reference to *The Iceman.*

At the Cantina, which is Mexican for saloon, the Bartons remain until 3 a.m. or so. Jim mingles with the patrons and his wife often tends bar.

At the bar not long ago Barton encountered a gentleman who may someday be a character in a new drunk sketch. This fellow was a husky Pole with a thick accent, who was drunk and bellicose. Jim tried to ease him out with soothing words, but he wanted a fight. He would, indeed, like to fight some cops, for cops were his special dish.

Unable to get his man out by cajolery, Barton went to a phone booth and made dialing motions.

"You calling the cops?" asked the stew.

"Yes," Jim lied.

"Well," suggested the tough guy, "don't call Schultz. Schultz is the cop who always puts me in jail."

When they have had enough of the Cantina, the Bartons drive home in an old Lincoln convertible which has been parked in the driveway since the afternoon before. By two or three the next afternoon they are back at the Cantina to open up the place, get the staff working and feed a half-dozen hunting dogs which are kept in a wire enclosure in the rear of the building.

The Cantina also possesses a number of cats. The head cat, a slim, young-looking grey, is Cinderella. Unlike the fairy tale heroine, this Cinderella has no trouble locating a Prince Charming, and vice versa. Up to last January she had had 214 kittens—and the Bartons have found homes for all of them except a few they keep around as company for Cinderella—as if she needed it.

As a workman in the theatre, James Barton is just as tough as he looks, for he is a perfectionist and stubborn about doing things the way he thinks they should be done. The opening of *The Iceman Cometh* was an event of extraordinary tension for players and audience alike, and Barton "dried up" during his long final speech. While the audience sweated it out, Barton groped for his next line, and from the wings an assistant stage manager tried to feed it to him.

Jim would have no prompting. "That's enough, boys!" he snapped. An instant later he was back on the beam, smoothly finishing the most important scene of the play.

Barton's voice has unsuspected power, but at the opening of *The Iceman* his seemingly low delivery worried Director Eddie Dowling, who made periodic visits backstage and urged him to speak up. Jim finally exploded: "Damn it, I'm playing for the actors, not the audience!"

This was his measure as an actor, and his estimate of the play. To him the play was real, the people in it were real and he was trying to be real; this was all that counted.

Jack Kirkland, who wrote the stage version of *Tobacco Road* and owns it, says the most remarkable piece of acting he ever saw was performed by Barton the night Maude Odell died of a heart attack after the first act of the play. Miss Odell was playing the important role of Sister Bessie and no understudy was available. Kirkland was all for announcing Miss Odell's death, ending the performance and refunding the audience's money.

"Get the curtain up!" insisted Barton. "Get it up! We'll go on."

So the second and third acts went on, with Barton and Sam Rose revising the play as they went, to eliminate Sister Bessie. Apparently only one patron in the theatre missed her—for at the end of the performance the death of Miss Odell was made known and refunds were offered . . . and only one customer asked for his money back.

The Passing Show of 1919 made Barton a musical-comedy star—but it was the Actors' Equity strike earlier that year which got him into the big time and which resulted in a memorable curtain speech.

The striking actors had all but shuttered Broadway, and were having a benefit performance of their own at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, which may have been the greatest of all benefit shows. The emotional climax came when, as Frank Fay recalls, "the house blacked out. Then a voice was heard, '*Lightnin'* has struck,' and a spotlight showed Frank Bacon on the stage.

"I'll never forget it. The house came down. Nobody could top that scene and nobody should have followed it—but Jim Barton, a fellow from vaudeville, came on and knocked the audience over again."

This comparatively unknown comedian and dancer, working on the same bill as the greatest stars of the day, won an ovation which stamped him as big-time material. After repeated curtain calls Barton stepped to the foots and won his audience all over again with a memorable speech.

"Thanks," he said, "for the use of the hall." #

Continued from page 64

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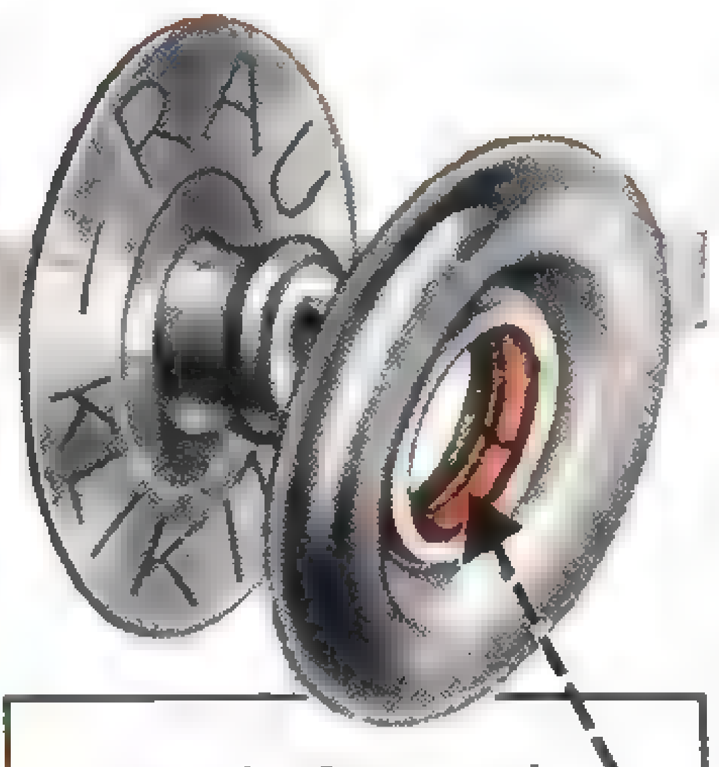

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Book Briefs

Recent art volumes confirm the painter's role as an exponent of new ideas and show printers have picked up a few tricks in making handsome books

LEGEND: 🟠 gifts for him ○ gifts for her ● fun to read ◯ brainfood

Painting in the U. S. A.

by Alan D. Gruskin
(Doubleday, $7.50)

Contains over 125 reproductions, many in full color, of lesser-known work of contemporary United States artists. Extensive text talks little about artists themselves and a lot about museums, galleries, buying and selling of pictures, and fine art in advertising and Hollywood.

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A Little Yes and a Big No

by George Grosz
(Dial, $7.50)

Autobiography, mostly text, of a socially-conscious artist telling how he got his ideas about bankers, Fascists, loose women and war. Liberally illustrated with line drawings. Words and pictures both bitterly satirical. Profusely anecdotal, strong sex interest.

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Forty Illustrators

by Ernest W. Watson
(Watson-Guptill, $10.00)

Backstage in the studios of such popular artists as Alajalov, Cornwell, Dohanos, Rockwell, Helck, Prohaska and Sewell. Numerous sketches show how each plans and draws his magazine covers and features. Articles on illustrators are brief and informative.

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Salvador Dali

by James Thrall Soby
(Museum of Modern Art, $3.00)

Eighty of Dali's fantastic paintings and a respectful evaluation of his work. Author shows how classic art and intimations of the subconscious have influenced the artist. Book intends to assist those more concerned with Dali's work than his behavior.

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Picasso

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Inside story of the war years of the world's most famous artist and how, both in art and life, he defied Fascists. 135 plates, many of them accompanied by explanatory comment, show vast range of creative achievement. Text is thoughtful and thorough.

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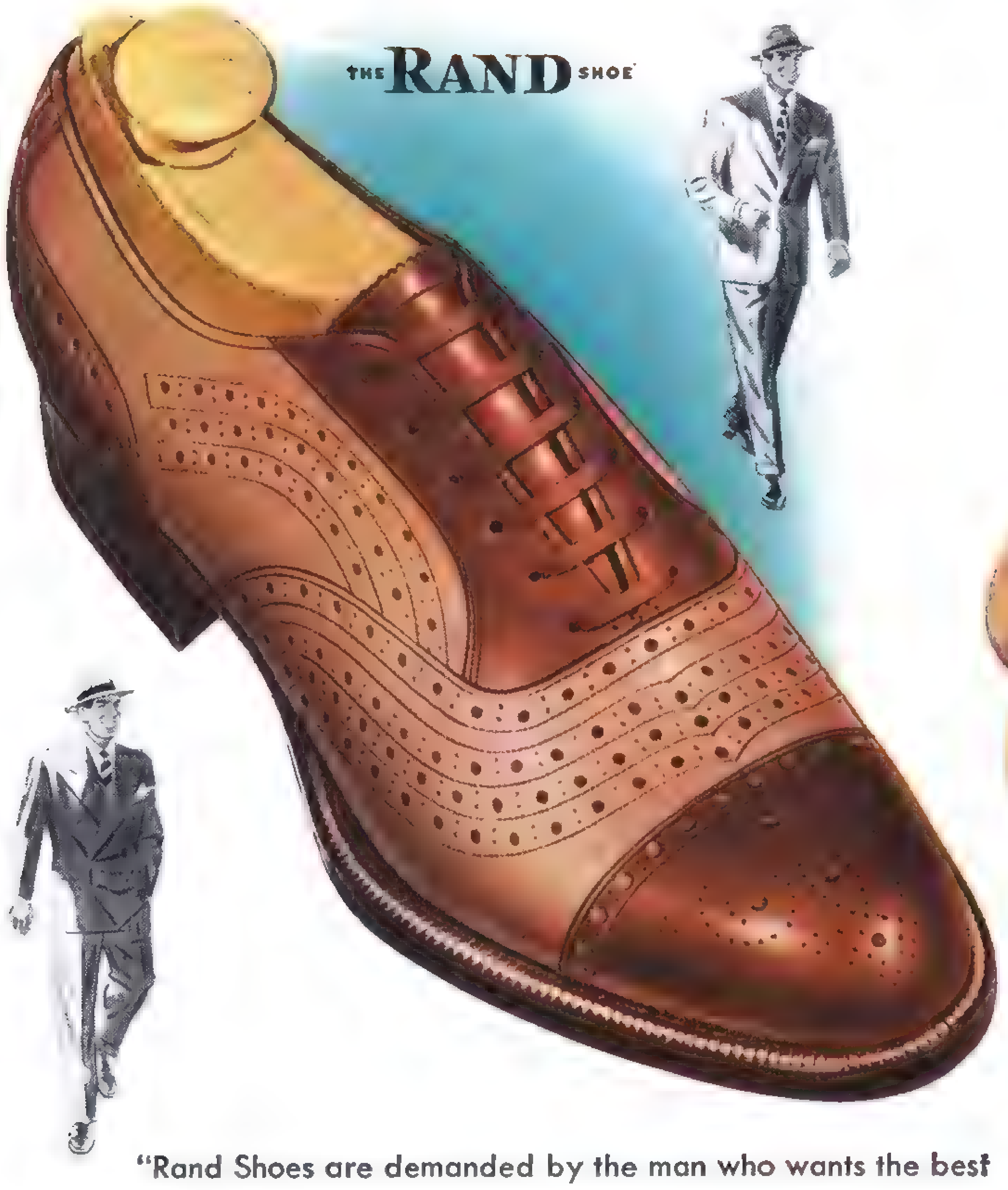

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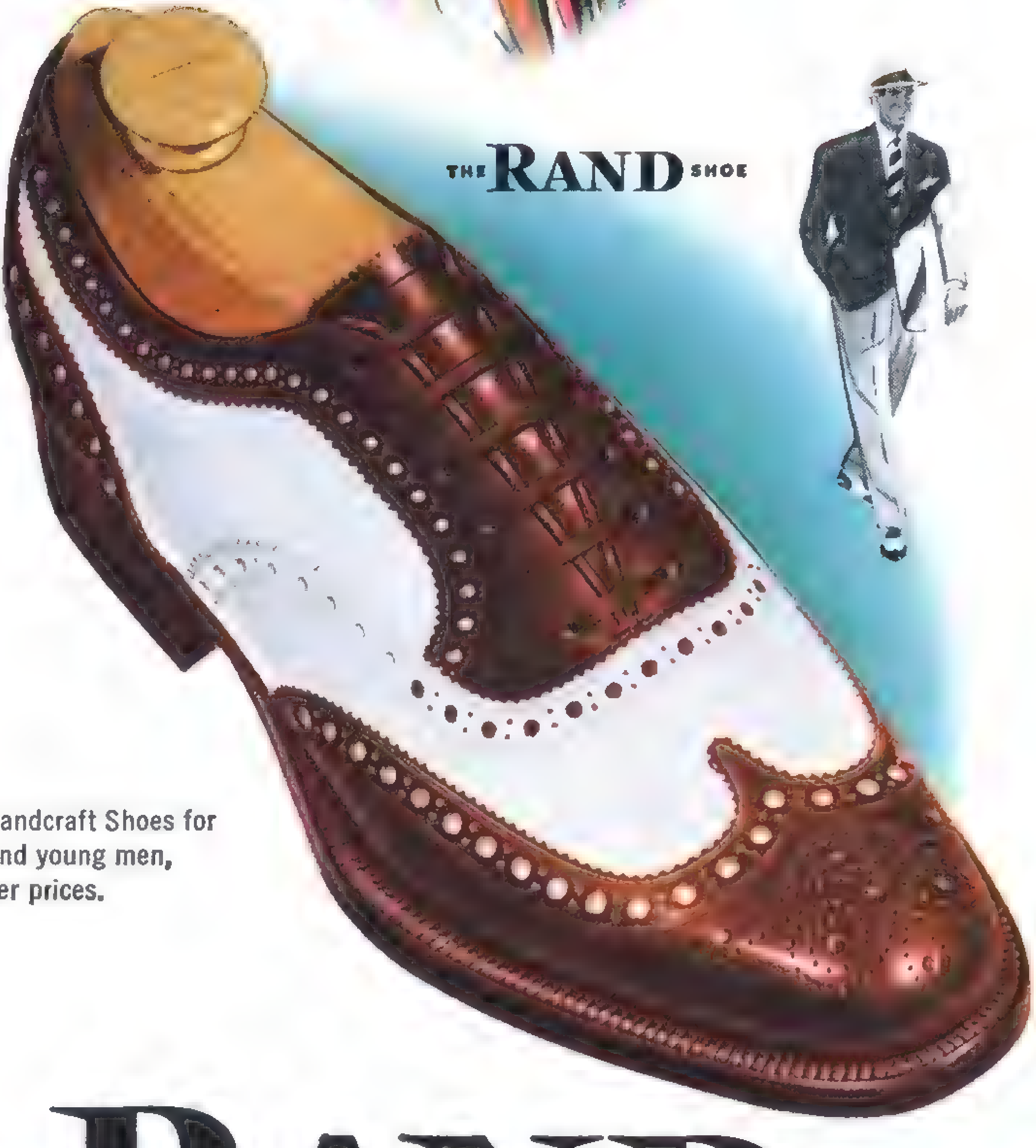

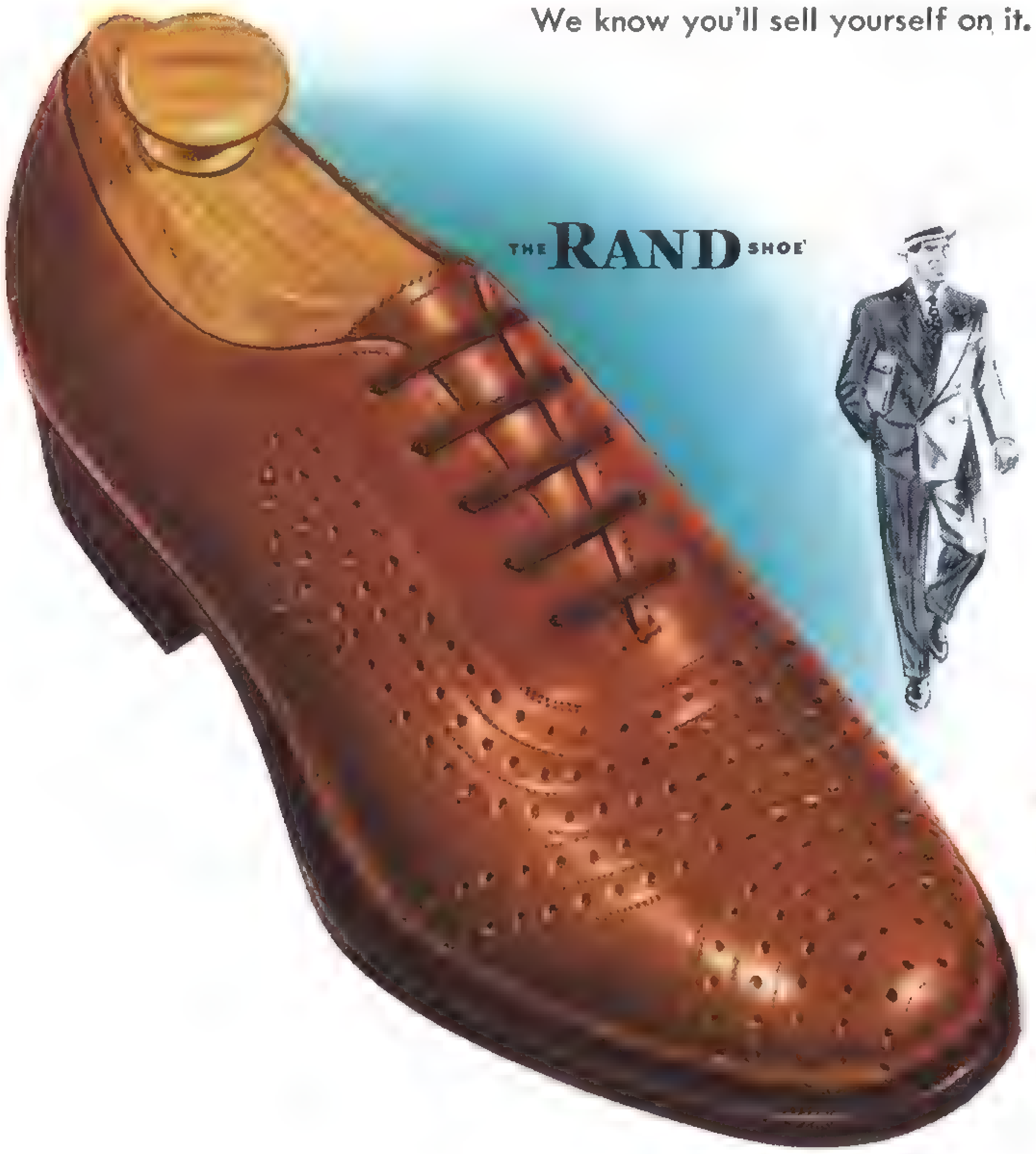

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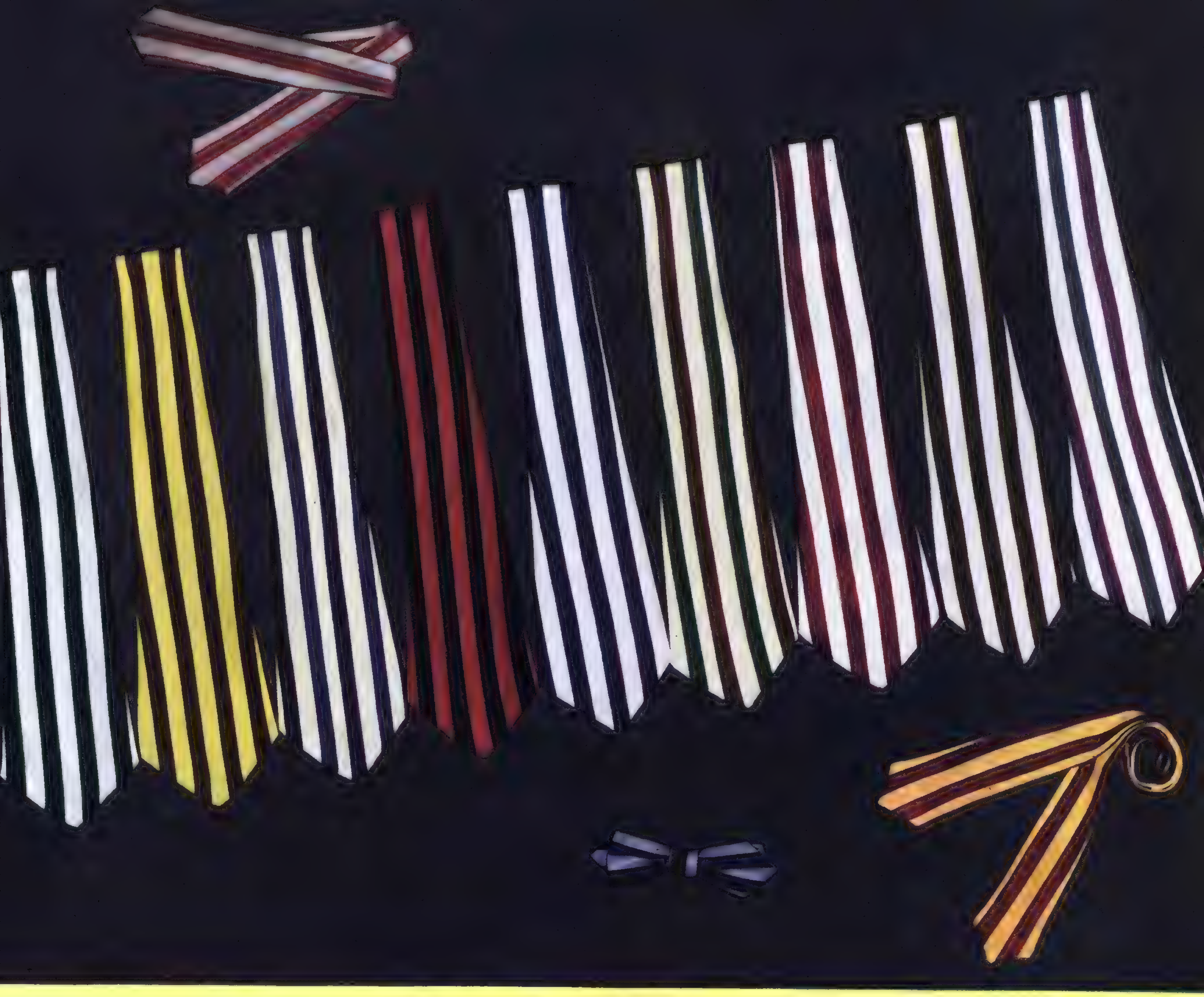

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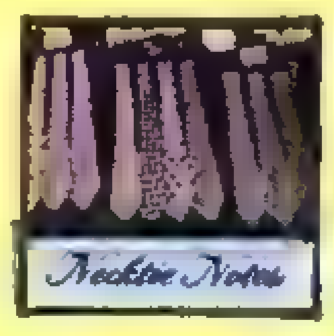
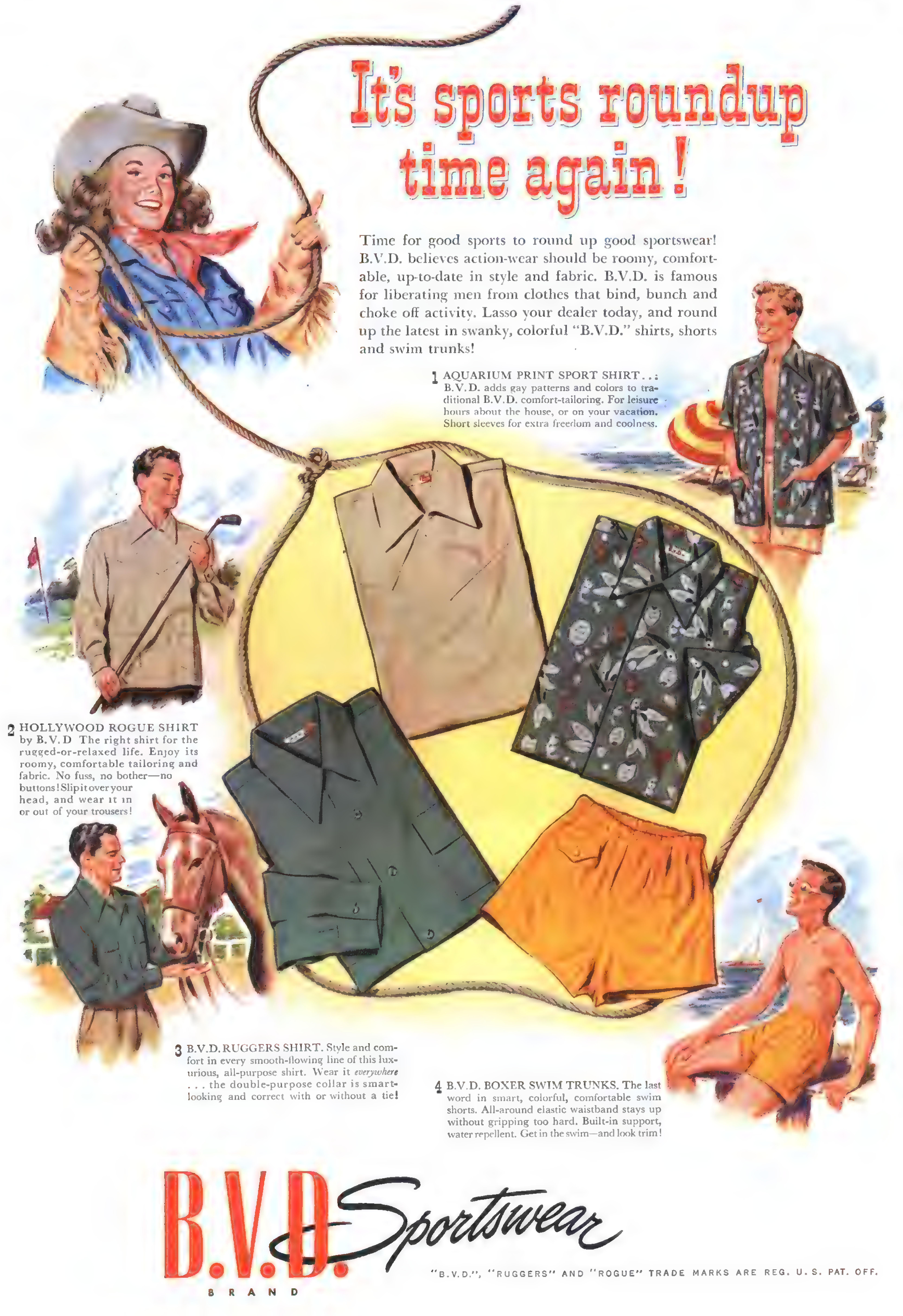

Necktie Notes

How to tie Windsor, Bow and other tie knots.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



It's sports roundup time again!

Time for good sports to round up good sportswear! B.V.D. believes action-wear should be roomy, comfortable, up-to-date in style and fabric. B.V.D. is famous for liberating men from clothes that bind, bunch and choke off activity. Lasso your dealer today, and round up the latest in swanky, colorful "B.V.D." shirts, shorts and swim trunks!

1 AQUARIUM PRINT SPORT SHIRT . . . B.V.D. adds gay patterns and colors to traditional B.V.D. comfort-tailoring. For leisure hours about the house, or on your vacation. Short sleeves for extra freedom and coolness.

2 HOLLYWOOD ROGUE SHIRT by B.V.D The right shirt for the rugged-or-relaxed life. Enjoy its roomy, comfortable tailoring and fabric. No fuss, no bother—no buttons! Slip it over your head, and wear it in or out of your trousers!

3 B.V.D. RUGGERS SHIRT. Style and comfort in every smooth-flowing line of this luxurious, all-purpose shirt. Wear it *everywhere* . . . the double-purpose collar is smart-looking and correct with or without a tie!

4 B.V.D. BOXER SWIM TRUNKS. The last word in smart, colorful, comfortable swim shorts. All-around elastic waistband stays up without gripping too hard. Built-in support, water repellent. Get in the swim—and look trim!

B.V.D. *Sportswear*
BRAND

"B.V.D.", "RUGGERS" AND "ROGUE" TRADE MARKS ARE REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Soliloquy in a London Phone Booth

Continued from page 116

student can master this after only a little study and a few hours practice. It needs no explanation. But *now* comes the insidious part. *Now* you begin to notice the Buttons.

Oh, they're cagey, all right, those people who wrote the directions. They give you just enough information to get you to put your twopence into their damn machine. But now, now that they're gone, the Buttons enter your life.

There are two of them, although on the first few trial runs there appear to be hundreds. The world seems to have become suddenly void of anything except Buttons.

"Are Buttons everything?" you ask yourself, in a valiant effort to shake this melancholy mood. (The Buttons are nickel-plated cylinders about a half inch in diameter, and they protrude about two inches from the lower, or the twopence box.)

Suddenly, way down in the corner near your left knee, you notice some more directions. The day is saved, you think, and you start to do a full knee bend. Just as you get your trousers wrinkled, you hear an echoing sound. Someone answers the telephone.

"QUATEFREDASLOWECTUALLIHWOODCLAPAJOPHONSUIBBENAFRAWN," says the unseen voice.

You forget the directions in your joy at being answered.

"Hello!" you say, delightedly, little knowing that you have either a casket manufacturer or a cruet merchant on the line. "May I speak to Mr. Chippenham, please?"

The answer begins when you are about midway through your question.

"FLUMWHADDYCAWNTUNDAHSTENDAWEHDOLDCHAPBLICKENGLAWP," the golden voice says, politely.

"I say," you say, hoping this new angle may be the right one, "I wonder if I might speak with Mr. Chipnum?"

"CHADCHAWPENFRIPPLEFRASTENOW," you are told, and you are forced to admit that nothing could be fairer than that.

At this point your eye lights on a tiny, inconspicuous line of type on the camouflaged direction sheet down near the floor, somewhere in the vicinity of your big toe.

"Button 'A' must be pressed," it reads, coming straight to the point, "before the party to whom you are talking can hear you."

Mentally substituting the word "Opponent" for the phrase "Party to whom you are talking," you look for Button "A."

Button "A," you discover, protrudes from the front of the box and is easily identified by a six-inch white circle painted around it, labeled "Button B."

Novitiates might be tempted to push the Button on the right side of the box, the one that is surrounded by a six-inch white circle and the legend "Button A," but *you* have been in England for seven months now and are not likely to be taken in by an obvious snare.

Anyhow, you push the Button and find that it does not yield easily to pressure. You try again, really putting your weight behind it this time and noting, with a small flicker of pleasure, the wristy follow-through.

You decide to have another go at it.

"May I speak to Mr. Chippenham, please?" you ask.

This time you notice that your voice, instead of bouncing back in your teeth from the mouthpiece, has a newer, richer tone; it seems to fill the kiosk. Hopefully you wait for the meaningless jumble of sounds which will assure you that you are indeed speaking to an Englishman.

There is no response. You repeat your request. The silence that greets you has a hauntingly familiar quality. You seem to have heard it somewhere before. Suddenly you recognize it. This silence, if not an exact duplicate, is at least a reasonable facsimile of the one you encountered aeons ago while waiting for that low, humming sound.

Then, slowly, the truth dawns. You have faithfully followed the admonition to Press Button A. You feel sure that if there were someone there to hear you, he really could hear you now. But alas, the party has hung up.

Wearily you try to jiggle the little bar on which the phone is wont to sit. Somewhere in the back of your mind is the forlorn hope that the operator may respond, and the even more forlorn hope that you may get your twopence back. Savagely you push Button B, labeled Button A, not caring what happens. Quietly, with no fuss at all, your two pennies emerge in a little slot near the bottom of the kiosk, so placed by a thoughtful Utility that after bending down to collect them you bump hell out of yourself on the way back up. Then Button B shudders convulsively and slowly wriggles back to its original protruding position.

You turn and kick the side of the kiosk opposite the telephone where, if you remember correctly, you entered. The queue outside sneers its disapproval. You try the left side of this modern Iron Maiden. It refuses to move. You know that the exit can't very well be on the side the telephone is on, and you are right. Only one side remains, and after pushing on the right edge of the door where the knob should be, the door swings inward from the left, rapping you smartly on the head.

You emerge battered and practically beaten. Resignedly, you reach into your coat pocket for the carrier pigeon you should have released in the first place, shoot your cuffs, and head for the nearest pub. #

Founded P&T *in 1840*

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Private Stock

America's Luxury Whiskey

P&T
FOUNDED 1840
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
Midway, Ky New York, N.Y.

From the Treasured Stocks of a Century Old House

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

Unburied Treasure

"Pieces of Eight," SWANK's clever new Money Klip, is a present any man will prize. Eight coins, made to look like pirate plunder and mounted on this sturdy clip, will hold all the "gold" he can fold. Like all Money Klips by SWANK this novel conversation piece reflects SWANK's sure skill in suiting the masculine taste.

Don't forget Father's Day, June 15th

Pieces of Eight Money Klip—$5.00

Always look for the name

Men prefer SWANK

SWANK—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

The Fabulous Gypsy

Continued from page 97

an instrumentalist to set the "peasants" (which is the gypsies' derisive term for all outsiders) on their ears. For the past twelve years he has been idolized by jazz fans, first in France and then all over the world. One of his greatest admirers and sponsors, Charles Delaunay, head of the *Hot Club du France*, has written the gypsy's biography upon which this article is based.

Django was literally born to the sound of applause. His mother, billed as La belle Laurence, was the star of a group of itinerant gypsy players touring France and Belgium. While the rest of the troupe was giving its show in the little Belgian town of Liverchies on the night of January 23, 1910, she was giving a more important performance in the trailer outside. The baby was baptized Jean, but they called him Django from the first.

By the time the boy was fifteen he was a widely traveled man—all over France, Italy, and Belgium and he saw action with the Algerian Dead End kids in the Casbah. But the charms of music began to soothe his savage breast about the age of ten. His hard-boiled playmates eyed him somewhat askance when they saw his preference for the music of gypsy guitars, violins and mandolins—instead of pursuing the manly art of raiding pushcarts and vineyards. At the tender age of thirteen his guitar had been heard in professional appearances in various Apache hangouts in the slums of Paris. La belle Laurence called for him each night to collect his pay lest he wager it away.

By 1928 his good fortune and talent had given him a place in the European limelight. Lady Luck not only smiled at him, she gave him the key to her apartment. But all the good things went up in smoke early one November morning that year.

Returning home Django found his gypsy trailer full of artificial flowers to be sold at the cemetery next day. There was a rustling noise under the flowers.

"*Nom d'un nom!* Those accursed rats again!" He raised the candle sleepily. It was almost burned through and crumbled in his hand, the burning wick falling on the celluloid flowers below. There was an immediate explosion and the place became an inferno.

With stunning rapidity he was almost surrounded by flames. In desperation he clutched a blanket in his left hand to use for a shield as he fought his way out. His life was miraculously saved, but as he ruefully contemplated his injuries he wondered if it was worth saving.

"*Regardez donc!* My left hand!" It was a shapeless mass of seared flesh. And the surgeon recommended amputating his right leg. It developed that the leg stayed on, but it was a year and a half before he learned to walk again. And the hand? Well, nobody expected him ever to play again.

By sheer will power Django trained himself to use first one finger, then another. Not only did he regain his skill but he capitalized on his disability to become an even greater guitarist. Compensating for the paralysis of his fourth and fifth fingers, he developed a new method of chording which made his style completely new and distinctive.

Following his recovery the old wanderlust hit Django. He and his brother traveled through the south of France, earning their way by passing the hat after playing guitar duets in sidewalk cafés.

Credit for "discovering" Django, or rather rediscovering him, should go to Emile Savitry, one of the typical *avant-garde* artists of prewar Montparnasse. While he was spending a few days in Toulon, he ran into two wandering minstrels. One of the motley duet played surpassingly fine guitar, so the intrigued Emile invited them to his apartment for a record bash. On tap were classical records, Hawaiian selections and finally *le jazz hot.* In this little furnished room in the port area of Toulon, Django first heard the orchestra of Duke Ellington, the great artist who was to feature him at Carnegie Hall some fifteen years later. He was so overwhelmed by the torrents of *hot* pouring from the phonograph that he burst into tears. This jazz evoked a profound response in the gypsy. From now on he got his kicks from Louis Armstrong and the Duke, not from the waltzes, tangos and popular French ditties which had previously formed his repertory.

It was only a question of a few months before Savitry had got Django enough jobs to get him up the ladder to Paris. There he impressed Jean Sablon, who was singing in a swank night club, and wanted Django for his personal accompanist. This was agreeable, but the guitarist with typical Gallic insouciance neglected to show up for work half the time. Swallowing his pride, Sablon sent his car to the outskirts of Paris each evening to get the musician out of bed and to work on time.

Before this door-to-door delivery system went into effect, the ever-practical Django had another means of transportation. In the gypsy camp where he lived, just outside the Paris wall, a sector known as the *Zone*, there were no streets. It was unthinkable for his shoes and clothes to become soiled on his way to work. The problem was solved each evening with a most engaging expedient.

"*Attention*, my little cabbage," he would exclaim to his wife. "My sweet, it is time for me to go to the job of music."

"*C'est bien.* I am ready, my love," she would reply. Then she would bend forward, Django would mount her shoulders and off they would go through the mucky ways. When the pavement was reached he would tax her strength no longer, gallantly dismounting to walk the rest of the way toward Montmartre.

The next important step in Django's development was the formation of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France. This club was an organization of French lovers of American jazz music which got together at first to enjoy records, but soon was running concerts of its own featuring the best French musicians and such visiting American stars as Coleman Hawkins and Benny Carter.

By 1934 the HCF had reached the point where it was looking for a band to uphold the banner of France in the jazz world. They found what they wanted in a group drawn mostly from Louis Vola's band which, in the past, used to jam between sets in a back room at the Claridge. Personnel consisted of Stephane Grappelly (violin); Django Reinhardt, Joseph Reinhardt, Roger Chaput (guitars); and Louis Vola (bass).

"This is the fortune my Aunt Nellie willed to me . . . there's five cents deposit on each one"

With their first concerts the Quintet became the rave of Paris and their records enabled the world to share this music. American fans were delighted to hear a European band catch the spirit of jazz music, yet remain unique; many who found blaring trumpets, bleating saxes and obtrusive drums a bit strenuous on the ears were captivated by the delicate improvisations of this ensemble.

Few in this country who avidly followed their Victor and Decca releases realized what a volatile little package this combination was. In the two stars, Grappelly and Reinhardt, there was enough explosive temperament to supply the Metropolitan Opera and a ballet company for a complete season, including matinees. This petty rivalry constantly threatened to split the combination; not only were they bickering over top billing, but they were personally antipathetic toward each other. Grappelly, elegant though penny-pinching and somewhat superficial, was Django's opposite in nature, although they were perfect complements musically. Some of the trouble arose because their records were variously issued for contractual reasons, as Django Reinhardt and the Quintet of the Hot Club of France or Stephane Grappelly and his Hot Four.

The situation came to a head during the Quintet's first broadcast to the United States in 1937. On their bandstand in the Big Apple cabaret on *Rue Pigalle* (known as Pig Alley since the 1944 American invasion) the musicians grew tense as the time approached. The seconds ticked away and at the "On the Air" signal, the American announcer went confidently into his introduction. . . .

"From Paris we now bring you the music of Stephane Grappelly and his Hot Four."

Django turned white with rage, jumped to his feet and began to stalk out of the studio. Only the humblest of apologies and a promise to correct the error before the end of the program induced him to return. He has not forgiven Grappelly to this day, but the fault was not the violinist's.

The group was playing in England when war broke out in 1939. Stephane chose to remain in England as he is part Italian and was technically a nonbelligerent. All the others returned to France where Django formed a considerably successful big band. After the lull of the phony war, the Germans unleashed their blitzkrieg and Django took to the road with countless thousands of panic-stricken Parisians. On the run his gypsy experience served him well and he fared much better than the hapless city dwellers.

After the Pétain maneuver, things returned to "normal" and Django returned to Paris and greater fame than ever. The rebellious youth of France subtly expressed their hostility toward the Nazis in this fad for American music. A new Quintet was formed with Hubert Rostaing replacing the missing Grappelly. For once Reinhardt's extravagant salary demands were useful; every time the Germans wanted him to play he would ask an impossible figure.

Among his engagements during this period was a two-week stint in North Africa in 1942. Lady Luck looked the other way when he sailed back to France on November 6. Two days later the Allies invaded Africa, missing a terrific USO recruit by a matter of forty-eight hours.

The next year, tiring of Nazi-occupied France, Django attempted to escape to Switzerland. A German patrol happened upon the café where he was to rendezvous with the guide. A search of his person revealed a letter from a Swiss impresario and a membership card from the British equivalent of ASCAP—the Performing Rights Society. Arrested immediately for espionage, he was taken for interrogation before a German major. The officer took one look, as the story has it, and said, "Reinhardt, old chap! What are you doing here?" It seems the

Continued on page 160

The Blackstone
Mayfair Room
The Blackstone famous for fine hospitality
Freeman famous for fine shoes
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Kings Guard
Kings Guard

KING'S GUARD, FEATURING WHITE GENUINE BUCKSKIN

Fits in the right places

Freeman shoemanship, starring Kings Guards, plays a double role in fine shoe performance. For richly leathered Kings Guards have the suave good looks that put you at ease wherever style holds the spotlight. And you'll find Freeman's exclusive Cradle Heel an utterly new experience in comfort, because it gives your foot a more restful, naturally formed foundation. See your Freeman dealer. For his name, write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.

New
CRADLE HEEL
FOR GREATER COMFORT
MOLDED TO FIT WHERE YOU'VE NEVER FELT FITTED BEFORE

It's a FREEMAN shoe

Want to relax, brother?

Slip on the Vacationer

by WINGS

MADE OF A
PACIFIC
FABRIC

Slip on a leisure-time coat that's as good-looking as it is comfortable! Slip on the *Vacationer* . . . created by Wings to wear during a game or after . . . at home or around town. It's free-fitting and handsome . . . tailored in an all-sports Pacific Mills print. Sanforized to wash without shrinkage or fading. Bamboo, tan or brown background. Available in long or half sleeves.

WINGS

WINGS SHIRT CO., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK

The Fabulous Gypsy

Continued from page 159

major was an old German jazz fan who collected the Quintet's records before the war. Probably one of the more esthetic Nazis who wouldn't think of handling a record without first washing the blood off his hands.

It will be a surprise for many to learn that, while he can read no music, Django has done considerable writing for the symphony orchestra. His *Boléro* was performed on the same program as the more famous Ravel composition and did not suffer by comparison. An organ Mass composed by him especially for the gypsies to play during their annual pilgrimage to Sainte-Marie-de-la-Mer prompted the organist of Sacré Cœur Cathedral to remark that he had never heard a better conceived Mass, original yet fully respecting the traditions and harmonies. He has even attempted a symphony, but it is so daringly modern that no orchestra has yet programmed it. He dictated his serious work to Gerard Leveque, a young musician who lived in an apartment next to him. Whenever inspiration seized Django, he would bang on the wall until Leveque came rushing in with his paper and pencil.

The war years in France were about the same for Django as for the other Frenchmen, with the exception that he fared better than many because he earned good pay in the night clubs of Paris. Of course, there was the soul-sapping uncertainty shared by all. You never knew whether the occupation was a sometime thing or whether you were part and parcel of the Nazi Thousand Year Plan.

When the Allies swarmed into the barricade-ridden "City of Light," they liberated jazz and Django, incidentally, along with the *mademoiselles*, *vin ordinaire* with exotic and expensive labels, nonvintage champagne, and immature *Calvados*. He was very popular with the Yanks from the first, making several appearances with Special Services, Armed Forces Network broadcasts and performances with the Air Transport Command band. Any jazz *aficionados* who were lucky enough to make Paris spent much of their time searching the night clubs of Montmartre for the guitarist. One eighteen-year-old G.I. arrived in Paris one morning and, rushing to the Hot Club headquarters, demanded the whereabouts of The Man. It seems he was playing in Marseilles at the time. "Well, when does the next train leave!" the soldier asked. "I'm a guitarist and I enlisted in the Army just so I could come to France and see Mr. Reinhardt." (This little episode is documented by reliable authorities and is offered without charge to the Army Recruiting service.)

In the latter part of 1945, he came to London for a reunion with Grappelly. Call it sentiment, call it patriotism—at any rate, when the two first sat down to improvise a bit, there was something of a psychic cue from somewhere. The first selection played was the *Marseillaise*—once through in a slow and noble march tempo and then swung joyously. It was so superb that it was included in the first recording session at His Master's Voice studios where the Quintet needled wax for the first time since the war. Four sides were also cut for British Decca *ffrr* records. These selections, *Belleville*, *Liza*, *Nuages* and *Love's Melody* are now available in America.

When Django returned to France, he amazed everyone by coolly disregarding all offers and played a return engagement of his famous disappearing act. He mounted his sturdy trailer, joined his gypsy caravan and vanished into the French countryside. Several American booking agents who had been negotiating for an American appearance promptly began growing another ulcer. Finally a letter and a contract from Duke Ellington caught up with him—it sounded *formidable* so he boarded a plane for the promised land.

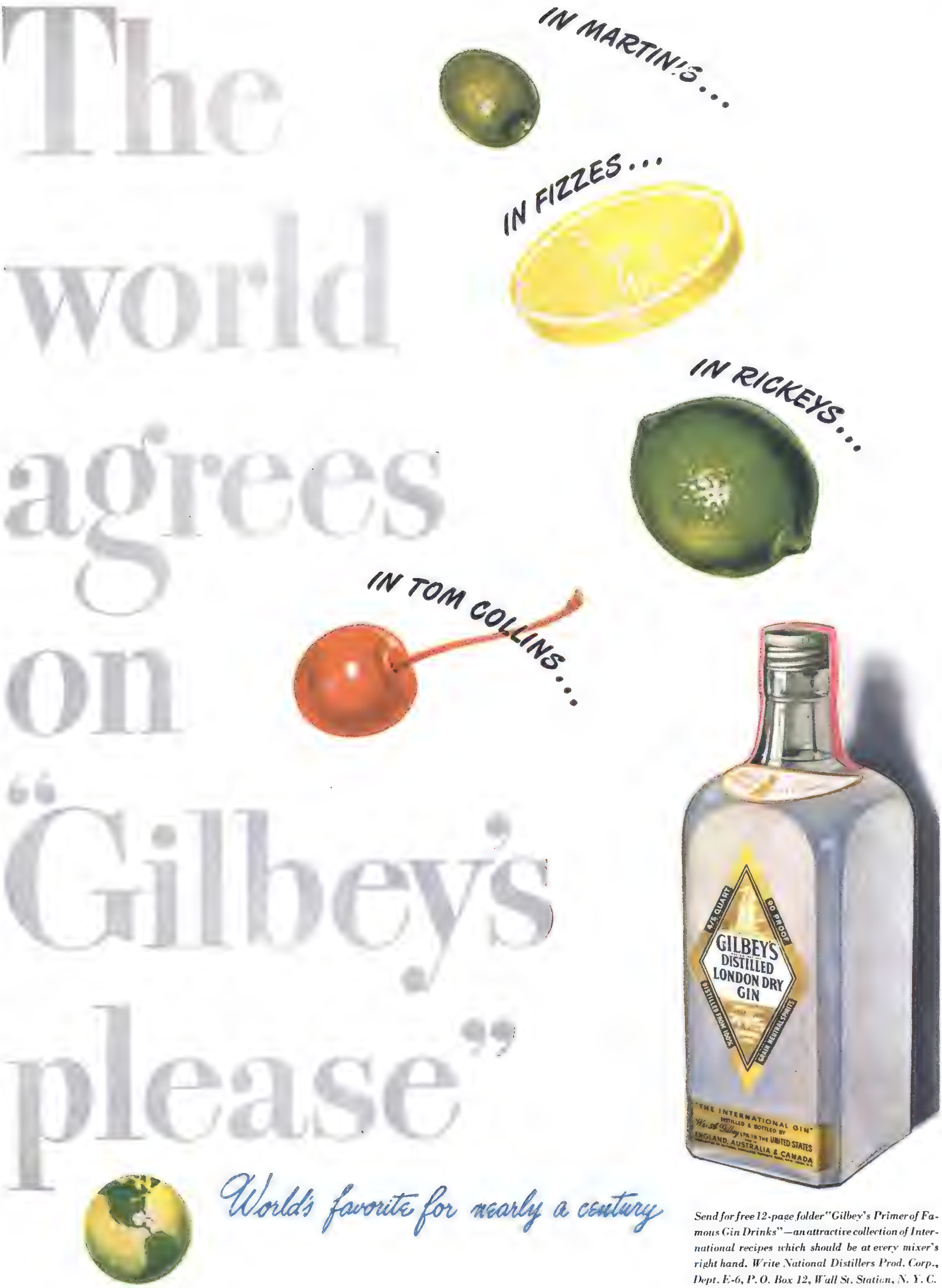
On tour with the Duke, Django enjoyed considerable success despite the fact that someone had the brilliant idea of giving him an unfamiliar, electrically amplified guitar. He has always played a guitar without amplification. At his Carnegie Hall appearance with Ellington, he also suffered from the world's most ineptly balanced sound system, but managed to play more inventive jazz than any other soloist on the program.

Last year, a few days before Christmas, New York jazz devotees received an early Yuletide gift in Django's appearance at Café Society's Uptown Branch. (The phrase "Yuletide gift" is used to inject a holiday flavor into the statement and, in view of the astronomical tariffs prevalent in Gotham bistros, is used loosely.) The William Morris Agency Svengalis still persisted in the electric guitar, but the balance and amplification were immeasurably better than at the mildly unfortunate Carnegie affair. Lionel Hampton, Paul Whiteman, King Cole and many others came, saw and went sent.

Some time ago, our hero learned that Dorothy Lamour owned some of his records. This started a lovely daydream which had him playing the male lead opposite her in a film. This wish will probably never be fulfilled, but Django has talents and a life story which Hollywood may well use some day.

It is devoutly hoped, however, that Django never becomes as popular as, say, Frank Sinatra. Reinhardt is almost illiterate and can sign his name only with great difficulty. If he ever were cornered by a hundred autograph hounds, it would take him a week to sign his way out of the trap. #

Continued from page 97


The world agrees on "Gilbey's please"
IN MARTINI'S...
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Send for free 12-page folder "Gilbey's Primer of Famous Gin Drinks"—an attractive collection of International recipes which should be at every mixer's right hand. Write National Distillers Prod. Corp., Dept. E-6, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y. C.

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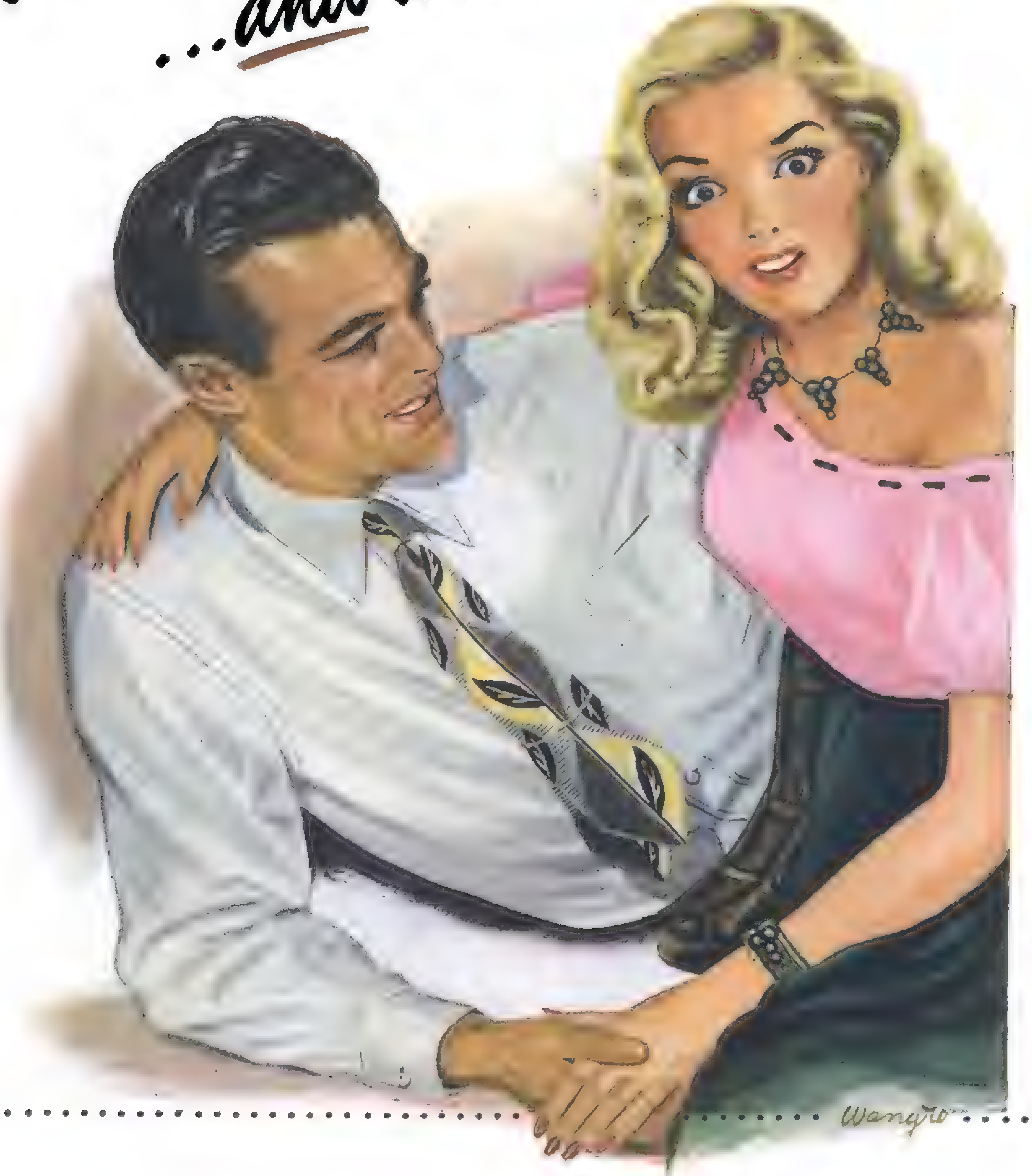
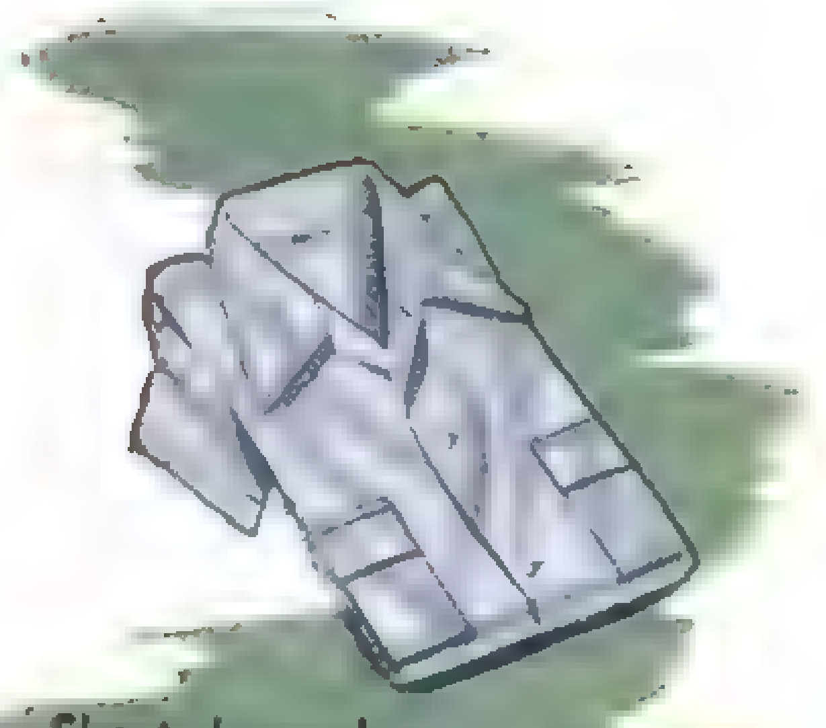
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. 90 Proof. London Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

What a man! ...and what a Marlboro



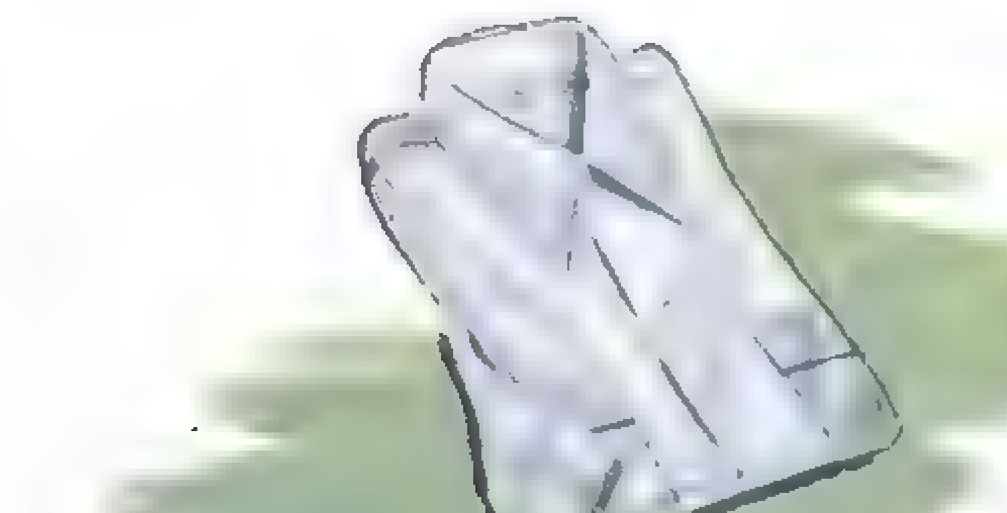


Short-sleeved
Galahad Tissue Sport Shirt,
even breezier

AND what a contrast, Blue Eyes! While the aforementioned male is basking in the warmth of your affection, he's attired in Marlboro's coolest of shirts . . . *another* good reason for having his head in the clouds.

P.S.—Most admired, most desired . . . textured like a fine linen handkerchief, yet rugged as they come . . . that's Marlboro's airy-light, laundry-perfect Galahad Tissue!

Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.



Long-sleeved
Sport Shirt of white
Galahad Tissue

Marlboro

SHIRTS SPORTSWEAR

What's hidden in his handwriting?

Lots of love
to Mom and Dad

Lots of love to Mom and Dad

The wide loops on his m's and l's show a sensitive nature. Little things are important to this boy — even in a fountain pen. He'll love the flexible Moore Fingertip point . . . the floating way it writes to gentle pressure . . . the way this pen-point pen shows up his own personal way of writing. And what swell looking colors!

To Bob
The future All-American
- Ted

To Bob - The future All-American - Ted

The way he closes his o's and a's nice and tight shows this boy is the mechanical type. He's a stickler for things being *mechanically right* — like the Moore Fingertip. It's a pen with a clog-free ink flow . . . a pen that doesn't blotch or leak . . . a great writing pen.

To Sally the
best cheer leader
ever Hank

To Sally the best cheer leader ever - Hank

Look at the short crossed t's and you can see that this fellow compares everything. So before you buy his graduation pen, compare all the leading pens — on every count — looks, dramatically different mechanical design, easy writing. Chances are you'll pick the Moore Fingertip!

Have your handwriting analyzed by an expert!

Send 10¢ in coin, ten words or more of your handwriting, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Emily Ames, Moore Pen Company, 29 Melcher St., Boston 10, Mass.

Compare all 4 . . .
and you'll give a Moore!

MOORE
*Finger tip**
PEN

MOORE
FINGER TIP PEN POINT...
DRAMATICALLY DIFFERENT

Fully Guaranteed

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$8.75

Matching Pen and Pencil Set $12.50
Also ladies' Fingertip models in a range of prices

At better Jewelry, Stationery and Department stores everywhere!

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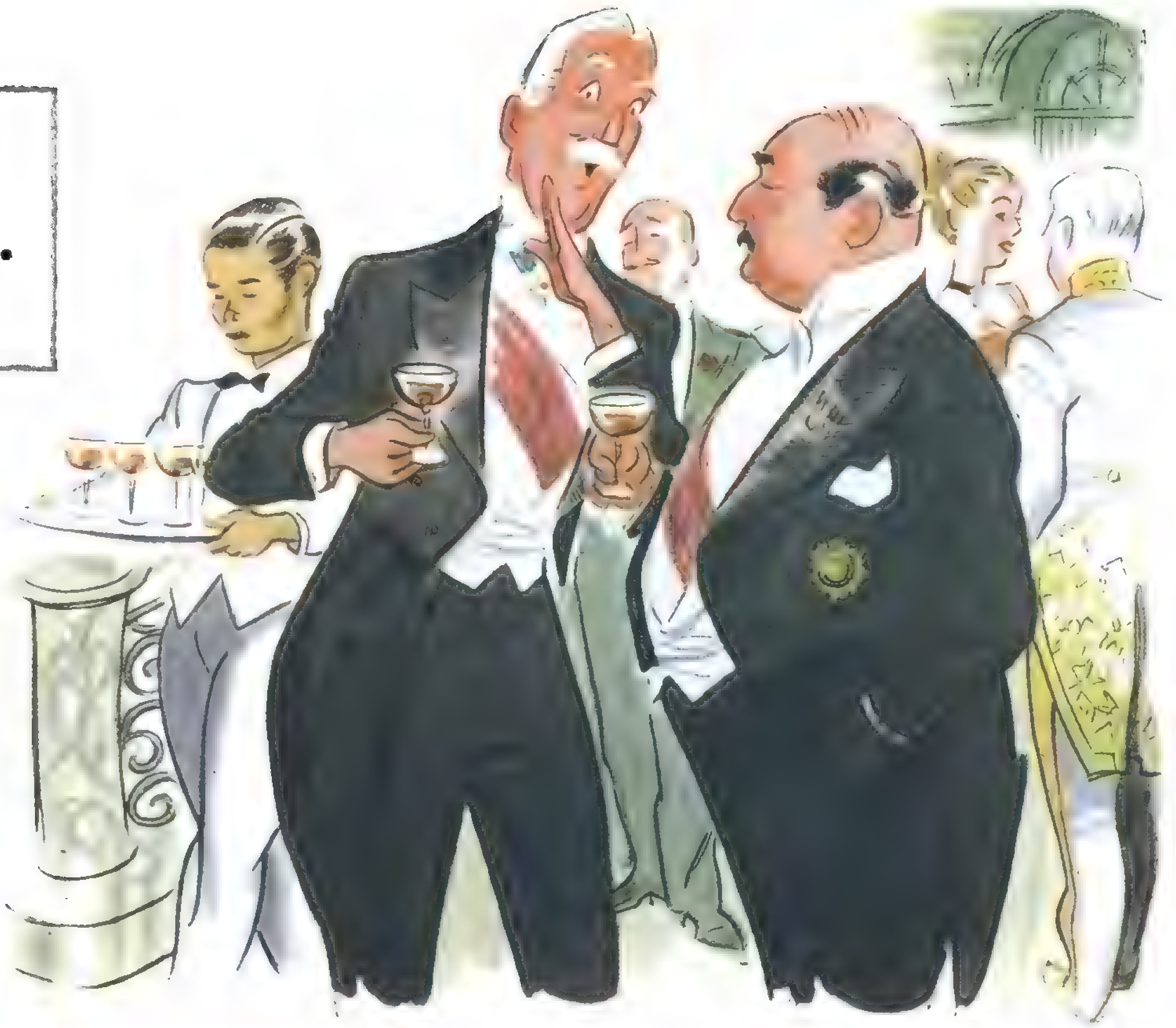
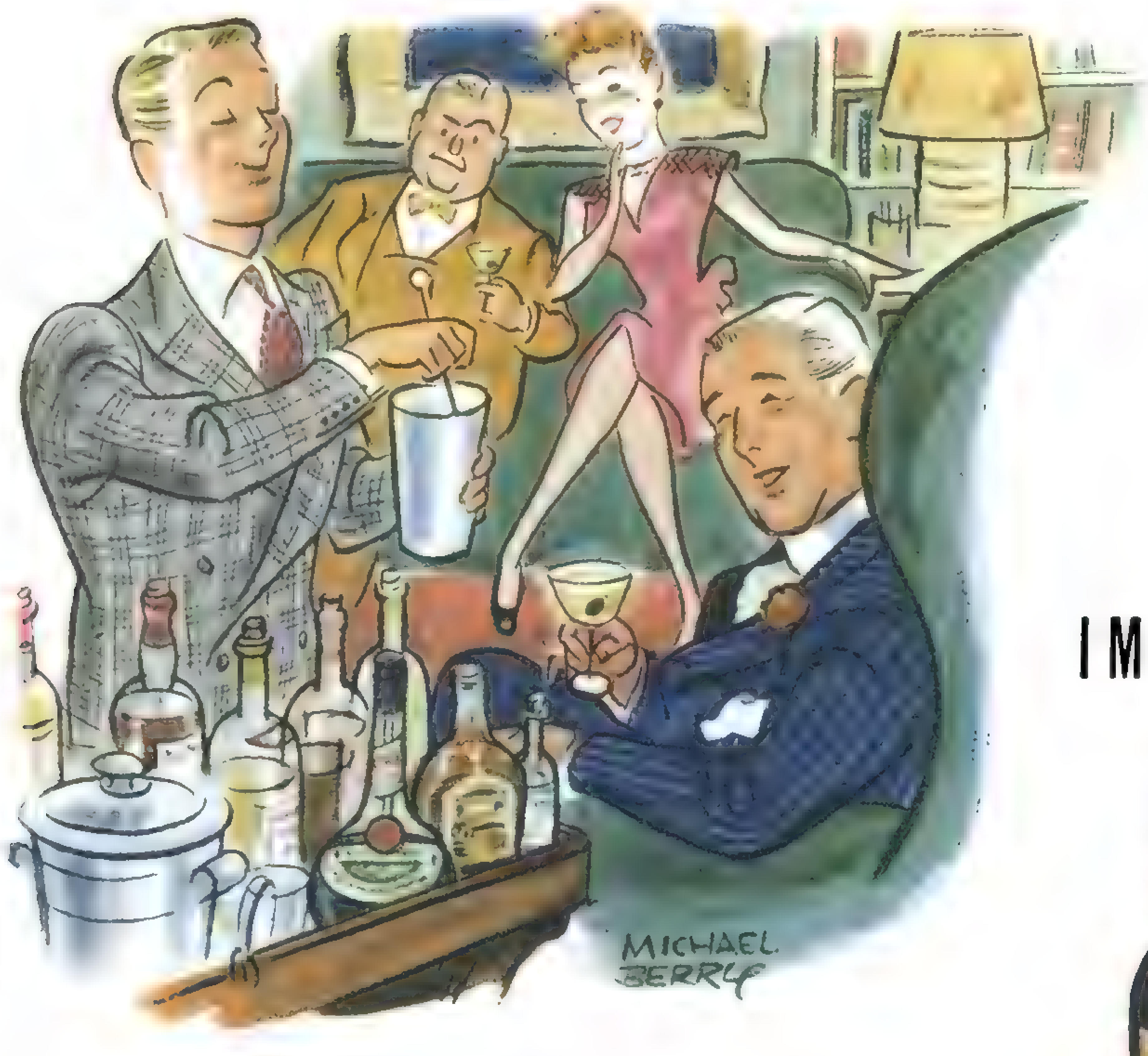
it's a secret...

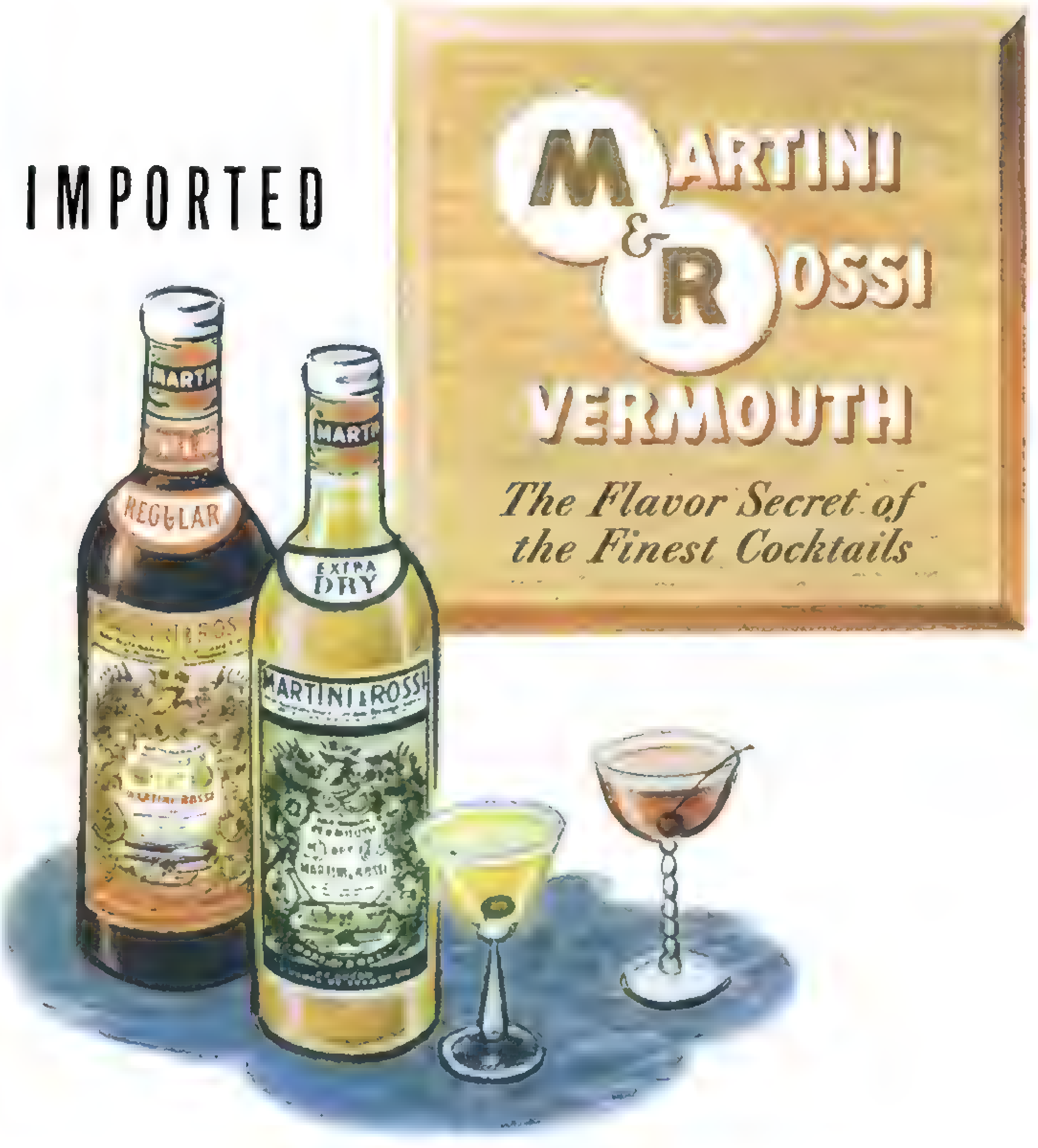


Mrs. Tell lets the cat out of the bag when she confides to guests that the real secret of her husband's wonderful Dry Martinis is not that fancy stirrer but Martini & Rossi EXTRA DRY *Vermouth.*


MICHAEL BERRY

The cause of world peace is advanced several notches when the Ambassador of X— discloses to the Ambassador of Y— the secret of his famous Manhattan Cocktails. He uses Martini & Rossi REGULAR *Vermouth.*

IMPORTED


MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH
The Flavor Secret of the Finest Cocktails
MARTINI
REGULAR
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI

Martini & Rossi Vermouth is the secret of the world's finest cocktails... because its secret formula has never been successfully duplicated.

REGULAR for Manhattan Cocktails
EXTRA DRY for Dry Martini Cocktails

W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole Distributors for U. S. A.

Willie Feels Dangerous

Continued from page 67

sitting at a table in a dim corner.

"Poor discipline. Buzzing. Two P-38s, right over the field. Just missed my ship."

"You haven't seen the C.O. here yet, sir?" I manage.

The general sighs. "No. See him tomorrow. Bad discipline."

"I wonder who they were?" I say weakly.

The general puts his nose back in the glass. He looks sad. "Bad discipline. Court-martial. But it was good flying. Exceptional formation."

"So?" I say happily. "I . . . pardon me, General!"

I am seeing things over in a far corner of the room. I look twice, and I am there like I am greased.

"Darling!" I say. "Darling, were you looking for me?"

"Hello," she says, and her smile is like touching a live wire. Then I see a very good-looking sergeant sitting beside her. I do not like him at once.

"Captain," she says, "this is Sergeant Floyd Bentley. I . . . didn't get your name?"

"You will get used to it," I tell her dreamily. "Evans. William Evans. My dance?" I suggest.

I have forgotten Bentley.

"Well, Margo?" he says finally.

Margo, I breathe. Spring and romps in the grass. Margo.

She pats his hand. "Just for a minute, Floyd. I'll be nice to him because Father wasn't."

"On that basis," I say, "a lifetime might cover it."

She stands up and she is in something white and clinging and there is no one else in the room.

"Margo," I breathe. "Talk, darling. Start when you were a little girl."

"Captain Evans," Margo says, "was Father really awful today?"

I wince. "The name," I say, "is Willie. Must we bring up sordid details?"

"Father," she sighs, "isn't happy here. I suppose that's the trouble. He requested a transfer to Wright Field, to test planes, but last week they turned him down. Three months over the age limit. He's been unhappy since."

"Yes."

"He ordered me not to see Floyd any more. I'm not supposed to be anywhere with him."

The orchestra stops and we are just standing there. The way she says it, I am low. "Floyd?" I say.

"He's . . . very nice, Willie."

"Willie is nice too, darling."

"You may," she orders, "take me back to the table."

Back at the table I make myself the life of the party at once. I order drinks and tell her lies about flying, then we are dancing again and I forget Floyd.

"Tomorrow, Lovely One," I say, floating, "a picnic."

"Tomorrow, Willie!" she says, waking up. "Saturday and no work! Floyd will love a picnic!"

I say, "Forget it, ma'am."

But I mull hard and it dawns on me two steps later. "Margo," I say, "Floyd has nothing to do with this picnic. Willie has decided. You and I, Margo."

"That," she says evenly, "borders on the rude, Captain Evans."

I grin. "I wonder," I say lightly, "what would happen if Captain Evans dropped in on Colonel Moorehouse in the morning and mentioned meeting his daughter? With Floyd, of course."

"Of all the conniving people!"

"I know. But how will you ever get a chance to fall in love with me with Floyd around?"

"Your airplane," she hedges, "is due in New York tomorrow. How will you get around that?"

"Willie," I say airily, "has ways of doing things. For instance, tomorrow the weather won't be fit for flying. Ten o'clock," I add. "Where do you live, darling?"

"No!"

"It is so easy for a colonel to transfer people like Floyd," I say thoughtfully. "Japan, probably."

"Willie!"

"Ten o'clock!"

"Yes . . . Willie."

I exit while I am still winning.

I wake up with sunlight streaming over my pillow. I call Base Weather. "Clear to New York," the joe says.

I reach for the phone twice before my courage gets up to operating temperature. Then I call the field and get the crew chief in charge of maintenance.

"Chief," I say, "this is Captain Evans. I have a P-38 out there. Number 4244."

"Yessir."

I cross my fingers. "Chief," I say, "I have some unfinished business in this city, very important. There might be . . . . something wrong with that airplane. Maybe the left engine needs a plug change. Offhand, Chief, wouldn't you say it should be grounded for repairs?"

"I . . . guess so, sir. I guess we can fix you up."

I go back to sleep and wake up with Timmy shaking me. "Not me, Timothy. I like it here," I explain, and rarely have I seen Timothy so shaken. "A court-martial coming up and you are pitching at the colonel's daughter? It's begging for Leavenworth, or at least back overseas. Do you want to play Army of Occupation?"

"Love and a faint heart do not mix," I say lightly.

"Love and a faint head," he amends.

I catch a taxi and find her house, but at first I do not even notice she is wearing shorts.

"The colonel?" I say from behind a bush. "Working, I trust?"

"My father has flown to Camp Brice on business," Margo answers, squinting into the sun. "The weather is bad, I suppose."

I notice the shorts then and she is sort of golden and very lovely and I am a new man. "Darling," I say, "relax. Fortune smiles. Let us trip hand in hand into the cool green woods."

After awhile she is smiling, then

Continued on page 166

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Willie Feels Dangerous

Continued from page 165

she makes lunch. I borrow her brother's bicycle and we find a quiet place with a brook and trees.

We sit down and I am dreaming about cottages and white fences and being very impressive. We eat lunch and I feel I am pitching well till she mentions the sergeant.

"Floyd is on duty today, but he gets off at three," she says pointedly. "We could go over to my house. There is a case of beer and we could ask some people in."

I shudder. Floyd. But there will be Margo, too. "Roger!" I say, dignified.

We go home and Margo gets on the telephone. She organizes a party but I keep thinking of Floyd.

He comes in after awhile and gives me a thin hello. He is in a very pressed uniform and very wavy hair and he is very possessive. He takes over. I watch, and I sink fast. I find a bottle of Scotch hidden in the linen closet and I am quietly drinking to the colonel until the doorbell rings. I figure it is more of Margo's playmates until I hear the voice. It's Timmy. He has something in a nicely shaped sweater under one arm and a cocktail shaker under the other. He is slightly canned.

"Hello, you lovely people," he is saying. He waves the shaker. "Rented it," he says happily. "From a bartender. Full."

"Timothy!" I gasp, "New York? You are not in New York?"

"Comrade," Timmy says, "I took off, but Willie, you know what? The left engine starts cutting out. It needs a plug change. So I come back. By a coincidence Gwendolyn is waiting for me at the field."

I slide for a chair. "We will enter Leavenworth together," I say hollowly. "You even told 'em the same story. Two in one day!"

Later, mid-Scotch, I feel someone behind me. I turn around and I gape. I hang onto the chair. "Timothy!" I choke. "The Ogre!"

It is true. He is standing in the doorway, and he is turning purple. I am fascinated. I watch. There is quiet and then a terrible roar and the colonel is wading through people and waving fists under my nose. "I come back and find the field has been calling your hotel all day long! Buzzing! Evading duty! AWOL! And now in my own house!"

His eye lights on the bottle of Scotch in my hand. "My Scotch!" he screams. "Margo Moorehouse! Are you all crazy?"

"Father!" Margo is very white, but somehow she is standing beside me and I find her hand. "Father! Listen!"

There is motion at the far side of the room. Sergeant Bentley is

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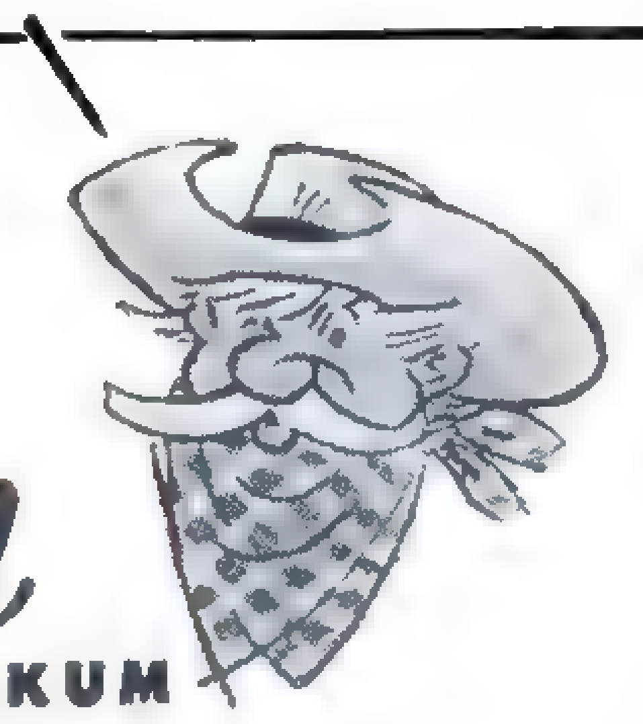

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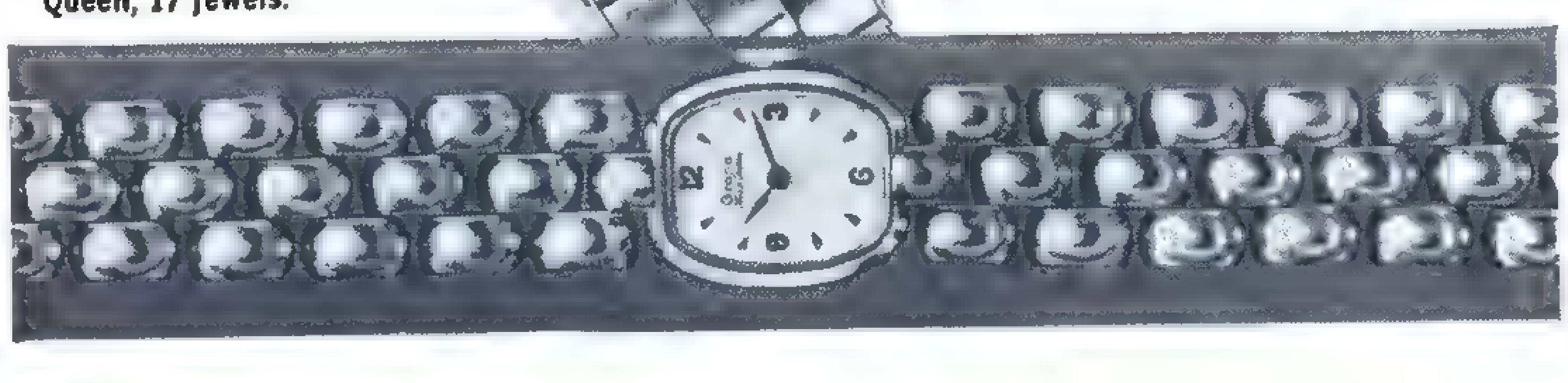

sliding behind the crowd towards the door. There are little drops of perspiration on his forehead. The colonel looks. Once.

"Sergeant!" he practically explodes. "Halt!"

Sergeant Bentley hits the fastest brace I have ever seen.

"Sergeant! You are under arrest! I ordered you never to speak to my daughter again!"

It seems too much; the colonel staggers to a chair. "Maybe," he says shakily, "I am getting old. Maybe I don't understand things." He looks at me. "Captain, how can you fraternize with this man whom you this morning ordered to ground your airplane, and who immediately reported the whole thing to my office?"

Bentley, the crew chief!

"Colonel Moorehouse," I hear myself saying, "yesterday, sir, it came to my attention that Margo . . . your daughter . . . had been forbidden to see this sergeant." I point at Floyd. "Nevertheless, sir, she was seeing him. In an effort to make up for yesterday's . . . er . . . infraction of rules over your field it occurred to me . . . to Timmy and me . . . we could make your daughter see this character in his true light!"

It is amazing, the words that come out of me; I merely open my mouth. "I knew, of course, sir, when I called the field this morning and asked Sergeant Bentley . . . the Crew Chief . . . to find something wrong with my airplane, he would immediately run to your office. A low-down, scurvy trick, sir . . . you will admit yourself. But very illuminating as to his true nature!"

I turn to Margo, very dramatic. "Margo Moorehouse, after a trick like that do you now have any interest whatsoever in Sergeant Floyd Bentley? Do you?"

Margo is looking right at me, sort of misty. "I . . . no, Willie!"

So help me, it happens then. The doorbell rings. The colonel spins toward the window. There is a staff car in front of the house with a large white star on its side.

"The general!" he bleats. "You, Sergeant! Out the back door! Report to my office in the morning! Captains, stay here! We will finish this later! Margo, let him in!"

The general comes in casually. "Colonel Moorehouse!" he says, putting out his hand.

I am awed; the room looks almost normal. The general sees Timmy and me. "Captain . . . er . . . Evans? Captain Johnson?"

The colonel blinks his eyes. "You . . . know . . . them, General?"

The general sits down. "Met them in town last night," he says affably. "Sorry you were out of town today, Colonel. Should have notified you, but I came in unofficially." The general winks. "Bit of business in town. Spent part of the day at the field. Seems like a fine, efficient group." Then he

Continued on page 168

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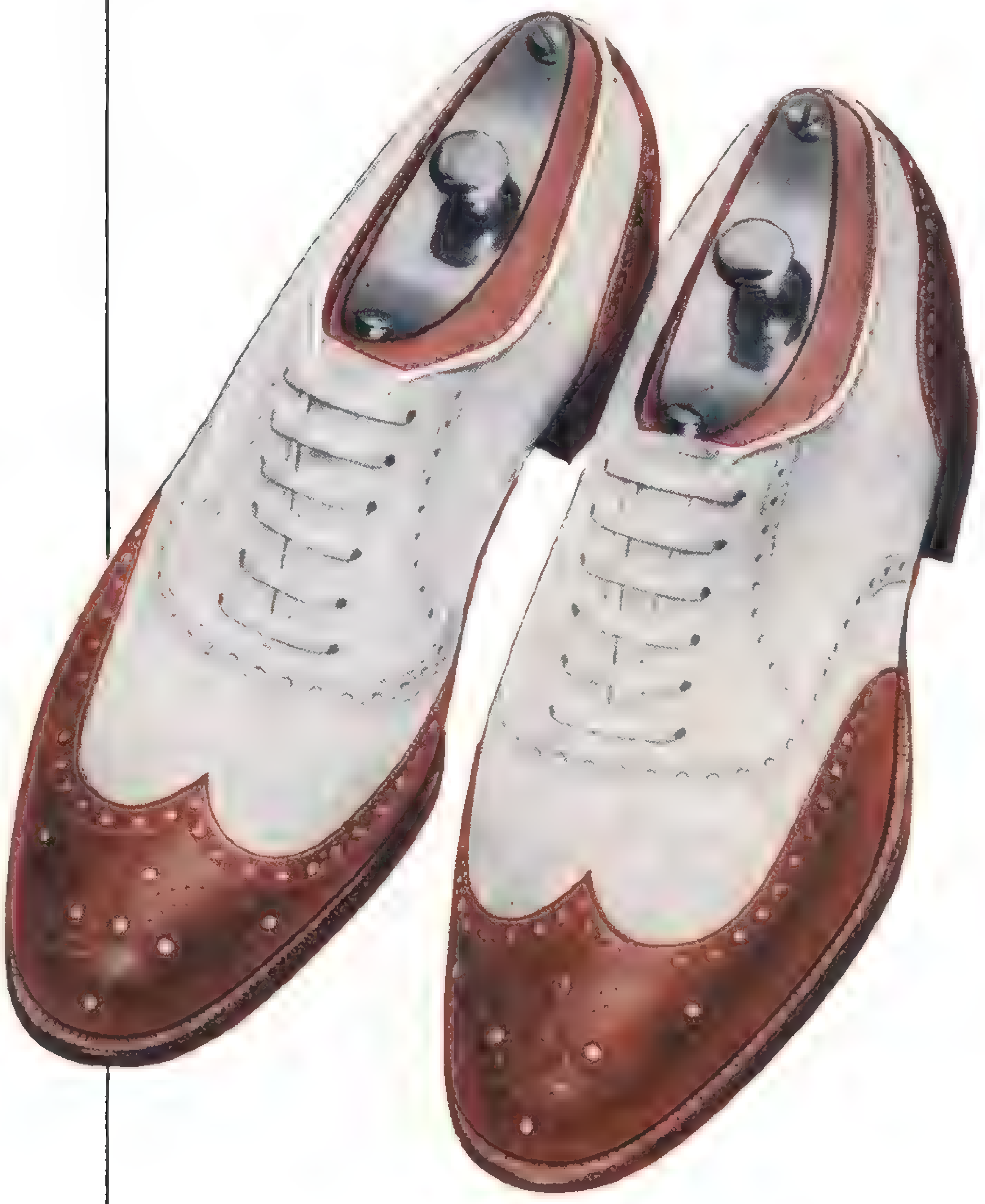

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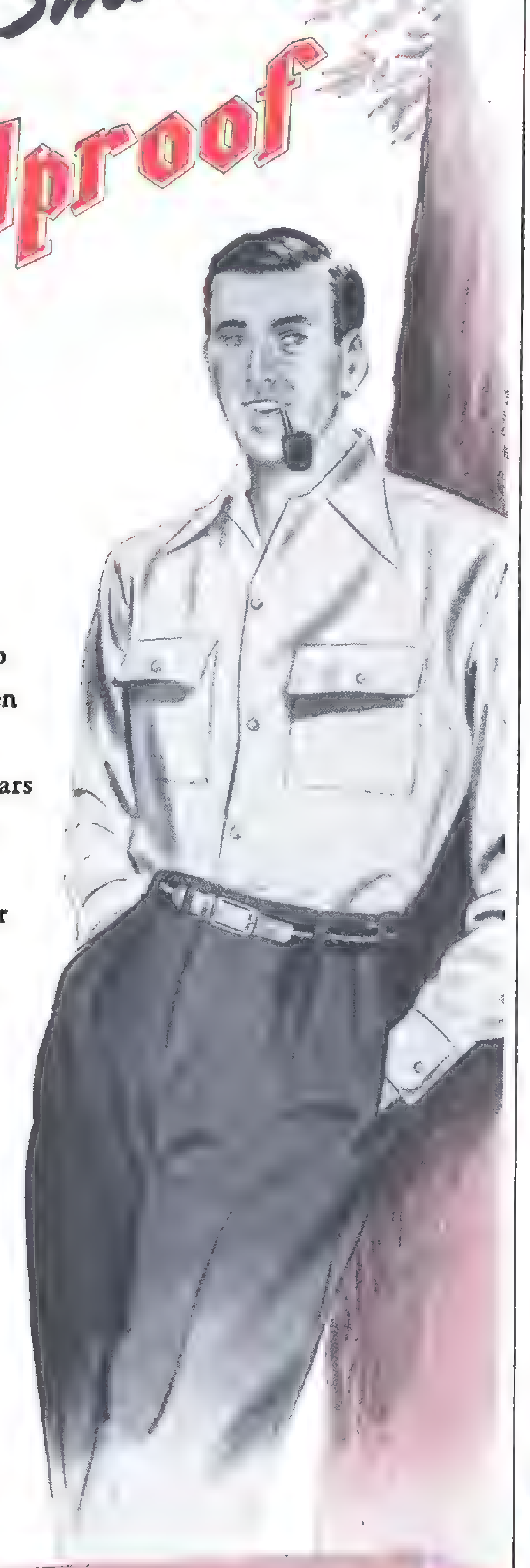

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Willie Feels Dangerous

Continued from page 167

frowns. He clears his throat. "Er . . . some trouble getting in here, though, Colonel. My ship narrowly missed mid-air collision. Does your discipline usually permit buzzing the field?"

I reel. "General!" I squawk. I think wildly, mull now, Willie. It is now or never . . .

It hits. Right where it belongs it hits and I come up breathing. *Good flying! Exceptional formation!*

"General!" I am on my feet. I am practically yelling. "Exceptional formation, as you said yourself last night! Talk of the field! Nobody but the colonel could handle a P-38 like that! Nobody!"

The colonel gasps.

"Colonel flying the lead ship!" I babble. "Exceptional formation! Should have that testing job. Wright Field! A man who can fly like that . . ."

"Wright Field?" the General says curiously. "Colonel?"

The colonel looks like something has dropped on him.

"He was turned down, General," I rush. "All the qualifications, but too old."

The general pours Scotch. "Humph!" he says gruffly. "Bad example, Colonel, buzzing. Excellent flying, though. I might see about Wright Field."

For a few minutes they talk, but Willie is spinning. In a couple of years I see the general look at his watch, then he is gone.

"Willie!" Margo says softly.

"Captain Evans," the Colonel is saying, "you are sure you arranged all this airplane trouble in a . . . shall we say misguided . . . attempt to make up for yesterday?"

I take a long breath and I look at Margo and somehow my arm slips around her waist. "A certain . . . er . . . personal interest developed en route, sir," I say just as carefully. "The sergeant . . ."

"The sergeant," the Colonel says grimly, "will shortly be fraternizing with natives."

Brother, the brink. Natives? Willie too?

The colonel is still staring. Then. "I . . . choose to believe you, Captain." He sighs. "You took a hell of a chance accusing me of that buzzing." He coughs. "The general is . . . er . . . very influential. I suppose I could cancel those reports to your base."

Willie goes limp. Willie slumps, but just in time the colonel's eye wanders to the bottle of Scotch. He sighs. "That bottle," he says wistfully. "I presume there is some left, Captain?"

"Willie!" Margo says, clinging.

Like I say, there are times when Willie feels dangerous. And laddie, those times are trouble right up to here. #

Continued from page 67

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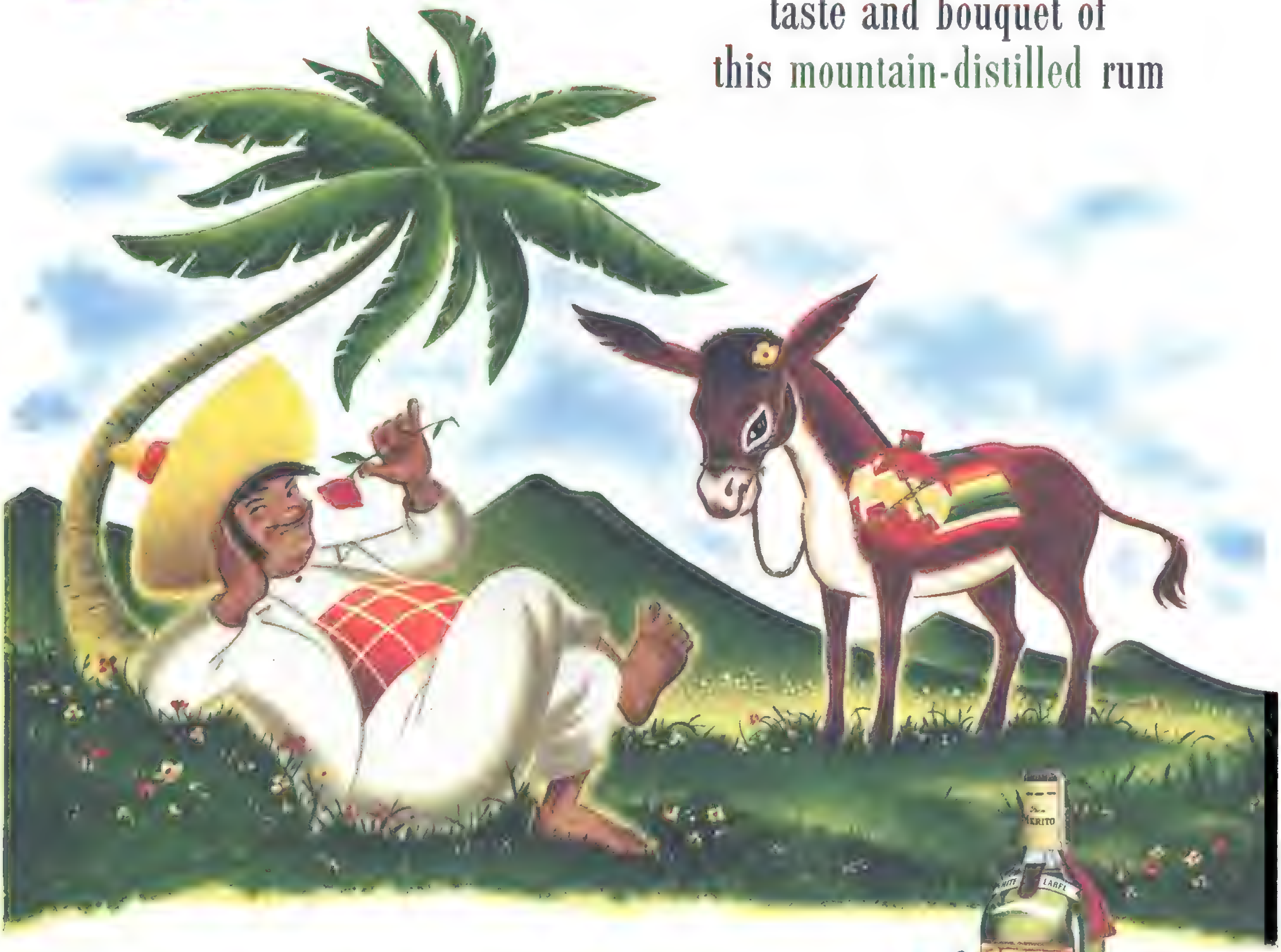

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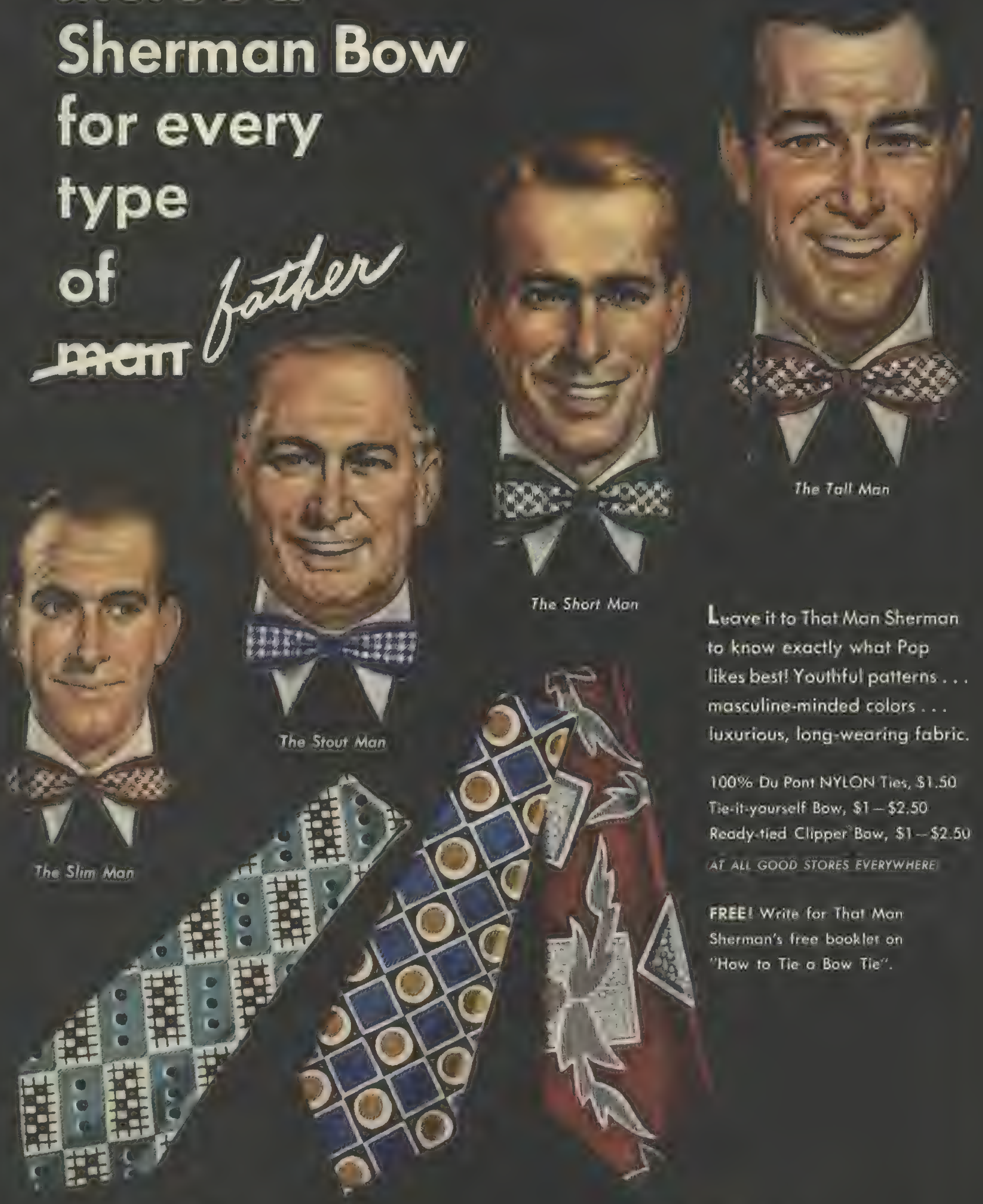
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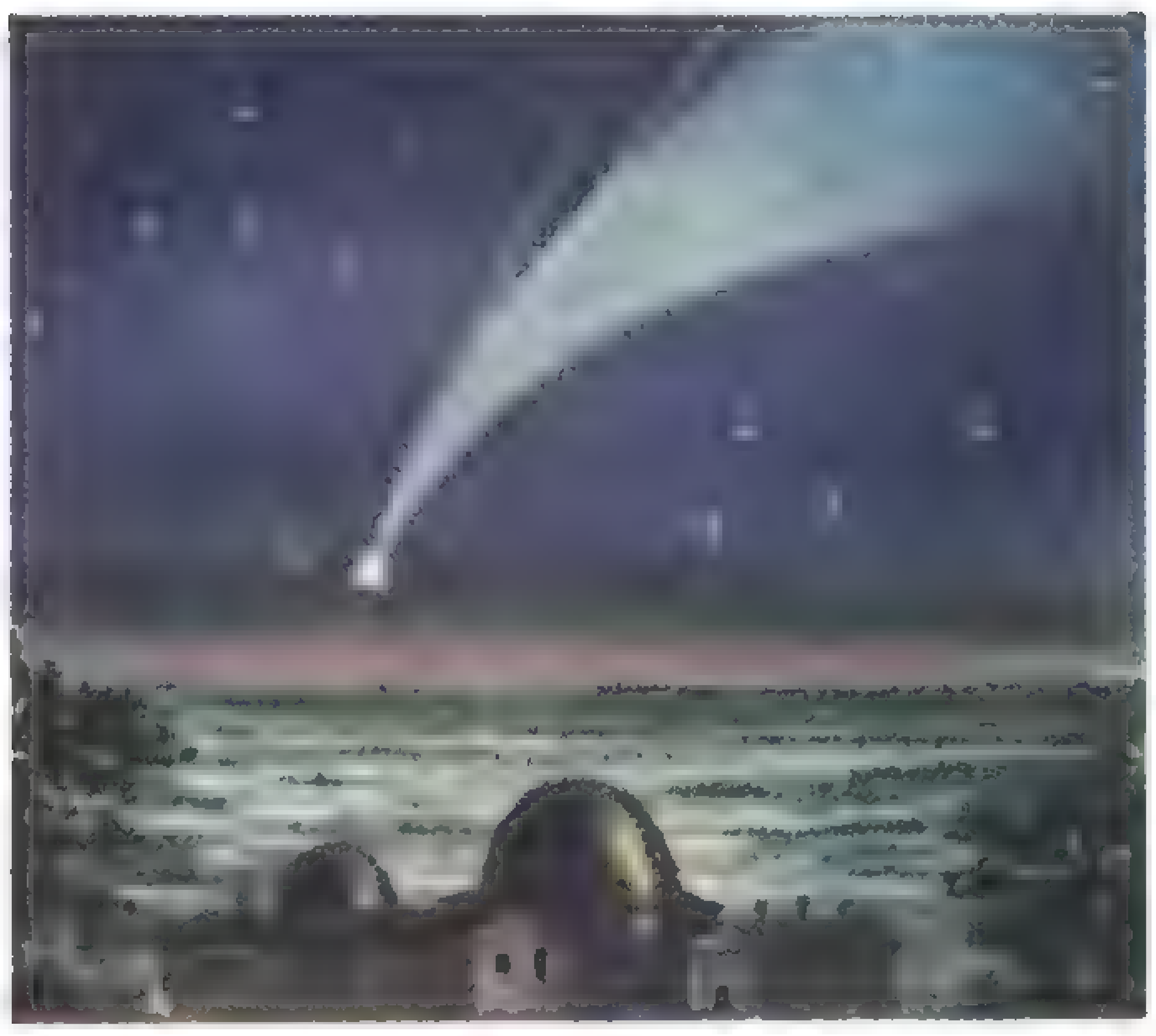
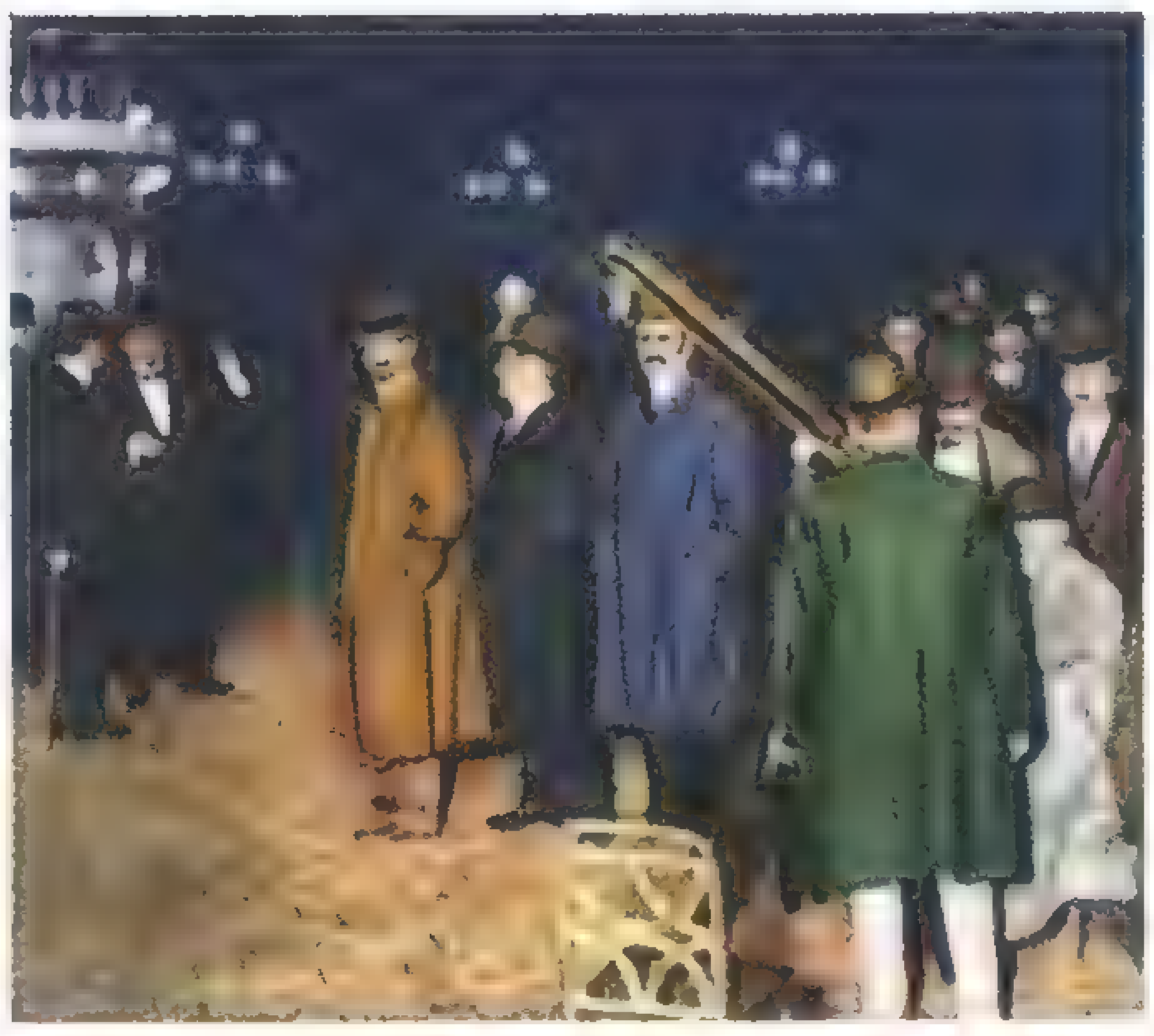
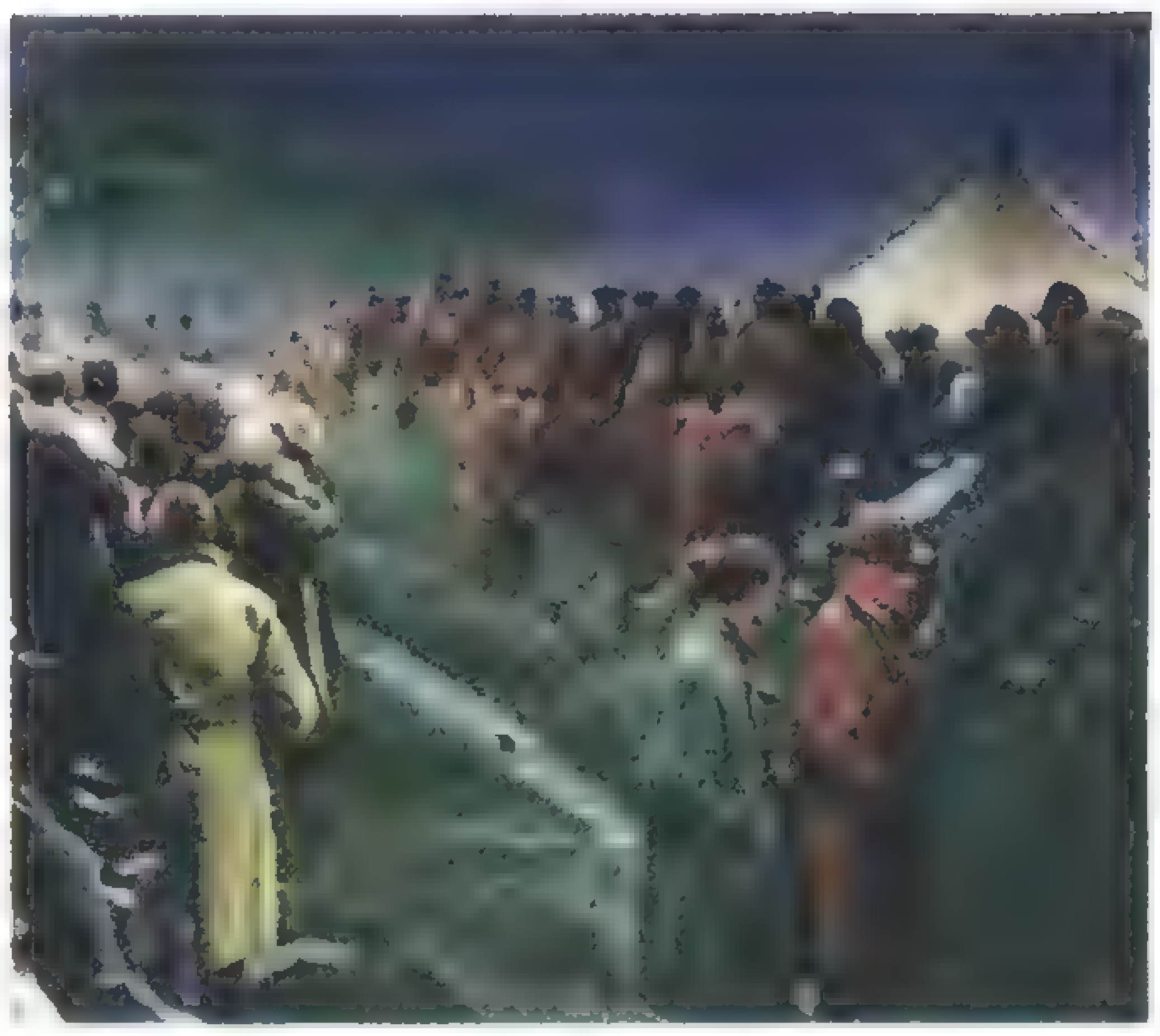
Will a comet smash the earth?



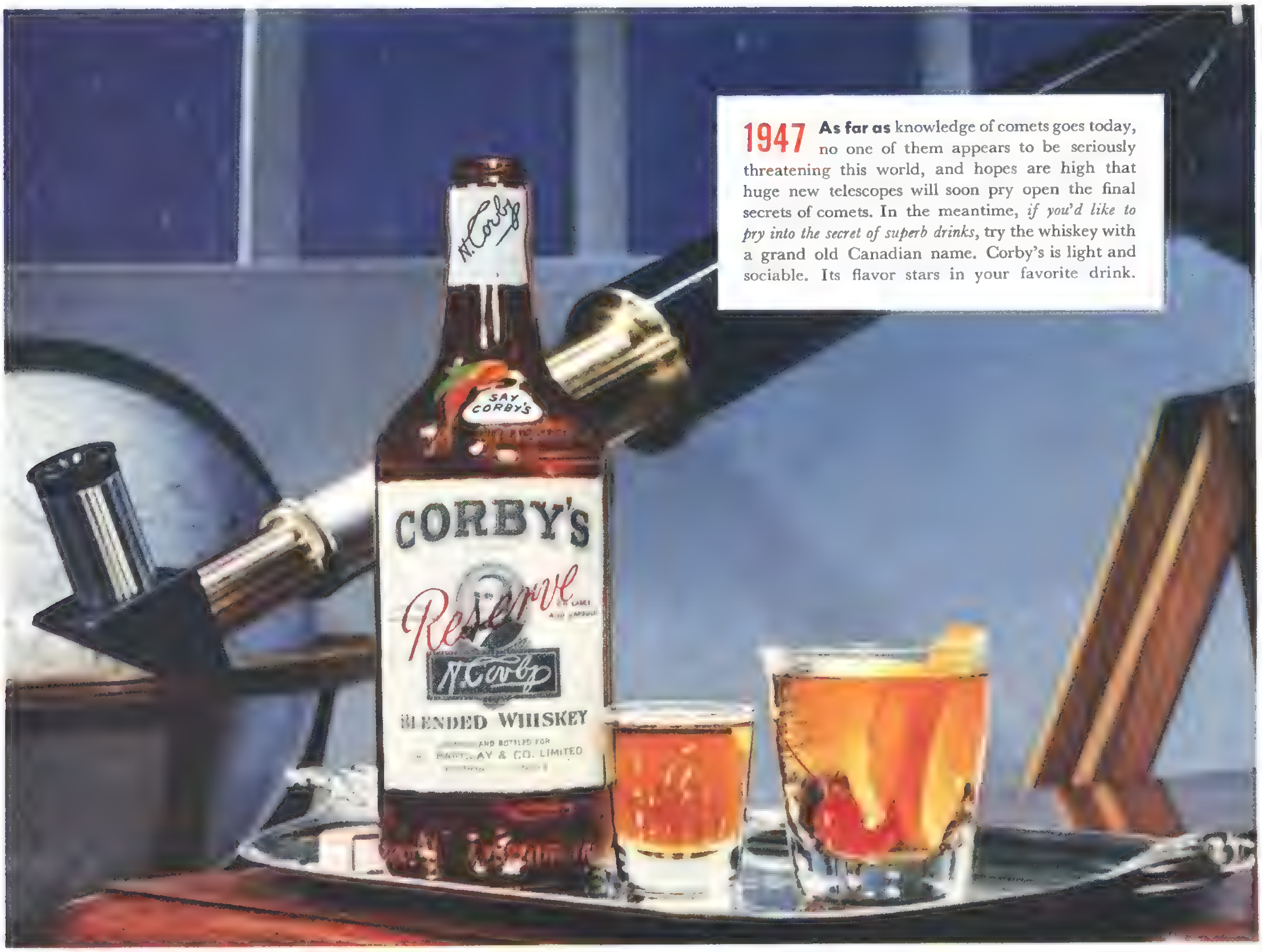
1858 **Comets,** those wanderers from far outer space, have frightened and mystified man since the dawn of history. Donati's comet, one of the most spectacular on record, swept a glowing plume across the heavens in the year the name Corby's came to Canada.



1882 **The great** comet of '82 is due to return in seven to nine hundred years. Astronomical measurements, made as the name Corby's was saluted for its 24th year in Canada, showed this giant's forked tail to be 200 million miles long.



1910 **Halley's** comet is now known to appear regularly every seventy-six years. As the name Corby's reached its 52nd year in Canada, some people said the 1910 edition of this comet heralded the end of the world. That prediction is repeated by alarmists each time a comet is due.



1947 **As far as** knowledge of comets goes today, no one of them appears to be seriously threatening this world, and hopes are high that huge new telescopes will soon pry open the final secrets of comets. In the meantime, *if you'd like to pry into the secret of superb drinks,* try the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Corby's is light and sociable. Its flavor stars in your favorite drink.

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Evidence Is High Proof

Continued from page 57

to the men. I think we've won our fight. We'll go home and go to bed!"

As they rode down Culp Creek, Herbie thought of the money his father had made. He owned nearly all of Turkey Creek, all of Shelf's Fork and Culp Creek. He thought about the time, after they'd been in "the business" a little while, that his father sent him to get his hunting coat he'd left hanging on a tree by the Tibert. The coat was so bulky he thought it was filled with birds. When he lifted the coat it felt light and he looked inside where the dead birds should have been and the coat was filled with tens, twenties, fifties and hundred-dollar bills. He was thinking about how his father had worked to build "the business" and to make money as they reached the Tibert Turnpike and started for home.

"Look, Pa," Herbie warned his father as their tired animals walked slowly up the road.

"Keaton Battlestrife and his cavalry have arrived," Eif said as he looked at the many horses and riders in the road in front of his house.

"So you thought you'd fox me, Eif," Keaton Battlestrife said as soon as they rode up to the house. "But we got here! And you can wait with us a few hours!"

"Say, what is this?" Eif asked.

"We'll show you by daylight," Keaton said. "Men, you know where you're going. You've got your maps and directions! Now get going and good luck!"

Seven men rode off in the first group. "Turkey Creek," Eif heard one whisper. Ten men rode away in the second group to Shelf's Fork. And four men rode away in the last group. They were going to Culp's Creek. Two men stayed with Keaton, Eif and Herbie.

"We'll have the evidence on you, Eif, by four o'clock," Keaton Battlestrife said. "You thought we didn't know where you lived and you'd shake us off the trail. But we've found you. And we know where the evidence is!"

"What did you do to the wagon train, Keat?" Eif asked.

"We know better than to fool with that," Keaton said. "We just inspected it. Found quite a few barrels of sorghum and plenty of cracked corn. You fellows really like your sweets for breakfast out here! And you must have a lot of chickens and cows to feed! No," Keaton Battlestrife talked on, "we didn't bother your wagon train. It's on the way here."

"I'm glad to hear that," Eif said.

"You fellows certainly did some

Continued on page 174

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Evidence Is High Proof

Continued from page 173

fancy riding," Keaton laughed.

"I'll say you did," said one of Keaton's men.

"Fastest horse and pony I ever saw," said Keaton's second man.

"In my business I need fast horses," Eif said.

Keaton and Eif talked on about "the business" and the evidence as the moon went slowly down and darkness replaced the floods of moonlight until the seven riders sent to Turkey Creek had returned. One man dismounted his horse and gave his report to Keaton. "We found where three stills had been on the Right Fork of Turkey Creek. But we couldn't find any men, still-worm, or any barrels of mash."

"What about the Left Fork?" Keaton asked in a disappointed tone.

"We found where two stills had been," the tall beardy-faced man reported, "but it was the same as on Right Fork. Not one bit of evidence could we find."

"That's funny," Keaton Battlestrife said.

Just as day was breaking, ten tired horses bearing their riders came up the road.

"What report do you have?" Keaton asked.

"The ten stills had been there all right," a short heavy man said as he rocked disgustedly in his saddle. "We found little furnaces where they had been. But we didn't find a still-worm nor a still, nor a barrel of mash. Not one bit of evidence."

"And the air in that still hollow is so thick from moonshine perfumes that it will make you drunk to breathe it," another rider said.

"We didn't even find a furnace on Right Fork of Turkey Creek," the man said who had first made his report.

"And we didn't find one on Left Fork either," said one of the first seven men to ride away.

"That's funny," Keaton said thoughtfully. "I can't understand it!"

"You won't find anything, fellows," Eif spoke with a note of triumph. "You won't find anything on Culp Creek either. You'd as well ride your tired horses back to Blakesburg and give them some hay."

While the men waited in their saddles for Keaton Battlestrife's four men to return from Culp Creek, the tired and impatient horses pulled at the reins and pawed the earth. And morning was coming over the high hills into the valley, tinting the leafless trees and the small stubble fields with rosy hues.

"What can be the matter with

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my men?" Keaton Battlestrife said. "I'm uneasy about them! Do you suppose that they've gotten lost?"

"They can't get lost," Herbie said. "Can't get into Culp Creek but one way!"

"Shut up, Herbie!" Eif warned as he fingered nervously at the bridle rein.

EXTERMINATORS

"The only way to remove mice is by destroying their hiding place"

"You seem to know that valley pretty well," Keaton Battlestrife said.

"Look, Pa! Look!" Herbie shouted for he was the first to see them coming around the bend.

Nine men were walking in front with their hands up. One was walking a few feet behind with a Winchester in his hands. Two men rode horseback with guns pointed ready for action while one man rode a horse with still-worms and moonshine jugs tied to the saddle and led a horse with a moonshine still roped to the empty saddle.

"Stand still, Eif," Keaton Battlestrife said. "Don't you move. They're not only bringing your men but they are bringing the evidence as well!"

"But you gave the right signal, Pa!" Herbie said. "I know it was the right signal!"

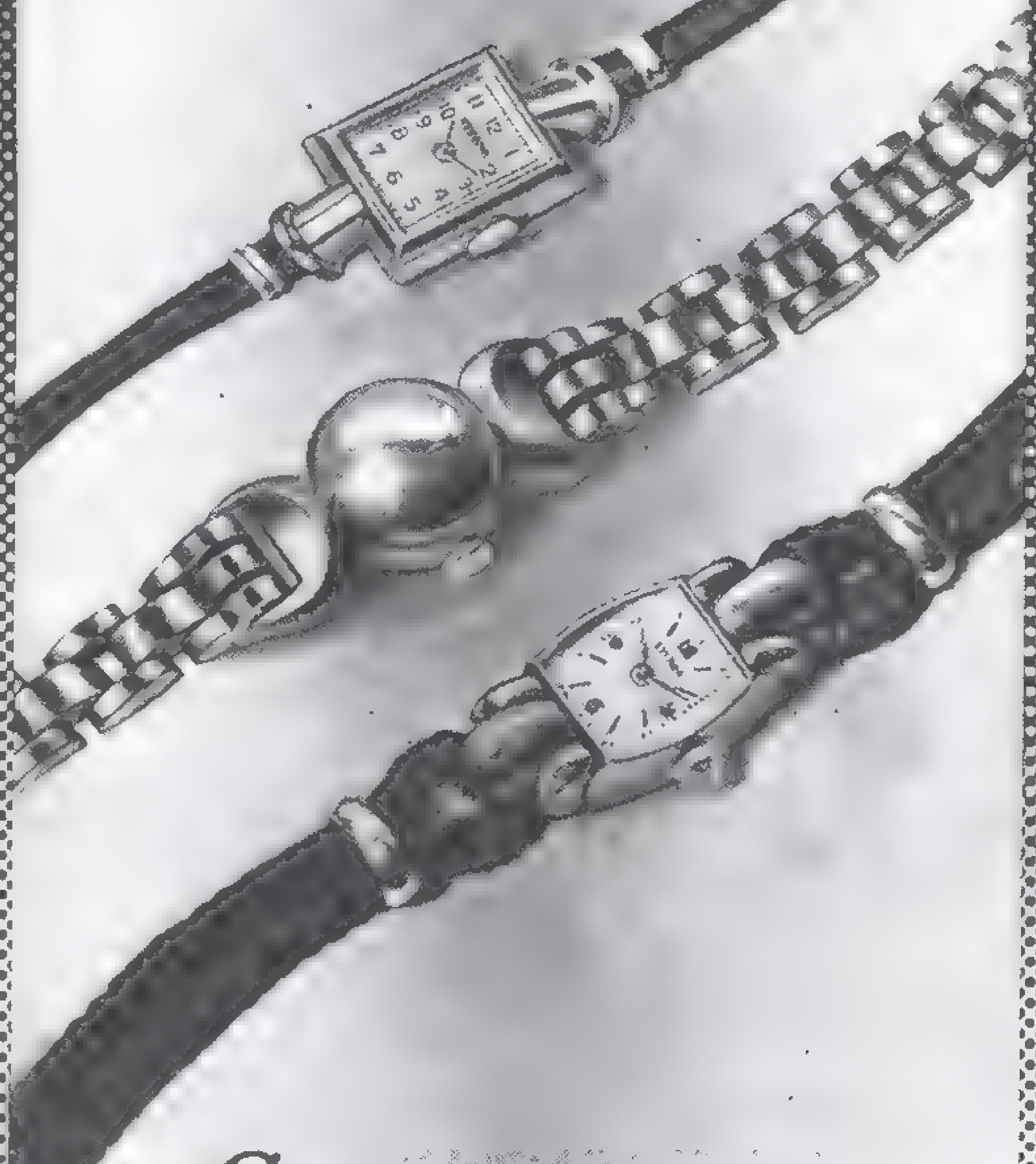
"I don't understand what happened," Eif spoke in defeat as Thunderbolt pawed the earth and champed at the bit.

"Don't forget, Eif," Keaton Battlestrife said, "six shots means to stop making. But seven shots means to keep on making. Just one of your men got away from Culp Creek. Five of those men are my men! I had an extra man in Culp Creek!"

"Why in Culp Creek and not Turkey Fork?" Eif asked.

"Because you can't hear a shot fired from that creek after you reach Tibert Turnpike," Keaton said. "We let you do your shooting and reach the turnpike, then my man did his shooting! So, Eif," Keaton spoke victoriously, "we must be on our way to Blakesburg with you, your men, and the good evidence." ⧺

Continued from page 57



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A Tiger's Heart

Continued from page 82

knowledge, those animals which get the chance to be trained and to become performers are better off than the ones which are forced to dwell in the stupid monotony of a caged existence. Training them means to awaken their imagination, their intelligence, their ambition. Of course they have no conscious sense of showmanship and don't enjoy the applause, but they become ambitious for the sake of their own perfection, and for the appraisal of their trainer whom they take as one of their kin. Yet each of them is different."

"Tame training" included the job of picking, when they were very young, the single animals suited for group work according to their personal qualities, of bringing them up, of feeding and nursing them as soon as they were weaned from their mothers, and watching them for months before starting with the first lesson.

When you saw Sarradin working with a new set of selected tiger talents, you lost the idea of risk or danger. But once when we took a swim together at an ocean beach, and the lusty old gentleman came out of the cabin naked except for some short bathing pants, he showed the most terrific and most frightful scars I've ever seen on a human being. Breast and shoulders, the lower part of his neck, the arms and the upper legs—there was hardly a spot where the flesh didn't look as if it had been torn from the bones, chopped and put on again, mended and patched with long strips of "artificial skin" to cover the holes, the scratches and bites. At one of his hips a chunk of flesh was missing and the cavern was deep enough to put your fists in.

He watched my surprise with an embarrassed and apologetic smile.

"It was never their fault," he said. "It was always mine."

That very night at the Tivoli, after Sarradin had left us, I heard the story of his worst accident—the great and fateful story of his career—which he never would have told without provocation. It was told as a sort of rebuke or enlightenment to the lady I had brought along, a novelist famed for her pacifistic and humanitarian activities. I was quite popular then with the circus people, because of a play of mine, set among tightrope walkers, which was running successfully and which they thought was "real" and not a romantic stunt. They were especially grateful that it didn't contain a scene of raving jealousy or murderous passion on a flying trapeze.

To a stranger, our little artists' party wouldn't have made a very "artistic" impression. There were

Continued on page 181

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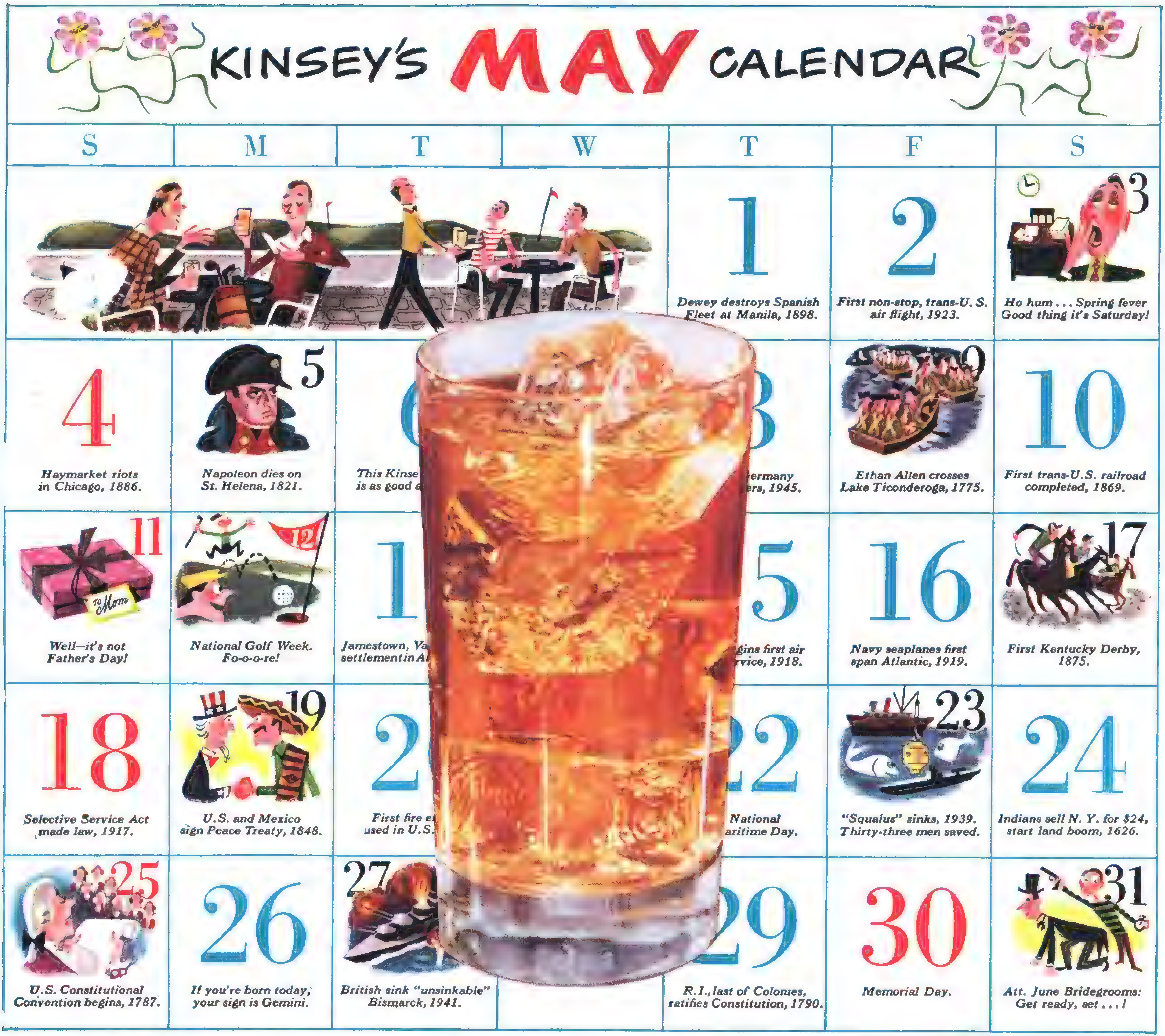

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1 Dewey destroys Spanish Fleet at Manila, 1898.	2 First non-stop, trans-U. S. air flight, 1923.	3 Ho hum . . . Spring fever Good thing it's Saturday!
4 Haymarket riots in Chicago, 1886.	5 Napoleon dies on St. Helena, 1821.	6 This Kinse is as good a		ermany ers, 1945.	9 Ethan Allen crosses Lake Ticonderoga, 1775.	10 First trans-U.S. railroad completed, 1869.
11 To Mom Well—it's not Father's Day!	12 National Golf Week. Fo-o-o-re!	1 Jamestown, Va settlement in A		5 gins first air rvice, 1918.	16 Navy seaplanes first span Atlantic, 1919.	17 First Kentucky Derby, 1875.
18 Selective Service Act made law, 1917.	19 U.S. and Mexico sign Peace Treaty, 1848.	2 First fire e used in U.S.		22 National aritime Day.	23 "Squalus" sinks, 1939. Thirty-three men saved.	24 Indians sell N. Y. for $24, start land boom, 1626.
25 U.S. Constitutional Convention begins, 1787.	26 If you're born today, your sign is Gemini.	27 British sink "unsinkable" Bismarck, 1941.		29 R.I., last of Colonies, ratifies Constitution, 1790.	30 Memorial Day.	31 Att. June Bridegrooms: Get ready, set . . . !

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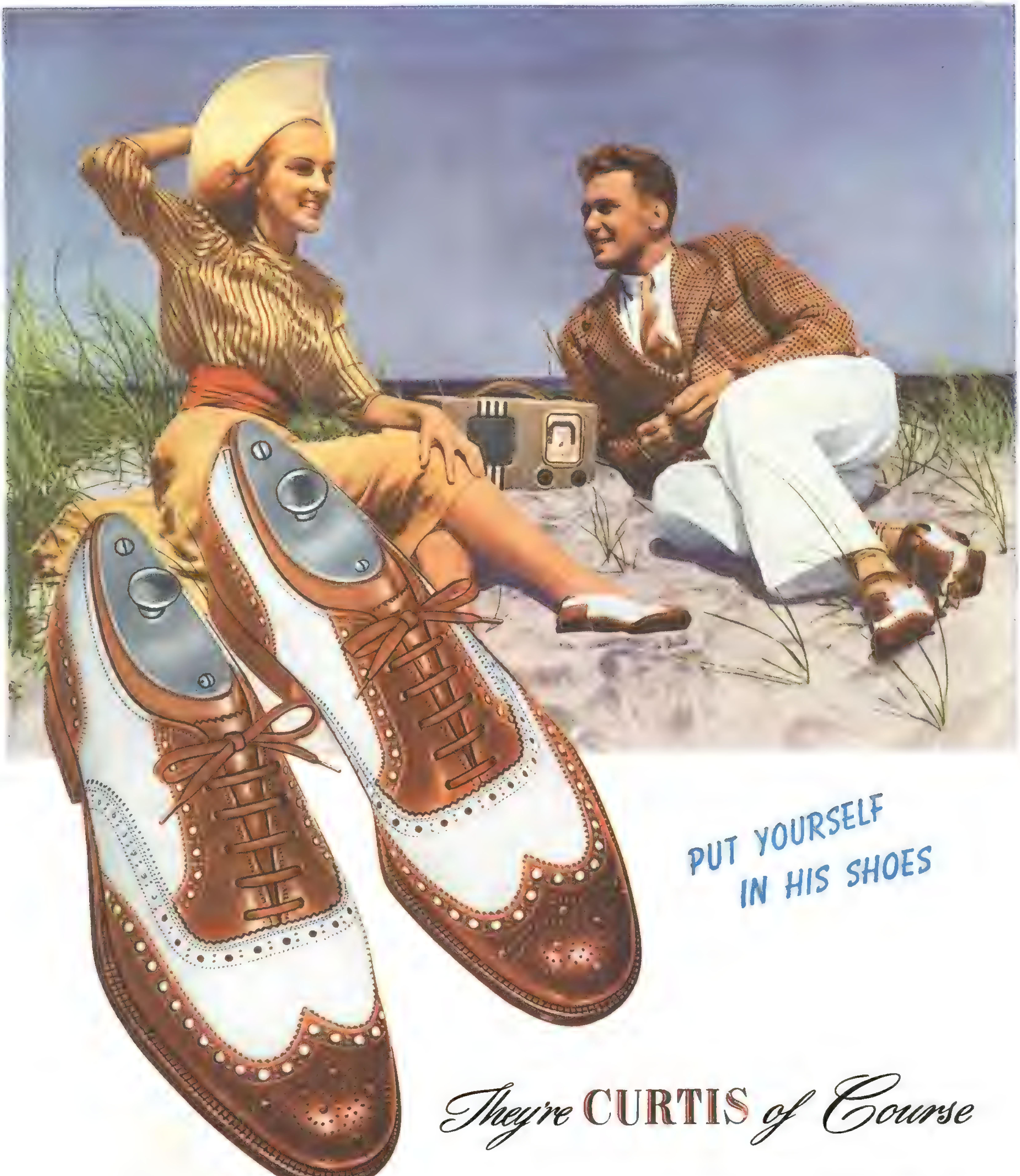

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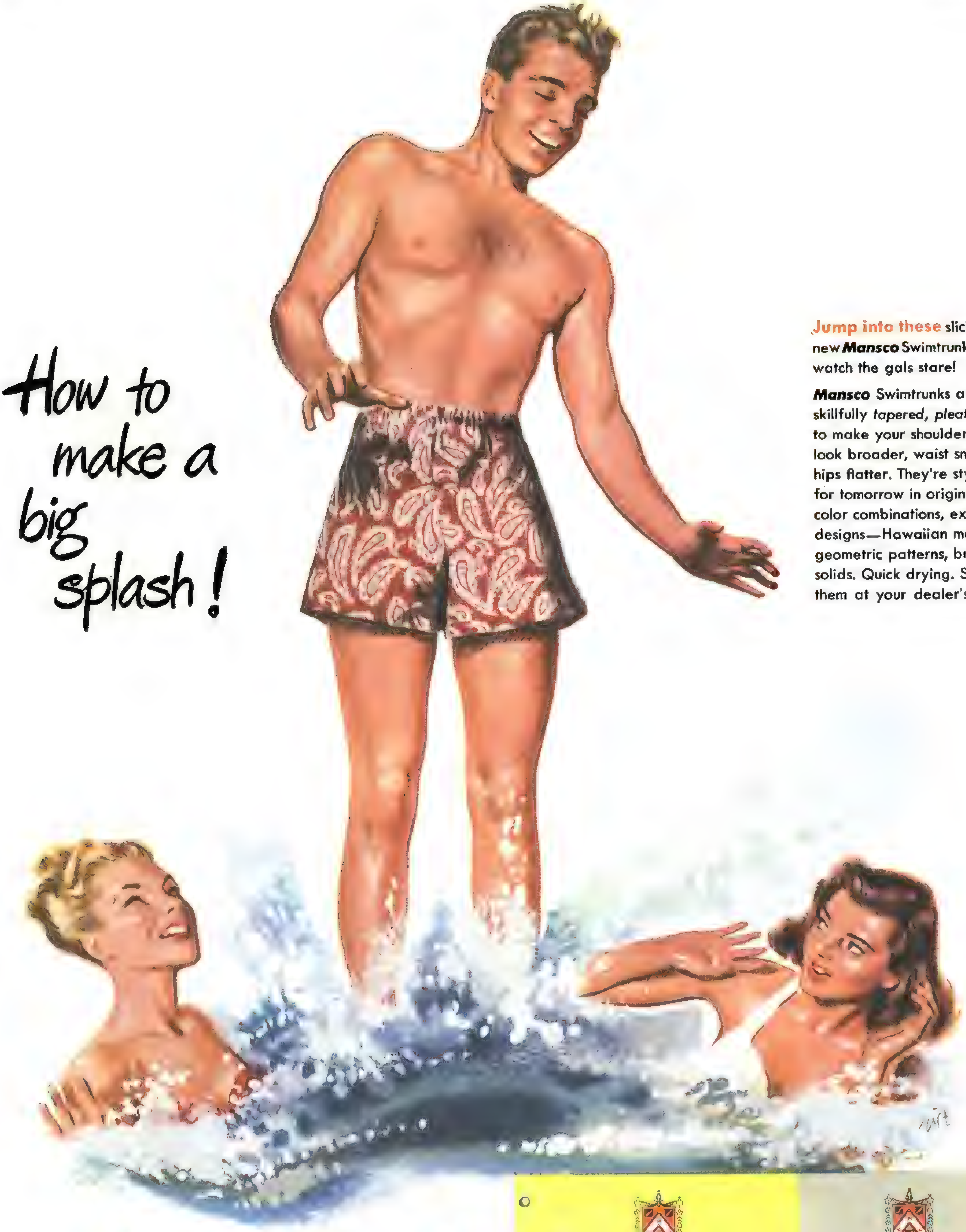

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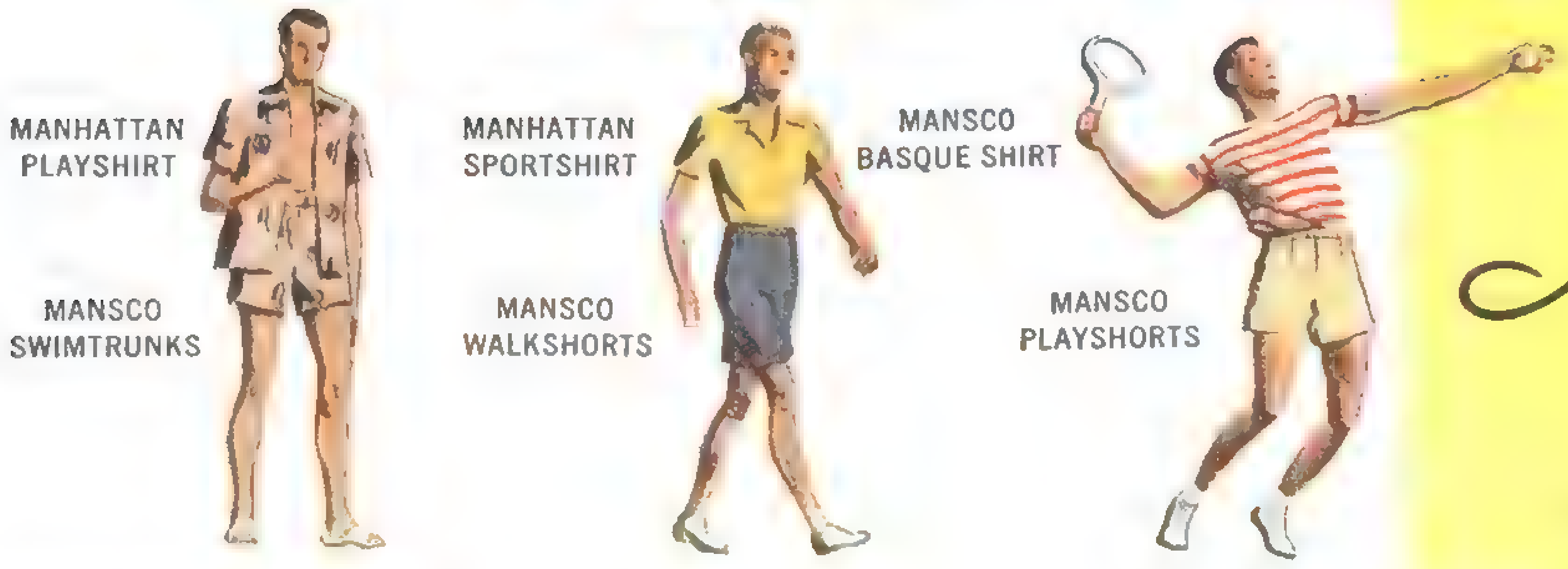

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A Tiger's Heart

Continued from page 176

the brothers Goldkette, who worked under another name as a famous clown trio. With their glasses and their serious faces they looked like elderly college professors or librarians. They kept as a family treasure a hundred-and-fifty-year-old safe conduct or passport for wandering performers that showed the stamps and the seals of all the European frontiers and all the big and small states of that time. There was Marie-Antoinette, wife of the circus owner who himself was usually too busy to join our late meetings. He could claim an ancestor who performed a *salto mortale* over a row of eight saddle horses in front of Emperor Napoleon the First, and earned his Imperial admiration. This was circus aristocracy and when they told a story it was the truth and nothing but the truth.

"We worked in Buenos Aires then," began Karrel, the oldest of the Goldkette brothers. "Marie-Antoinette will remember, for it was the first big accident she eyewitnessed in a ring. Maybe Saradin had become a little overconfident. Maybe he was a little distracted and had lost some of his enormous presence of mind. As a matter of fact he had just married a very beautiful girl who was not a professional, and they seemed to be extremely happy. Perhaps this had a connection with the accident—I don't know—but he never would have expected it from Roxane, who was his favorite tigress and, as he often said, a real genius among the animal performers."

Roxane—you know they always give them fancy names, preferably from Greek, Roman and Oriental history—was a charm and a jewel of a tigress. She leaped and jumped with the ease of a flying hawk. She seemed to hover through the air with outstretched legs, head and tail one even line; you had the impression she stood still for a moment in the height of her leap. He had taught her to perform the most risky jump, from one side of the cage to the other through a very narrow hoop which he held in his hand high above his own head. If this hoop was missed by even a quarter of an inch, Roxane would lose her balance and fall down on his neck. But even when this happened during rehearsal, she wouldn't use her claws to get a hold on him, but would let herself roll down to his feet. Sometimes at the moment of her fall he could catch her in his arms, give her a friendly smack on her cheek and say: "Try it again, old girl!"

Exactly what happened this unlucky evening in Buenos Aires, nobody knows. The electrician

Continued on page 182

TREASURE OF THE Tropics

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A Tiger's Heart

Continued from page 181

was accused of not having checked the angles of the big flashlights at the side of the ring, so that a beam of light from a wrong direction blinded her, or his, eyes at the moment she started her jump.

But Sarradin blamed himself only. "I got nervous," he said. "I lost my self-control; I winced for a second, and then, instead of holding her tight, I tried to shake her off. So she couldn't help clawing me."

In fact, she did worse than just claw him. The moment after she missed the hoop and fell on his shoulders, he was lying in his blood, and while the other tigers got restless and began to leave their stools, she continued to attack the wounded man on the sand with a fury that was almost madness. The assistant already had the gun on his shoulder and was aiming for a safe shot at her when Sarradin managed to get up on his feet, his body streaming with blood, one arm hanging down with all the flesh torn off, but the other hand lifted with a gesture that mastered Roxane's rage and made her crawl backwards. Then his voice was heard through the hysterical screams of the audience, calling her name, and uttering a few quiet, calming words, calling the names of the other tigers, until he resumed control and command over them, one by one. He stood tall and erect and held his unhurt arm high up until he got them all safely out of the ring. Then he broke down.

They did not think he would recover, and only a man of his constitution would have been able to survive. But when he regained consciousness, he started a passionate plea for Roxane, claiming she was harmless, chivalrous and affectionate and that her elimination would be a big loss for the show. In order to get his fever down, our boss had to pledge that nothing would happen to her.

He had to stay in the hospital for many weeks while the circus moved on to Rio, and from Rio to Santiago. There he and his young wife joined the circus again, but he was still very weak.

His group was shown now by his first assistant, but without Roxane. She had proved to be dangerous and aggressive at the first attempt to let her work with the group again after the accident, and she had to be kept separate from the other tigers, in a single cage that stood in a distant corner of the animal tent.

As soon as he breathed circus air again, Sarradin recovered very fast physically. Otherwise he seemed to be a changed man. He gave the impression of somebody

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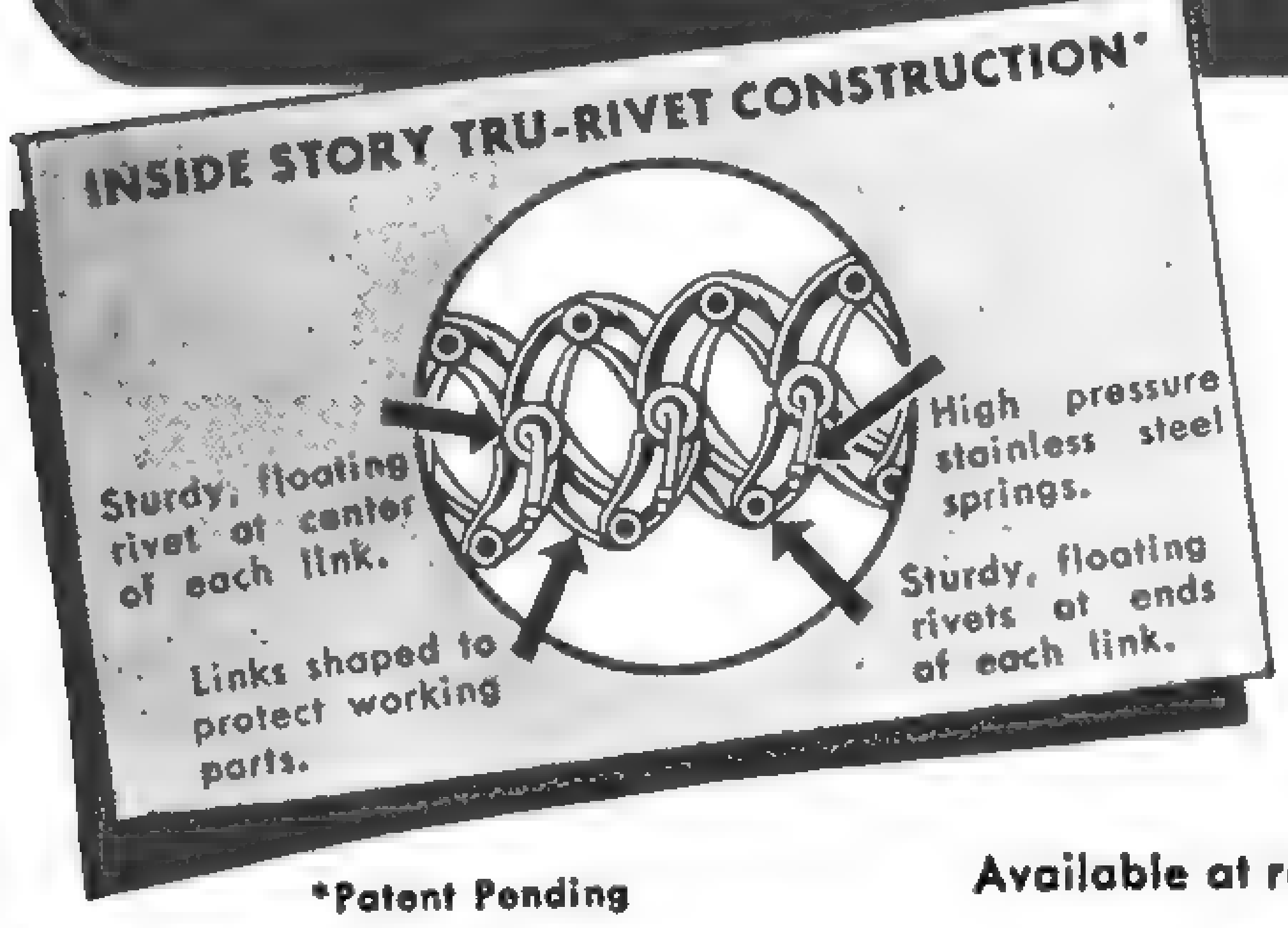
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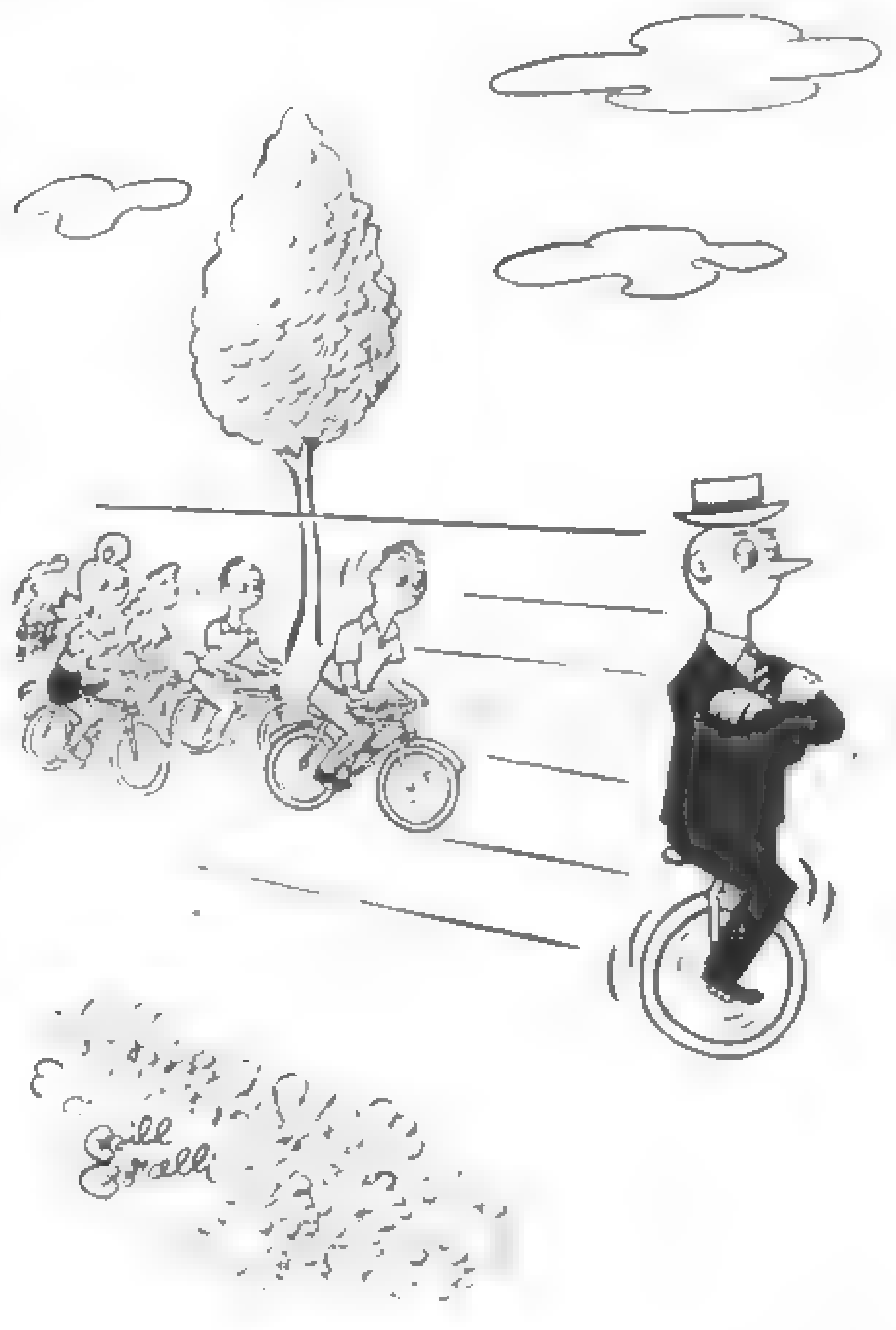
ashamed of himself because he has committed an unforgivable blunder or a petty crime. He was self-conscious and full of scruples. He had apparently lost his spirit.

"My husband," added Marie-Antoinette, "was very worried about him, and offered him a three-months' vacation on full salary, but Sarradin didn't accept. He had saved a little money and he stayed in a small hotel near the circus. And every night he sat in a box—watching the not-too-brilliant work of his substitute.



"To our great surprise, he never went into the animal tent nor approached the animals at all. He still had the bearing of a man with a bad conscience. His wife confided to me that he spent sleepless nights and spoke about having to retire. Once, when we asked him if he would like to start working again, he said, 'Perhaps I haven't got the guts any more.' Then the big fire came."

"I've seen seven circus fires in my career," said Karrel, "and I hope I won't see another one. Fortunately, that one in Santiago broke out after the show. When we ran back to the circus from our hotels and boardinghouses the tent was in full blaze, and the stables and side-show tents had just begun to catch fire.

"The firemen were not too quick about risking their lives to save foreign horses, camels or donkeys. We had to do the main rescue work ourselves, and many of us were badly hurt or burned. It was a gruesome spectacle, and worst of all was the noise; the screams of the frightened animals through the roaring flames. In the first stage of the fire we managed to get into the tigers' tent with a couple of strong work horses which we hitched to transportable cages. These cages were built on wheels, but were much too heavy to be moved by human power alone. Then this tent caught fire and the narrow driveway which led from it was filled with clouds of black smoke.

"By our combined efforts the whole group was rescued before

Continued on page 184

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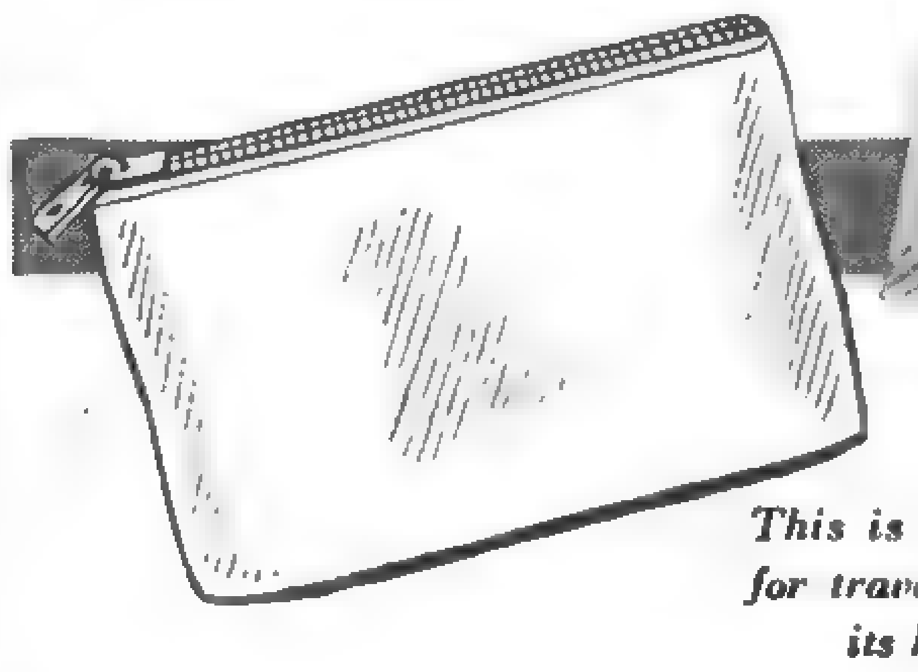

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"Take a peek, Whitey—this is terrific!"

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"As far as I'm concerned, Blackie, the only terrific thing would be a more plentiful supply of BLACK & WHITE—for all our friends."

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

A Tiger's Heart

Continued from page 183

the flames got too violent—except for Roxane, who was shut up in her single cage in the farthest corner of the burning tent. We could hear her desperate howling, but there was nothing that could be done. Neither a horse nor a man would chance crossing that sea of flames and smoke.

"Suddenly, we saw Sarradin. For the entire time he had helped with the rescue work without being especially noticed. He was listening to Roxane's frightened yelling and he didn't seem to hear anything else. Now he took a fireman's helmet away from him and walked toward the crashing tent. We called and shouted at him, but he shook us off and disappeared in the rolling smoke. We stood as if paralyzed. None of us expected to see him again. Minutes passed which seemed to last forever. Then he came out, and not alone. He carried Roxane wound around his neck as he used to carry her through the ring at the end of her number, holding her hind legs with one arm, while with the other hand he petted her chin or smacked her cheeks when she tried to resist. We could hear his calm voice as we had heard it when he was deadly wounded:

"'Keep quiet, old girl. Keep your mouth shut, baby. Now stop it, or else. Don't you know that I'm helping you, silly face of a cat. It's your old father who smacks you; there's nothing to get mixed up about. Take it easy. Easy. We'll make it all right. We'll be safe in a minute.'

"He carried her all the way to an outdoor cage which was not occupied. Somebody pulled the trap door open and he moved her inside with a soft push. His face was blackened with ashes, his clothes were smoldering and his skin was full of burns and blisters, but his eyes were shining with a profound happiness."

"And Roxane?"

"She had her whiskers singed—otherwise she wasn't hurt a bit. During the forced rest of the circus, Sarradin began to train a completely new group, combining lions, panthers, polar bears and great Danes, with Roxane as the only tiger. He toured the world with this group; it was his most brilliant time. Roxane never made trouble again, and it was she who saved his life one time when a lion tried to assault him from behind. She jumped over his head and drove the lion away."

"Real confidence," said Marie-Antoinette, "real affection, and real courage. It always pays off."

"Yes," said Karrel, "but not every man has got a tiger's heart." ⌗

Continued from page 82

IT'S A HOLE IN ONE EVERY TIME...

No key-fumbling here! Each color-labeled key-holder stands out clearly for easy, instant pick-up. And each one swivels freely on a patented pivot. Crafted of a fine variety of handsome leathers, TEL-A-KEY cases for men or women come zippered or buttoned . . . for 4, 6 or 8 keys.

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At better stores.

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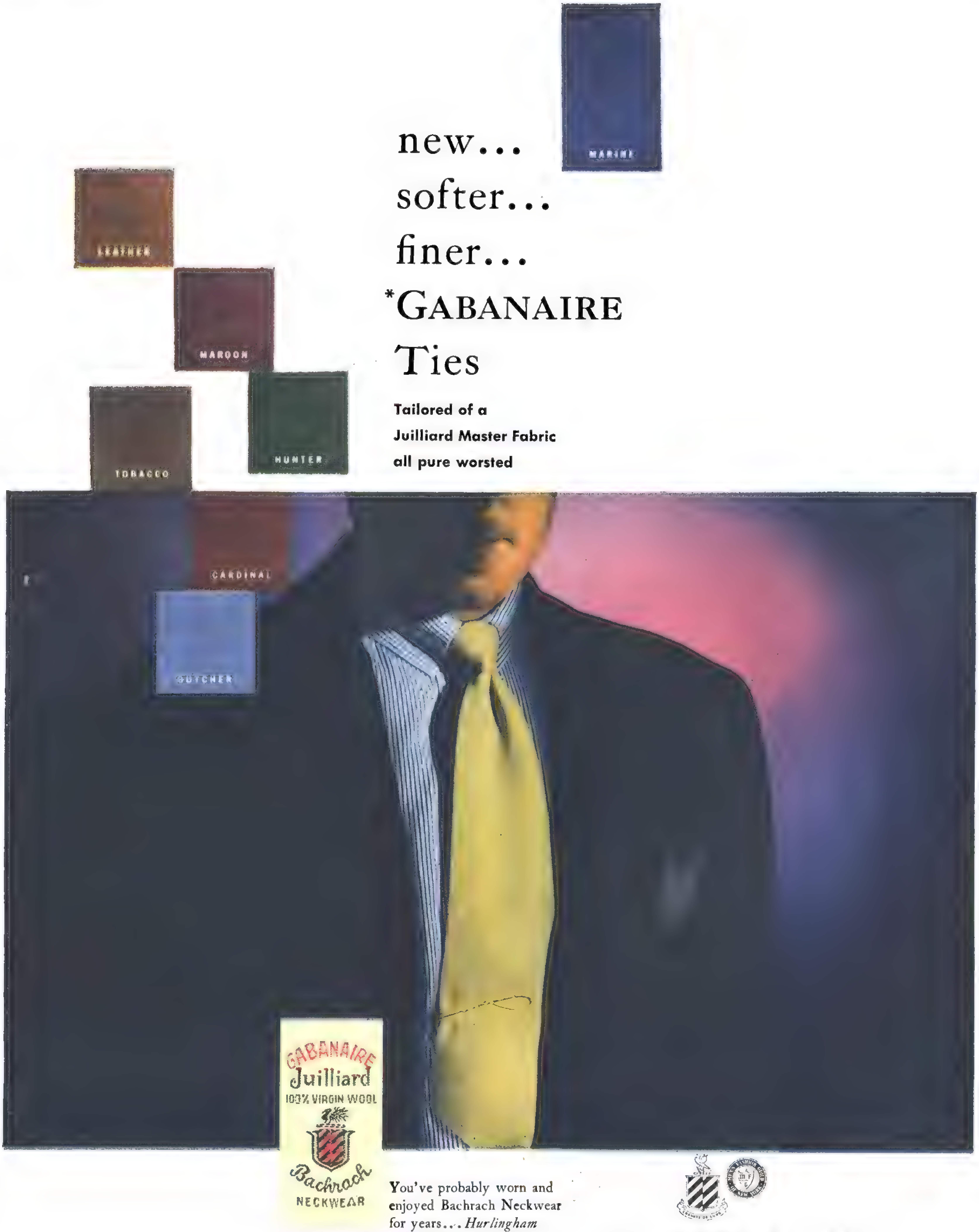
Juilliard Master Fabric
all pure worsted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*REG. APP. FOR

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PROUDLY PRESENTS THE NEW
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Remington *Blue Streak* Shavers

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Shave closer! Shave faster! Shave any beard! Here's the new Anniversary Series of Remington Blue Streak Shavers—incorporating all that Remington engineers have discovered in ten years of electric shaver research and manufacturing.

These new Remingtons not only have *more* heads, but *better* heads. *There is nothing to compare with the combination of the Blue Streak twin heads and the close-shaving round heads.* This combination snips long and short hairs with equal ease!

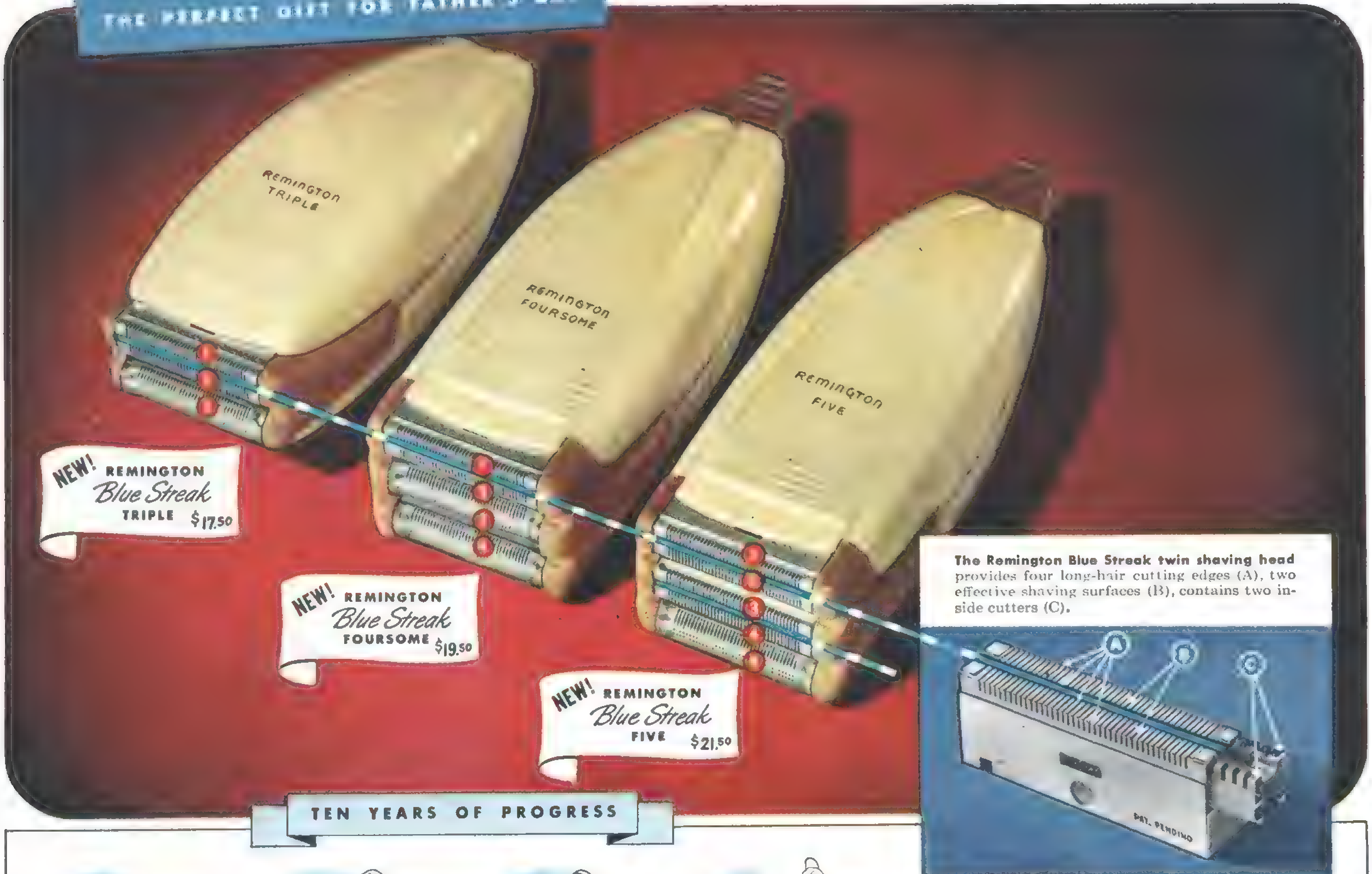
See the new Anniversary Remingtons at any leading store or at one of Remington's ninety-one shaver headquarters.

- Remington Triple, featuring one Blue Streak *twin* head and one round head, $17.50; Remington Foursome, featuring one Blue Streak *twin* head and two round heads, $19.50; Remington Five, featuring two Blue Streak *twin* heads and one round head, $21.50. Made in both ivory and ebony finish. All Remingtons operate on AC or DC.

More Remingtons have been sold since 1940 than all other makes combined

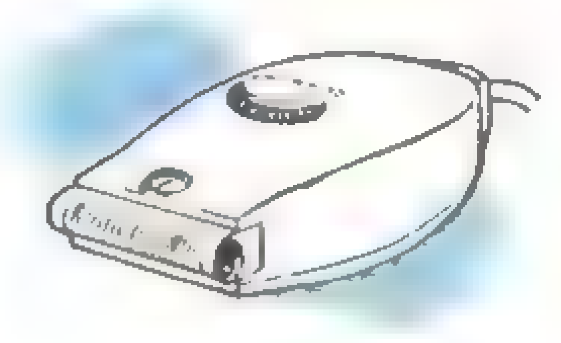
REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS A PRODUCT OF **Remington Rand** INCORPORATED
REMINGTON RAND INC • ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION • BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

SHAVE DRY **NO LATHER** **NO BLADES**

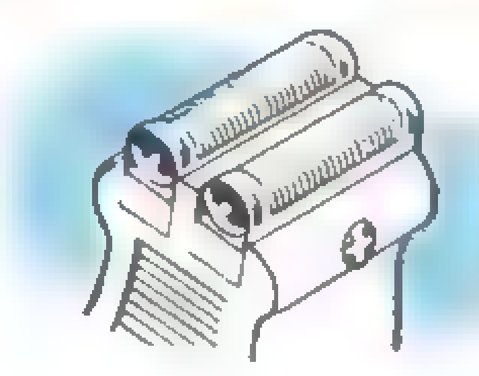

REMINGTON TRIPLE
REMINGTON FOURSOME
REMINGTON FIVE
NEW! REMINGTON Blue Streak TRIPLE $17.50
NEW! REMINGTON Blue Streak FOURSOME $19.50
NEW! REMINGTON Blue Streak FIVE $21.50
A
B
C
PAT. PENDING

The Remington Blue Streak twin shaving head provides four long-hair cutting edges (A), two effective shaving surfaces (B), contains two inside cutters (C).

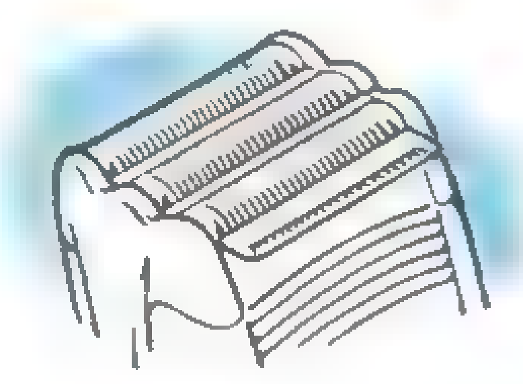
TEN YEARS OF PROGRESS



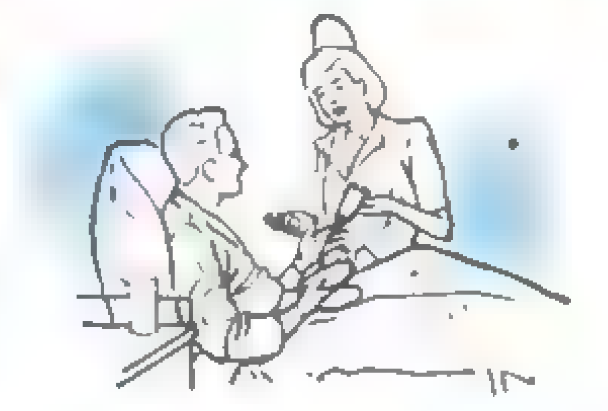
1937 The first Remington was made—and acclaimed a success. Thousands of these single-head Remingtons are still in use.



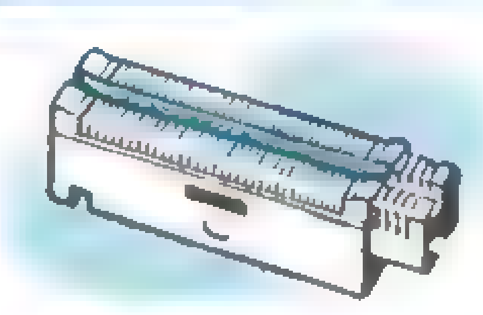
1940 Remington pioneered the multiple-head principle with the Dual. Later a trimming head was added to make the Remington Triple-head.



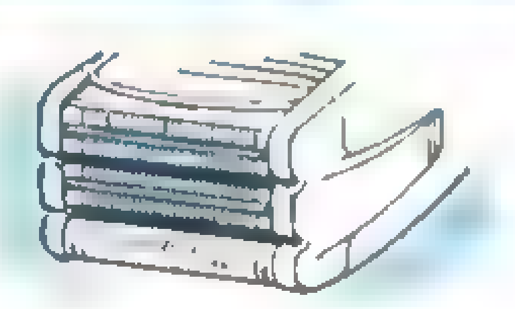
1941 The first Foursome. With three round heads and a trimming head, this was the fastest shaver made. Remington leaped to first place!



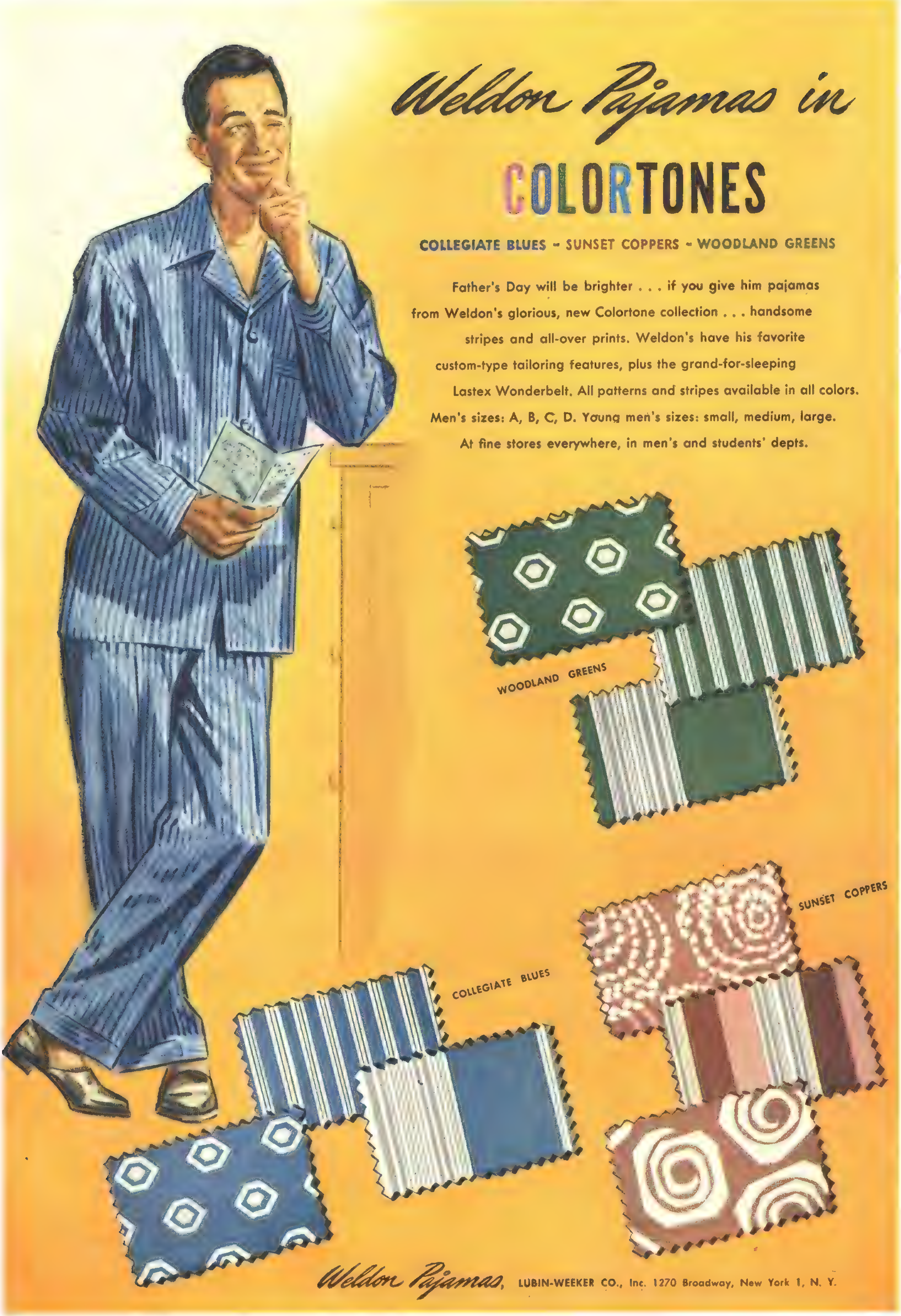
1944 The Remington plant was largely engaged in war production. However, thousands of Remingtons were rushed to Army and Navy hospitals.



1946 The Blue Streak *twin* shaving head was introduced on a Foursome model. This head handles long and short hairs with equal ease.



1947 Remington announces the Anniversary Series. Be sure you get a Remington—*you can't get a better shaver to save your skin!*



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COLLEGIATE BLUES - SUNSET COPPERS - WOODLAND GREENS

Father's Day will be brighter . . . if you give him pajamas from Weldon's glorious, new Colortone collection . . . handsome stripes and all-over prints. Weldon's have his favorite custom-type tailoring features, plus the grand-for-sleeping Lastex Wonderbelt. All patterns and stripes available in all colors. Men's sizes: A, B, C, D. Young men's sizes: small, medium, large. At fine stores everywhere, in men's and students' depts.

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See the Fine Fabrics, the Custom Standards of Tailoring

The casual moments of a man's leisure time are often life's highlights of happiness. They deserve the added enjoyment that correct leisure wear can contribute.

Smartair stylists have created slacks, shirts, and leisure coats that contribute *handsomely*. Their design is for comfort on smart, correctly proportioned lines. The fabrics are of the finest. The workmanship rivals the custom-tailored.

Let your Smartair dealer counsel you on leisure wear that is fabric-created and comfort-created to help you enjoy to the full, your precious moments of leisure.

SMARTAIR
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Division of Rainfair, Inc., Makers of Rain Topcoats

MEN'S FINE LEISURE WEAR . . BY

Smartair

SPORT SHIRTS
SLACKS
LEISURE COATS

On Understanding the Rooshan

Continued from page 55

him into some cellar and beating him about the head until it is sufficiently softened to recognize that the Rooshans are just big, playful, lovable and misunderstood boys. Ugh! Remember? Nobody understood the Germans either.

I suppose I should differentiate between the Russian people who are said to have many sterling and praiseworthy qualities, and the sweethearts who govern them and who are responsible for most of the unease rife in the world today, but during the war I got pretty tired of differentiating between the Nazis and the German people, because eventually they turned out to be one and the same, and apparently still are.

Well, as I said, there you have my current disillusionment, which must make me rather a weird critter politically, a Liberal-minded gent who now wishes that that unpleasant fellow, the late General Patton, had been given his head when he voiced the distinctly unliberal notion, at the time the Rooshans were hollering for us to stop at the Elbe, of keeping right on going eastwards until he could shake hands with Douglas MacArthur. It would have saved us a lot of trouble in the future, because whether or no we love and understand the morbid Rooshans, it ought to be obvious by this time to anyone but a congenital Commie or professional parlor Pinko that the Rooshans neither love nor understand us and that they will eventually come awooing us Central European style.

I would be curious to hear from clients whether I am alone in these emotions, or whether others have experienced similar shifts in sentiment with regard to the Russkis, voiced or unvoiced. Shortly before the end of the war, due to the gallantry and tenacity of the Soviets in standing off the Germans, plus the philosophies of the late President Roosevelt, mil-

Continued on page 190

WHERE TOP HATS GROW... ...AND PUGGREES FLOW

In London's smartest circles and in Singapore's finest clubs, the esteemed treasure among cognacs is Exshaw.

Sniff it, sip it, savor it . . . and know your enjoyment of this precious prewar quality cognac is a pleasure you share with connoisseurs all over the world.

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• Every time you take a step, this smart-looking mesh shoe "inhales" cool air and "exhales" the hot. Wing-tip of mellow bridle tan is typical of the way Walk-Over combines '47 styling with honest-to-goodness comfort.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

WALK·OVER
Young Men Styles

On Understanding the Rooshan

Continued from page 189

lions of plain unpolitical American people would have welcomed a genuine friendship with the Russian people and even a tolerance and understanding of their form of government. I was just wondering whether the boys from the steppes had undone the job with others as quickly as they had with me. I'm not kidding myself about them any more.

The Great What-Is-It

At the same time, continuing this revelation, I would be grateful to any reader who can advise me where to find a political home and under whose banner to enlist.

I am looking for a leader who places the welfare of his country and its people ahead of (1) himself, (2) his class, (3) his career, (4) his political bedfellows.

As one who loves the United States of America, its form of government, and its people, I am scared stiff by the mentality and personal ambition of Mr. Robert Taft and his Republicans and have lost faith in the Democratic Party since the day a slew of them double-crossed the country and their elected president by joining in sabotage with reactionary Republicans in Congress.

Where can a guy go who loathes Senator McKellar, despises Rankin, and is revolted by Bilbo and Bilboism, who believes in the Bill of Rights and the Constitution of the United States and wishes for genuine equality of citizenship and unbiased treatment of all races and creeds, who regards native Reds and native Fascists, Fronters and Shirters, Klansmen and Columbians with equal distaste, who is as disgusted with the venality, greed and lust for power of dictatorial labor leaders and racketeers as he is with the similar greed and turn-the-clock-back tactics of the NAM gang, and the "To-hell-with-you, I'm-going-to-get-mine" lobbies. I don't want to see labor pushed around. I don't want to see labor pushing others around.

I think that Red baiters and witch hunters are dangerous and silly, but that people who blind themselves to the dangers of the Communist 5th column and infiltraitors are sillier. The former inevitably plays into the hands of the latter.

I am for us assuming our responsibilities in the world and taking full part in the United Nations, but I would also like to see a unified Army and Navy and Air Force, universal military training, and the keeping of our powder dry, because I am sufficient of a chauvinist to trust our complete

YOU FLOAT

with Float-ees*

the swim trunks with

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Inside-out view showing how pontoons slip into specially designed pockets INSIDE the trunks. Inflating tube also tucks out of sight.

These amazing new swim trunks* offer beginners or experts endless hours of effortless swimming pleasure and safety with a single lungfull of air. Completely hidden vinyl-plastic pontoons can be inflated or deflated at will, in or out of the water. Fashion-styled boxer trunks, Zelan treated, in prints and solid colors. Men's sizes (30-46) $7.50 . . . Boys' (6-16) $6.50 at stores everywhere or write.

Endorsed by leading coaches and swimmers. Send for *Free* illustrated Booklet "L" with swimming lesson by Adolph Kiefer, Olympic Champion.

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SWIM SUITS

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DAD'S PIPE DREAMS COME TRUE.. with a Bryson
FOR FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 15
Bryson
EXTRA BOWL
With Extra Bowl $3.50

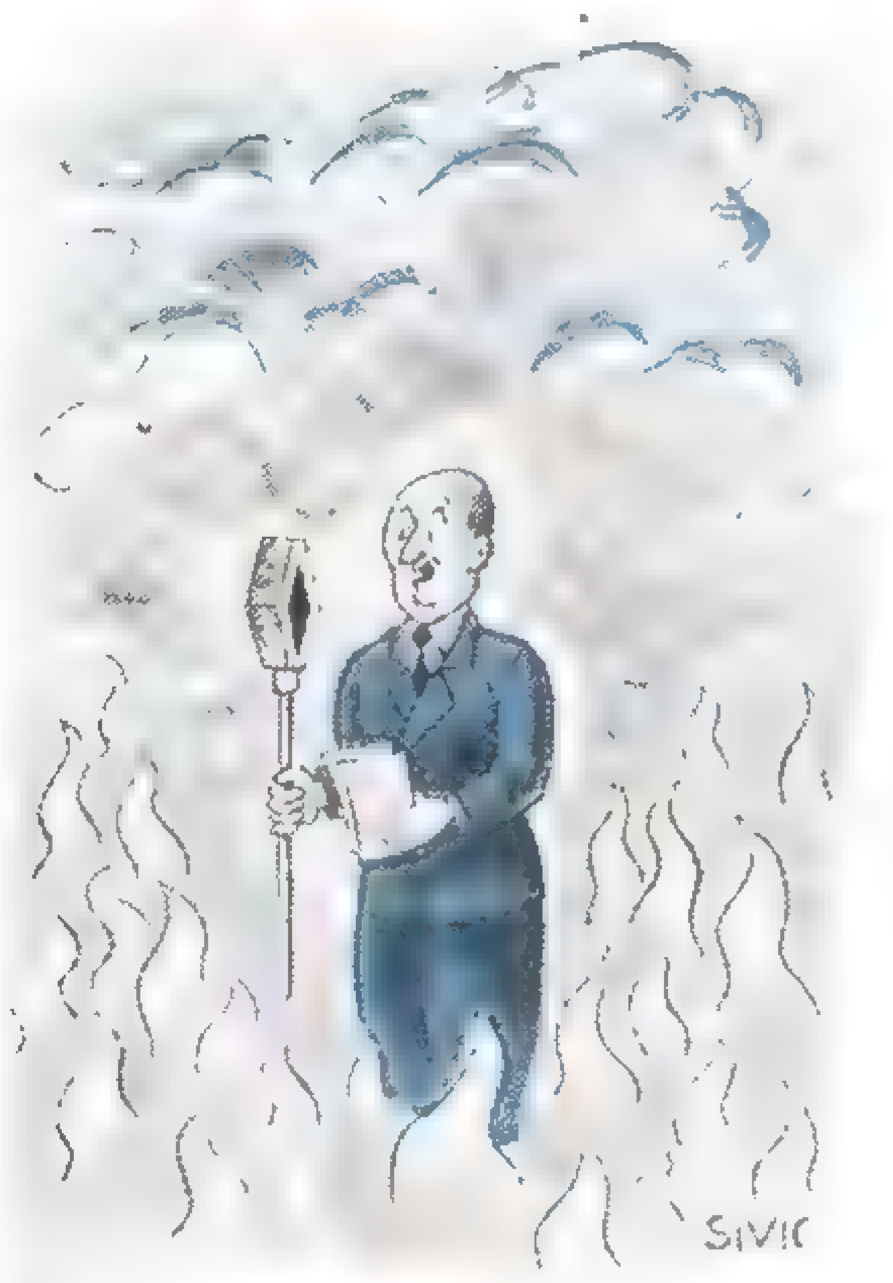
You will really be giving Dad 2 pipes as every Bryson gift box contains an "extra" bowl . . . to insure double enjoyment. The Bryson is smartly designed in modern duraluminum to form a distinctive pipe that always gives a cool, delightful smoke.

THE Bryson PIPE
WITH COOLING ZONE

THE BRIARWOOD CORPORATION
Palo Alto • California

lack of aggressive intentions and distrust the other fellow's ditto.

There is no political home for me with the Socialists because I do not believe in the nationalization of industry, since in England, where it is being tried, it is leading inevitably to just another form of state regimentation of the individual. But neither do I care for the writings and philosophies of Westbrook Pegler, and consider him a Johnny One-Note, and that a wrong one. I consider Communism a tyrannical phony and one of the biggest fakes ever perpetrated on an unhappy people, but I don't like the world of Mr. Herbert Hoover, or Gerald L. K. Smith either. Mr. Ex-Secretary Wallace also gives me the willies. Just to see a picture of Hummon Talmadge makes me want to throw up.



"We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin"

Where does a lonely guy go to find company?

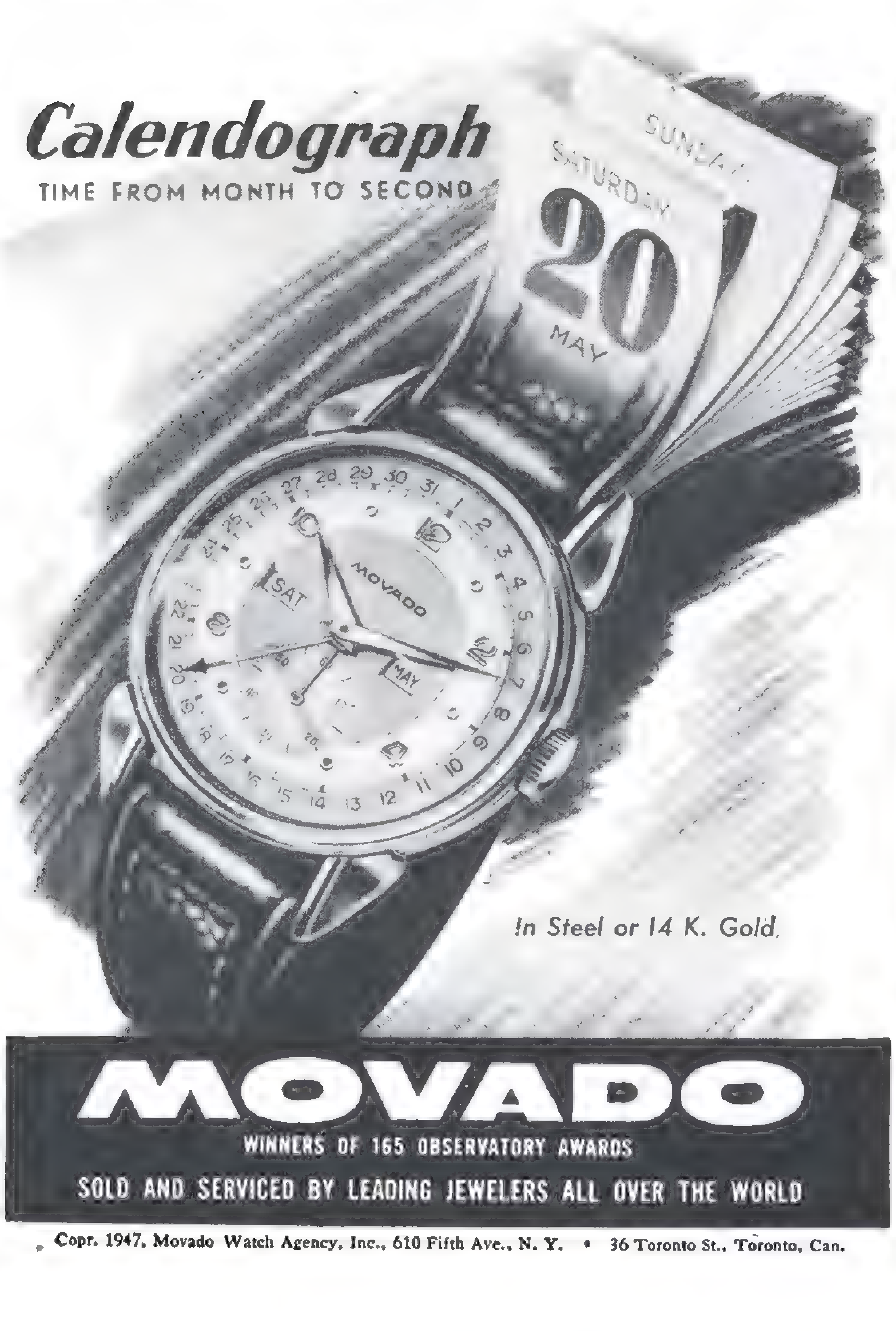
Air Travel Advances

Air travel has made vast and gigantic strides since I last availed myself of this rapid and fascinating means of transportation, which was quite some time before the war when the industry yet lacked the great technological advances and modern inventions of the last four years. Air travel back in the thirties was pretty primitive. All this is now changed.

For instance, in my day, we had only one hostess aboard to trip over one's feet or flash her crockery in a scintillating but not quite convincing smile when the ship began to bounce or fall uphill.

She was a lovable little darling in a fresh, crisp uniform and a jaunty cap perched on top of her permanent, whose mission in life was to keep one from sleeping. This she succeeded in doing in various ways, such as parking on the arm of one's chair and conversing loudly with the single gent across the aisle, banging into one as she coursed up and down the aisle, or when that failed, shaking one violently by the shoulder to inquire if there was anything she could get for one such as a pillow

Continued on page 192



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The Seal of Tradition

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Dads Who Are

Smart Dressers Prefer

New socks by

Holeproof

for every occasion

FATHER'S DAY June 15th

Highlighting NYLON and NYLON-Wool combinations

Dads who know their way around get around in handsome new socks by HOLEPROOF. For dress . . . for sportswear —they mark him as a man of good taste. Stylish patterns and fashionable solid colors in silk, nylon, rayon, cotton, wool and combination yarns. Regular length or Pacer Shorts—priced for every smart dresser—from 50c to $4.50 a pair. Foot*note:* NYLON reinforced toe in most styles!

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Holeproof Hosiery Company, makers of Holeproof Luxite Underthings and Women's Proportioned Stockings

On Understanding the Rooshan

Continued from page 191

or a blanket or a magazine, or fumbling at the pit of one's stomach to see if the safety belt was fastened.

Imagine my delight, when stepping aboard a giant, four-motor passenger plane for the first time not long ago, to find not one, but *two* hostesses, a redhead and a blonde. This was progress with a vengeance. Where one hostess has to stretch herself, sort of, to keep her passengers awake and in a turmoil, two of them, charging up and down the aisle, bumping into one another, can do it without half trying, and did.

The huge four-motored ship is also an enormous improvement over the little twin-engine planes we used to ride in, since it carries twice as many people and flies twice as fast, and bounces twice as far when it hits a rough spot, which means that just twice as many people turn green and begin to reach for the paper containers, which receptacle, as far as I can make out, has not yet been touched by the great technological advances since the war.

But just think, five-and-a-half hours flying time from New York to Miami, naturally with certain allowances for the weather for which the technological advances made since the war have also not yet provided. Last winter I made it in fifteen hours, which is truly fabulous when one considers how little of it was spent in flying. This included three hours standing-around-in-Penn-Station-waiting-for-a-train time, since we had to go by train to Washington, five hours standing-up-all-the-way-to-Washington-in-the-train time, one hour looking-for-baggage-in-Washington time, one-and-one-half hours standing-around-in-the-airport time, one hour stuck-in-a-snowbank-at-take-off time.

These, however, were cruel and unusual circumstances which had nothing to do with the theory of flying, the efficiency of the aircraft or the red-haired hostess. There is nothing the matter with modern passenger air transportation that cannot be cured by eliminating the necessity of getting to and from the airplane. This is one technological advance which unfortunately must await the next war for solution.

Once inside the aircraft, however, flying is usually a breeze, especially when the pilot can see where he is going, which condition I am told is often encountered due to modern technological advances such as plexiglass, which enables him to see out on all sides when the weather is good. When it is cloudy, raining, foggy, or snowing, and he cannot see, the mar-

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OLD FASHIONED
but still in style

Bouquet is the soul of Old Fitzgerald flavor. This fusion of fragrance and taste lends added pleasure to this deliciously different, old fashioned bourbon.

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STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

A beautifully colored historical map of Kentucky will be sent on request. Write Dept. E Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

velous radio telephone can bring him messages of sympathy from his colleagues on the ground.

These are the times in which to live. And just ahead of us are passenger planes with six engines. Boy, oh boy. That means *three* hostesses, redhead, blonde *and* brunette, three times as many paper receptacles, three times as many passengers to get lost and mixed up at the airport, and three times as long to wait for them to get the airplane ready and the baggage loaded. I can hardly wait.

"You'll crack us up yet with your tomfoolery!"

Love Letter

There has been a kind of thing lately with columnists in which they reveal themselves as completely bowled over by the art of Miss Ingrid Bergman and write her mash notes claiming that they are hers to do with what she wills, because they are overcome by her beauty, charm and talent, and she holds them in the hollow of her soft and expressive little hand.

I have been away from columning for a couple of years, but if this is the newest thing in public literary self-revelation, I would like to get in on it too, except that the girl I love best isn't Miss Bergman, but Ethel Merman.

What can you do? That's how it is. I understand the current devotion to Miss Bergman, I am not insensible to the delicate combination of features that make up her person, I admit that she is a competent portrayer of emotions who has taken New York by storm with her performance in *Joan of Lorraine*, but the girl I love is still Merman. She is who I would like to be cast away on a desert island with.

Oh Ethel! You are wonderful.

This may very well cost me my job, what I am about to say, but when Gallico loves, he goes all the way. I think that my Ethel Merman is a better actress than their Ingrid Bergman. There! I've said it! Hello, I'm still here. I thought the wall would collapse.

I am not quite sure on what this decision or my love for Miss Merman is based, whether it is the en-

Continued on page 194

Picture a

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The CADET

Consult your Jeweler

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King Leathers, prime source of pace-setting innovations in leather, offers with pride the new Flite*Line Billfolds. Wing-like in their sleek good looks and absence of useless trappings, flight-inspired for strength without bulk, they make superlative gifts for active men.

FLITE*LINE

The Flite*Line Billfold illustrated offers a replaceable card case, exclusive King Leathers feature. In saddle cowhide, $7.50 plus tax. Other designs $5 to $10, at leading stores.

*TRADE MARK

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On Understanding the Rooshan

Continued from page 193

chanting quality of the scream of pure terror she emits in the Indian number of her recent opus, *Annie Get Your Gun*, when, during the course of moiling about the stage in time to music, she is suddenly confronted vis-a-vis with the undraped rear end of the male ballet dancer, or whether it could be the wholly unique combination of an expression of bleak despair and a knowing leer to be found settled on her pan when she renders that touching ballade, *You Cain't Git a Man with a Gun*.

I believe I was captured by the air of surprise and complete disbelief with which she portrayed the character of Annie Oakley this past season and the superbly ingenuous delivery of her lines in a kind of a Bronx-Hillbilly dialect while looking into my heart with a frankly baffled stare spread all over her countenance.

She seemed to be wondering what she was doing there wearing strange clothes and surrounded by strange people who addressed lines at her which called for answers which she had carefully memorized, and wondering even more what all those people out front were falling down from laughing at.

But I will tell you something strange, namely that this big and somewhat beamy girl with the moonface, flat nose and black-eyed-Susan orbs, who walks like a cowpoke and whose singing is a kind of a lusty, strident yell, can get me all choked up in those moments when the book calls for her to pretend to be sad and unhappy because she has been temporarily thrown over by the man she loves. She just gives one sort of forlorn look and a little sag, and I feel much sorrier for her than I ever do for Miss Bergman in her troubles; I want to climb right up on the stage and go over to her, and put my arms around her and comfort her by saying:

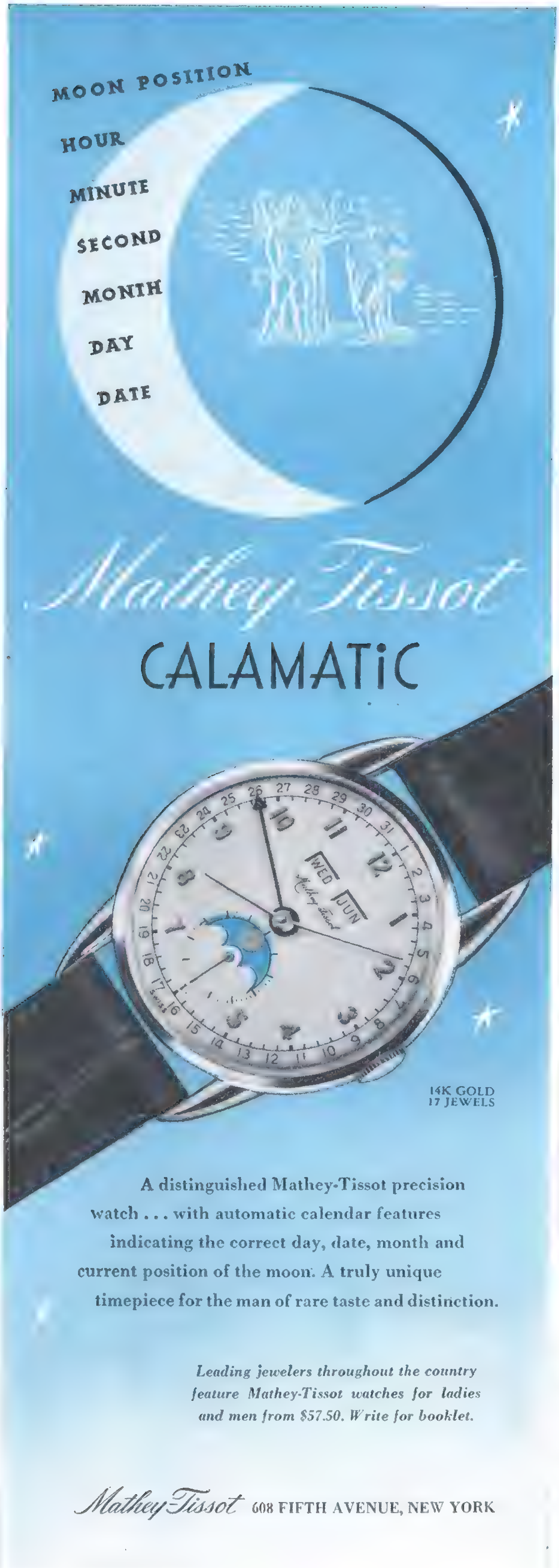
"There, there, now Ethel, don't you take it so to heart because I just can't stand to see you so unhappy. Here, you just put your head on my shoulder and have a good cry, and don't be sad any more, because from now on Gallico is looking after you. That fellow who is making you unhappy isn't worth the powder to kiss your feet with or touch the hem of the earth you tread on."

That, my friends, is art.

That is the *Girl I love, Miss Merman.*

Utopia Acomin'

THIS department took to playing with one of its Christmas presents lately and as a result is wildly excited about the possi-



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Secret of Old Spain

More than 200 years ago the noble house of Pedro Domecq of Jerez discovered a secret of superb quality in Sherries. Carried on by seven generations, this traditional quality is at its best today in these famous Domecq wines . . . pale, dry La Ina; mellow "after-dinner" Celebration Cream; luscious Primero Amontillado; and versatile Double Century Brand.

Pedro Domecq Sherries

Sole Distributor: CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INCORPORATED, New York, N. Y.

bilities of a new life to come.

It is a gadget consisting of a small electric oven with glass sides and a steel skewer running through it revolved by an electric motor. Truss up a chicken with a half an onion in its innards, pin a couple of strips of bacon to its lapels, impale it on the skewer, shut the door, start the motor and walk away from it. One hour later: roast chicken. Crispy skin, juicy meat, and all the flavor. Boy, oh boy, Utopia's acomin'!

No no! You miss the point! It's not the chicken. It's the simplicity of the gadget that counts. Don't you realize the implications of the thing? With that contraption, you, I, *anybody* can whip up the finest roast fowls, capons, ducks, pigeons, pheasants, etc., you could wish to eat. Just one or two more gadgets like that and out goes the cook on her ear. Do you realize, my friends and fellow sufferers, that the dawn of emancipation lies just ahead, that we may yet get out from under the tyranny of the cook and her ilk?

I am an antigadgeteer, having lost three skirmishes and a major battle to the ball-point pen, but the possibility of inventions and modern contrivances which will get me out from under the domination of servants and return my home to me has brought a new gleam into my eye. Gee, to think that maybe . . . maybe some day I will again dwell alone with the Missus with no sourpussed servitor moving through the ancestral halls—when he moves—and hating my guts every minute.

It has been a losing fight. Like the Rooshans, for years I have turned myself inside out pampering servants and wooing them with love and understanding. But do they ever love and understand me? Or even empty the ash trays? Huh!

How far have we got to go? I can make a bed and run a vacuum cleaner. The technologists have promised us an air-filtered home of the future where things won't get dirty. Serve me at the table? I can do it better myself and with

Continued on page 196

E STATION
27

"I think it went that way!"

It's a Gift
D.C.Blaisdell
ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER
The Lighter that made the World Lighter-Conscious
ZIPPO MFG. CO. BRADFORD, PA.

Streamline Silverlike Case $2.50. Facsimile of any signature or three initials, $1.00 extra. Also sports motifs, fraternal or club emblems, special designs available.

Exquisite Engine Turned Case in 14K Gold $175 or Sterling Silver $20, Plain Gold Case $165, Plain Silver $15 (plus 20% Federal tax).

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AMONG THE BRACING PINES or in sound of the surf, you'll drift off to luxurious sleep on a full-length, air-filled mattress. Nylon-screened windows and door ventilate thoroughly, but may be securely fastened against wind or rain. Storage space for all camping needs, clothes, fishing tackle, guns, and a built-in, easily accessible ice-box. Yet so compact it can be stored upended in the garage with your car.

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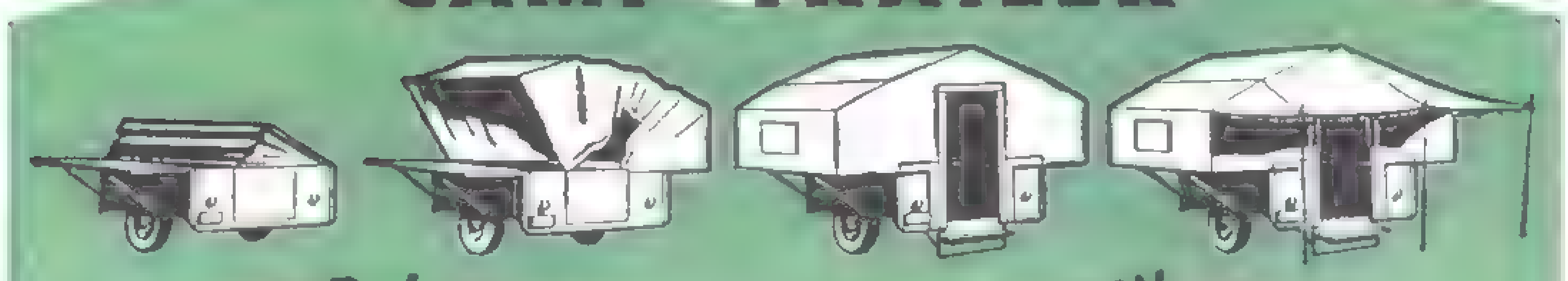

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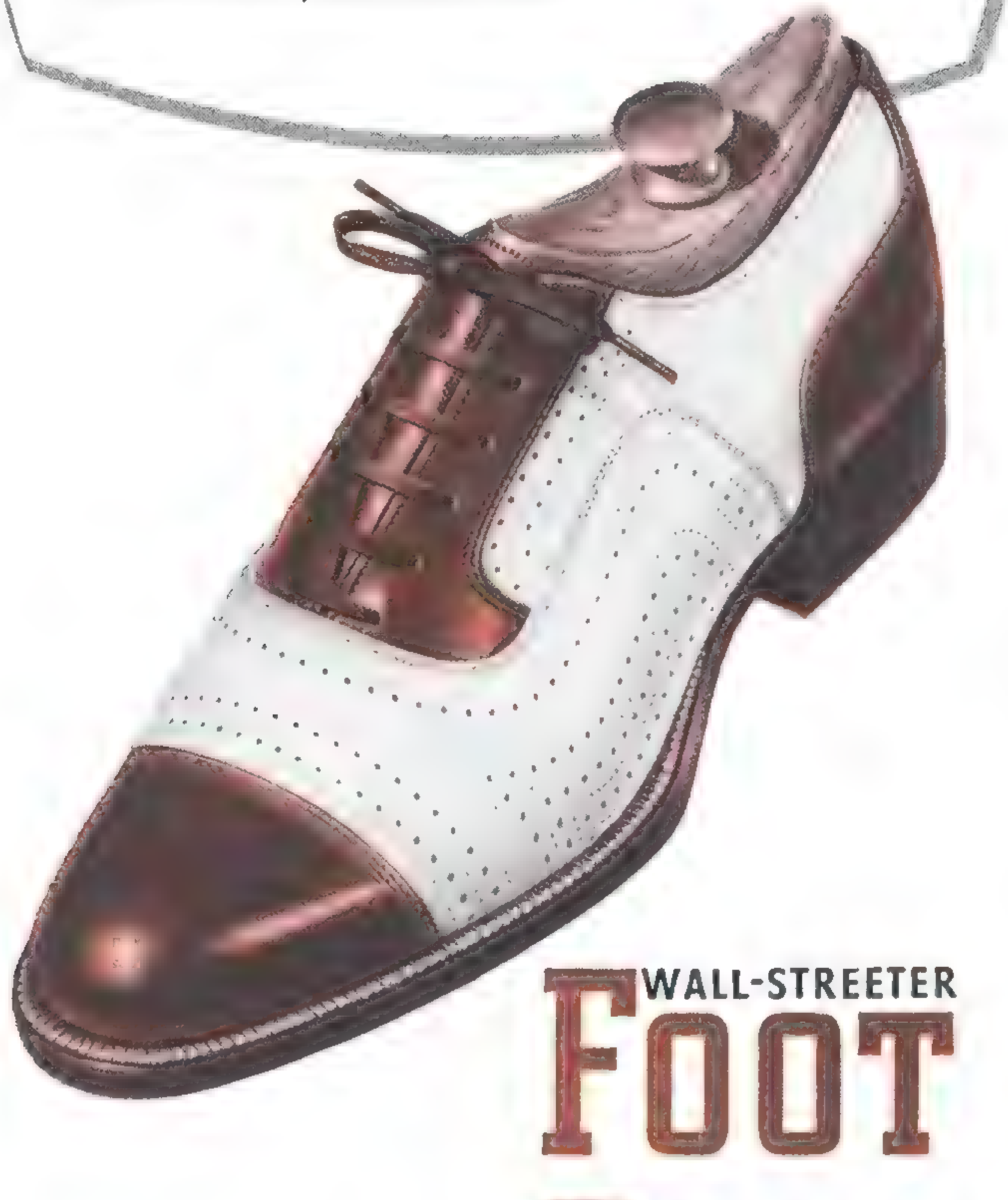

WALL-STREETER
FOOT PALS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

On Understanding the Rooshan

Continued from page 195

less rancor. The dishwashing machine has already been invented. Next Christmas, please, Sanny Claus. I can cook steaks and chops and hamburgers, boil wienies, fry fish, boil spaghetti and concoct the sauce. Now chicken has been added. What am I waiting for? Soon, soon—out with the surly crew! Cook and maid, butler, serving wench, and kitchen mechanic. They take your dough and hide from work.

If you're late for dinner they sulk. If you want to have guests you have to get *their* permission—the servants, not the guests—and only once a week, please. If you have one servant he spends most of his time hollering for assistance because it is too much work. If you give in and get another, neither one of them does any work because then each can hang it on the other.

They are not bothered or worried by competition. They are the only ones who can get away with not doing what they are paid for. If you make a mistake in auditing the books, you hear about it from the boss. If I turn in a stinker the editor sends it back and minces no words, but if you so much as lift an eyebrow at the cook or the parlor maid they get huffy and out they go. But not for long any more. The gadgets are coming, tra-la, tra-la.

They don't like nice things and have no respect for property. If you have nice things in your home, they bang them around or let them rot. If you want them taken care of you do it yourself. They keep their own rooms like pigs. They are getting more money than they ever did before and are giving less in return for it. They have no loyalty or interest in their work. They—brothers, am I burning up, and is it fun.

Well, the great day is in sight when I can bang into my own home, slam the door and have things the way *I* want them. Sure, I'll get 'em myself, but I do anyway, and there'll be gadgets at my elbow.

Let's see what's still missing—a foolproof way to bake a tart or whip up a pancake—I've got the waffle thing already; a button you push wherever you are that opens the front door while an electric eye spots bill collectors and insurance salesmen and a recorded voice says, "So sorry, Mr. Gallico is on an extended tour of the monasteries of Tibet." I have the service that answers my telephone and takes messages and wakes me up in the morning.

Soon, soon! Out they go. Oh, my declining years! How beautiful you are going to be . . . ⵌ

Continued from page 55

Highlight the Day . . .
Limelight the Night

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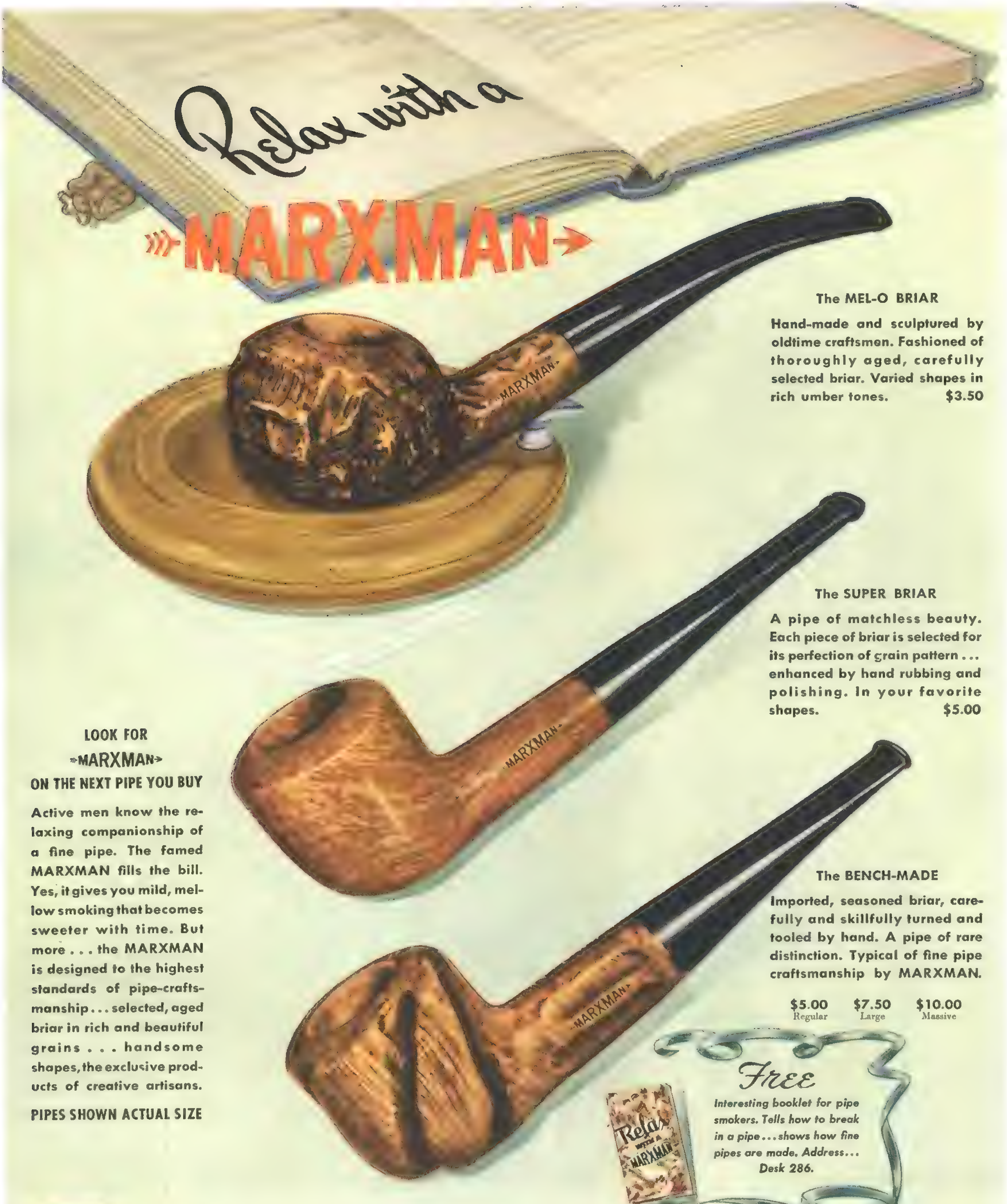

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Hand-made and sculptured by oldtime craftsmen. Fashioned of thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar. Varied shapes in rich umber tones. $3.50

The SUPER BRIAR

A pipe of matchless beauty. Each piece of briar is selected for its perfection of grain pattern . . . enhanced by hand rubbing and polishing. In your favorite shapes. $5.00

The BENCH-MADE

Imported, seasoned briar, carefully and skillfully turned and tooled by hand. A pipe of rare distinction. Typical of fine pipe craftsmanship by MARXMAN.

$5.00	$7.50	$10.00
Regular	Large	Massive

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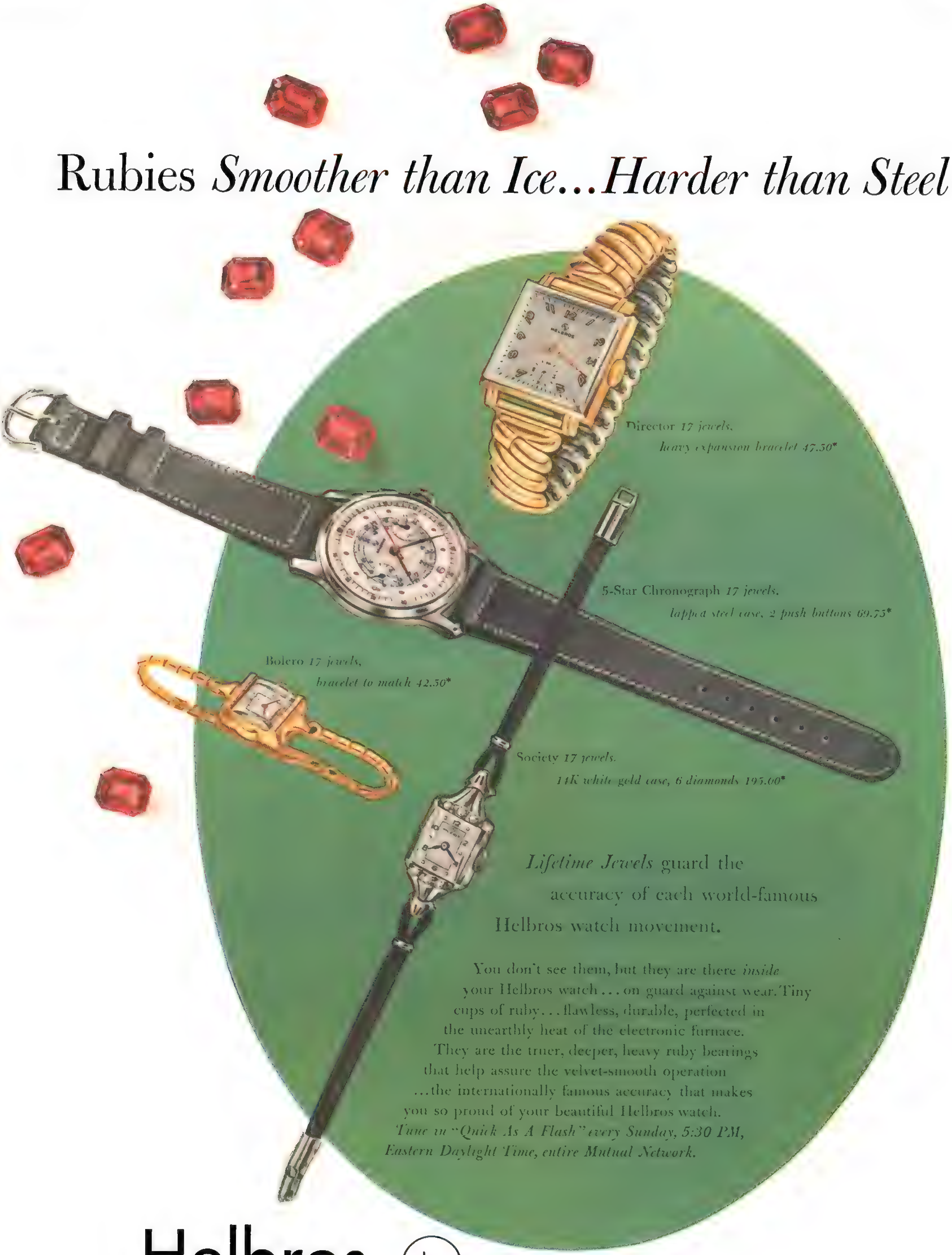

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*heavy expansion bracelet 47.50**

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*lapped steel case, 2 push buttons 69.75**

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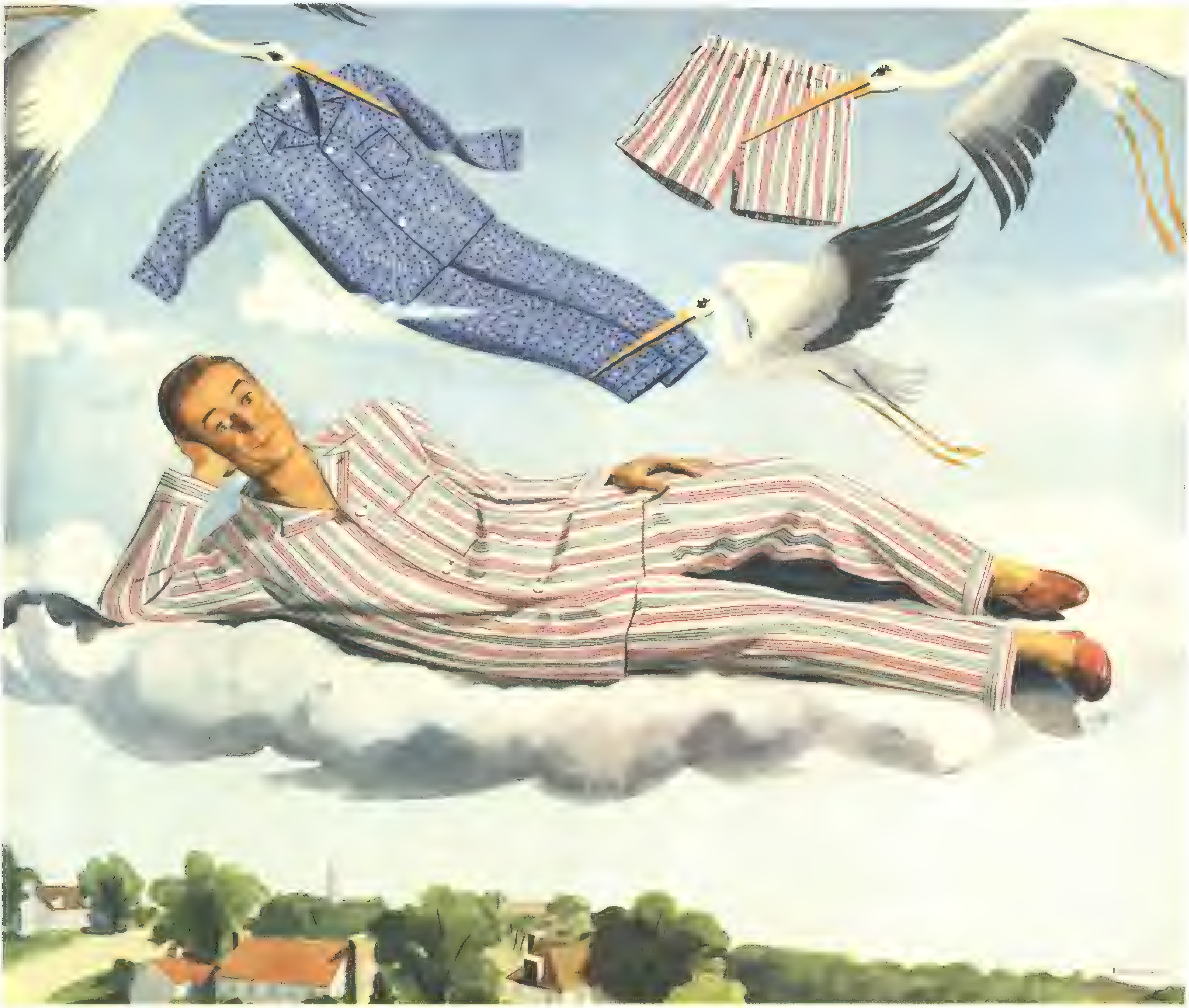
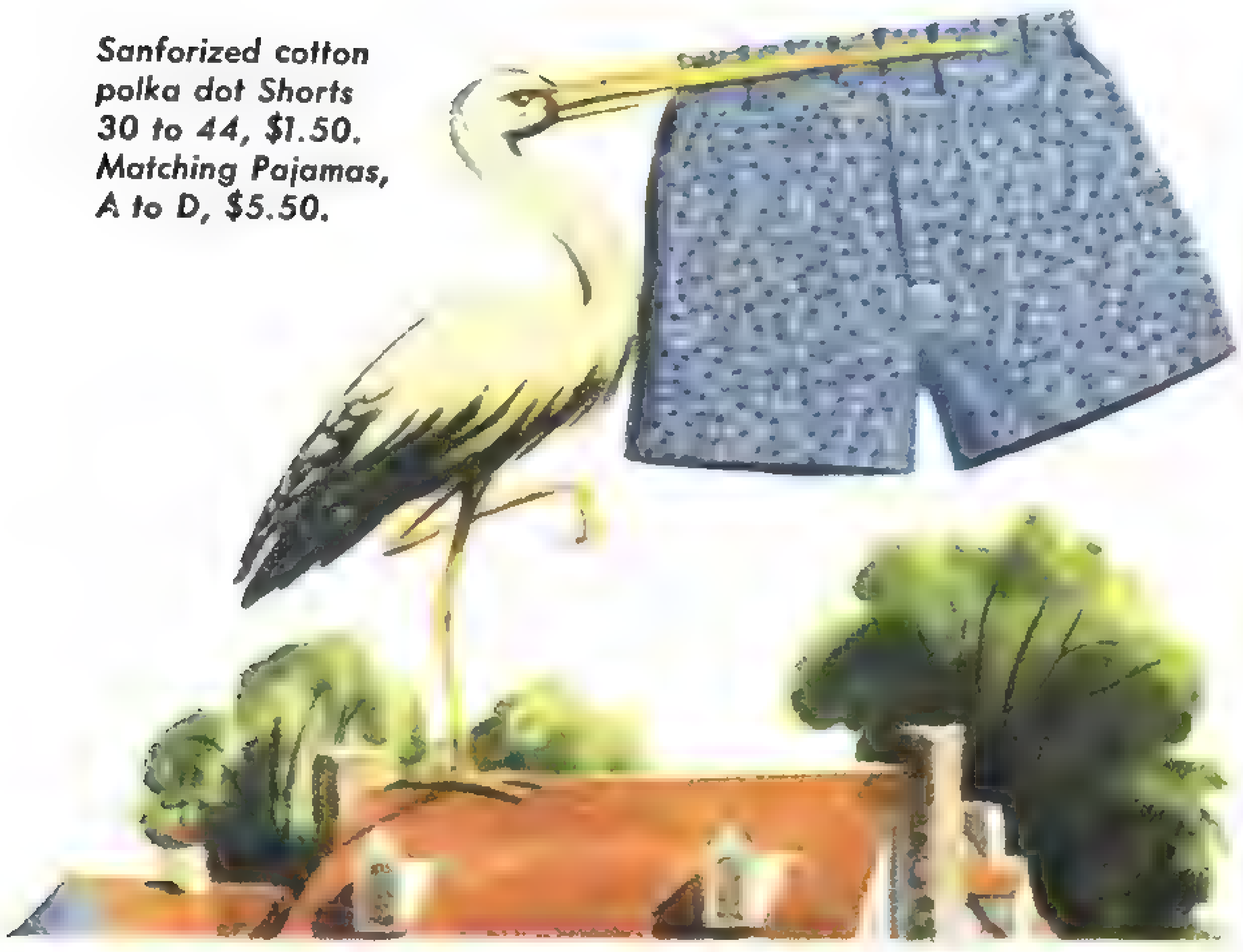


Rayon striped Pajamas, A to D, $7.00. Matching Shorts, 30 to 44, $2.00

Textron Menswear for Expectant Fathers

Sanforized cotton polka dot Shorts 30 to 44, $1.50. Matching Pajamas, A to D, $5.50.



Now Textron comes up with twins! Matching pajamas and shorts for Father's Day and Night. And of course tailors them with Textron's unique precision. Great roomy armholes in the pajama coat, longer trousers. Famous "parachute" seat shorts in the popular "boxer" model—no buttons to come off in the wash . . . easier ironing, too! Textron-designed for real comfort—that super-elastic top has extra-soft stretch, no restraining influence at the waist! Fine Sanforized cottons and rayons. Shorts $1.50 and $2.00. Pajamas $5.50 to $10.00. At leading stores throughout the country.

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HOSTESS COATS • HOME FASHIONS

TEXTRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Hunter with a Brush: Fredric Várady

Continued from page 73

area. There are a lot of things a man can do with color. When he knows color.

While the old-timers, men long before Cézanne, great painters themselves and not to be belittled, relied to a certain extent upon your feelings about a given subject, the new men want you to discard your previous feelings and let yourself react to the play of line, form, color upon canvas. Várady wants a canvas to be a new experience to you. He wants line, form, color to make things happen within your psyche. Just the way things happen to you when the violin section in an orchestra, up to now carrying it alone, is joined by a couple of woodwinds, and an alto sax, coming in a minute later, begins weaving a filigree against the rest. All that these boys, the moderns, are trying to do is to reach you with a set of new and better experiences that will go deeper and deeper into the core of what you are . . .

This may sound easy, but it isn't. It takes great knowledge, sometimes, to achieve simplicity. When Várady was quite young he went to Asia Minor to hunt silver foxes, the kind that make lovely ladies lovelier, or so they tell us. He never got around to hunting them. In Constantinople he fell in with a Russian interior decorator and went to work designing things for houses. In Paris, later, he designed costumes for fashion magazines. Back home in Budapest he had designed stage-sets and movie posters.

All of his life Várady has designed things. Hungarians are frequently men of exquisite taste, rare sensibilities. Várady is of the breed. They combine grace, charm, a subtle sophistication, and something childlike and very pure. It makes them sensitive musicians, cunning designers, delightful people to have around you. They step on very few toes. This innate taste, this cultivated, Old World discretion, being abundantly part of Várady's personal heritage, made him a successful designer. He was able to design whatever it was his clients wanted.

I'm glad he didn't find silver foxes in Asia Minor. America would have lost something if it had lost Várady's abilities to put things together with charm, intelligence, discretion. He is seeking an orderly relationship of the singing, variable, fluctuant forms of the world and of the many worlds within the world. Just as are Einstein and other scientists with a different set of implements. As do Shostakovich and Stra-

Continued on page 202

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The only cognac bottled at the Chateau de Cognac, in the town of Cognac, in the heart of the Cognac district of France... Serve Otard with assurance!

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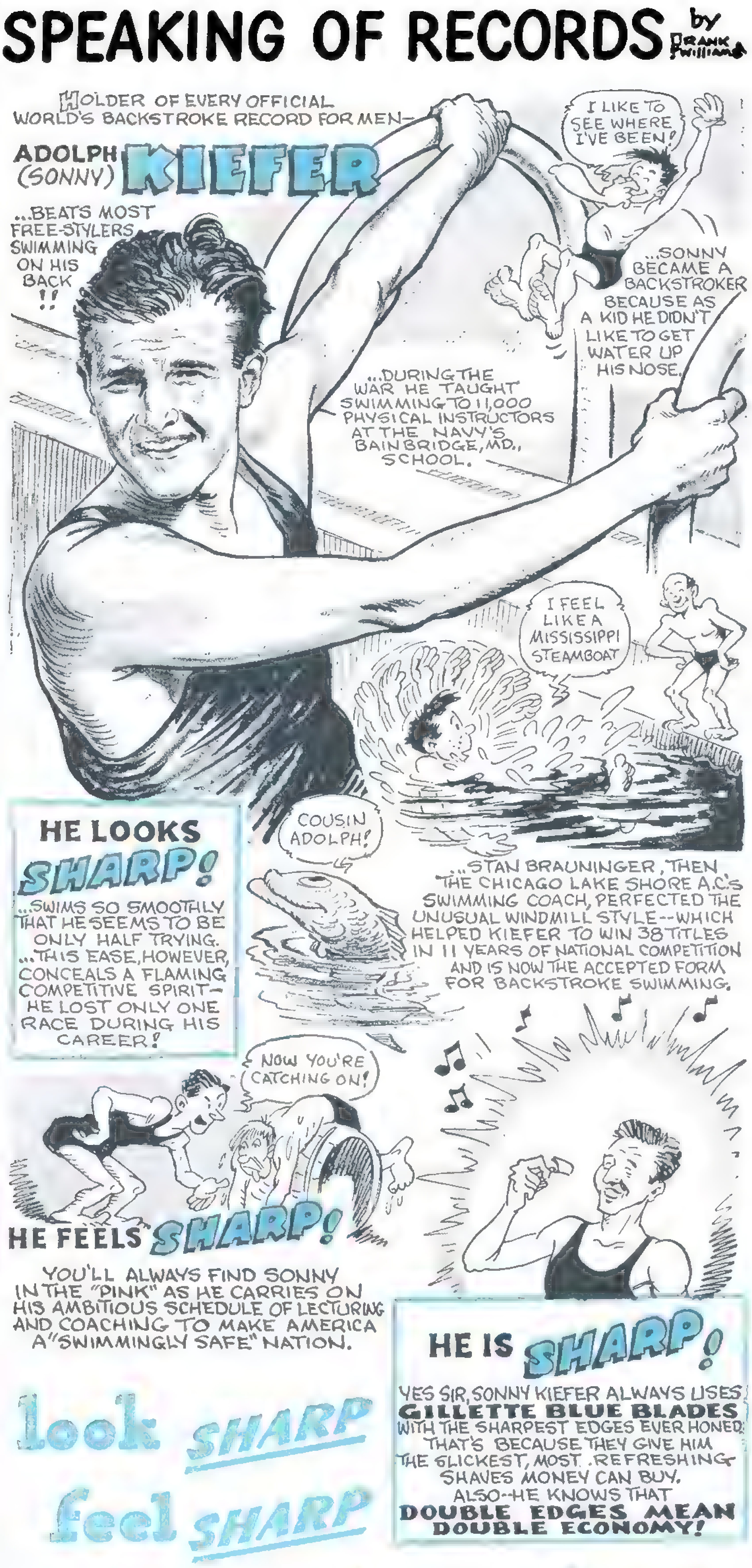
SPEAKING OF RECORDS by Frank Williams
HOLDER OF EVERY OFFICIAL WORLD'S BACKSTROKE RECORD FOR MEN—
ADOLPH (SONNY) KIEFER
...BEATS MOST FREE-STYLERS SWIMMING ON HIS BACK !!
I LIKE TO SEE WHERE I'VE BEEN!
...SONNY BECAME A BACKSTROKER BECAUSE AS A KID HE DIDN'T LIKE TO GET WATER UP HIS NOSE.
...DURING THE WAR HE TAUGHT SWIMMING TO 11,000 PHYSICAL INSTRUCTORS AT THE NAVY'S BAINBRIDGE, MD., SCHOOL.
I FEEL LIKE A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT
HE LOOKS SHARP! ...SWIMS SO SMOOTHLY THAT HE SEEMS TO BE ONLY HALF TRYING. ...THIS EASE, HOWEVER, CONCEALS A FLAMING COMPETITIVE SPIRIT— HE LOST ONLY ONE RACE DURING HIS CAREER!
COUSIN ADOLPH!
...STAN BRAUNINGER, THEN THE CHICAGO LAKE SHORE A.C.'S SWIMMING COACH, PERFECTED THE UNUSUAL WINDMILL STYLE--WHICH HELPED KIEFER TO WIN 38 TITLES IN 11 YEARS OF NATIONAL COMPETITION AND IS NOW THE ACCEPTED FORM FOR BACKSTROKE SWIMMING.
NOW YOU'RE CATCHING ON!
HE FEELS SHARP! YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND SONNY IN THE "PINK" AS HE CARRIES ON HIS AMBITIOUS SCHEDULE OF LECTURING AND COACHING TO MAKE AMERICA A "SWIMMINGLY SAFE" NATION.
HE IS SHARP! YES SIR, SONNY KIEFER ALWAYS USES GILLETTE BLUE BLADES WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED. THAT'S BECAUSE THEY GIVE HIM THE SLICKEST, MOST REFRESHING SHAVES MONEY CAN BUY. ALSO--HE KNOWS THAT DOUBLE EDGES MEAN DOUBLE ECONOMY!
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use Gillette Blue Blades with the SHARPEST edges ever honed!

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5 for 25¢

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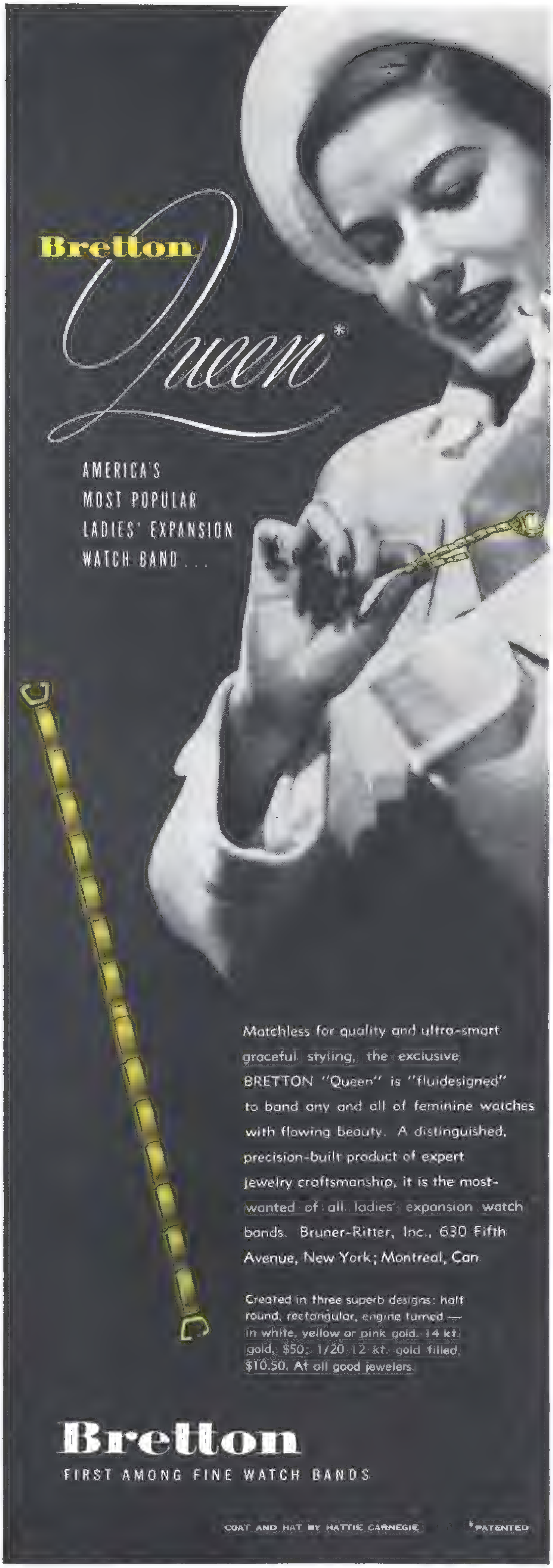
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Created in three superb designs: half round, rectangular, engine turned — in white, yellow or pink gold. 14 kt. gold, $50; 1/20 12 kt. gold filled, $10.50. At all good jewelers.

Bretton
FIRST AMONG FINE WATCH BANDS

COAT AND HAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE *PATENTED

Hunter with a Brush: Fredric Várady

Continued from page 201

vinsky and Prokofiev and Copland and the other musicians, all of whom he takes to his bosom because he knows what obsesses them; he recognizes the malady. He wants more time. He's a busy man. He wants more time in which to explore the possibilities of form. His helper and kindly critic is his wife. She first led him into this business of painting what he wants to paint on the side while still, with the other part of his personality, satisfying the customers who are constantly demanding more of his illustrations. She says she sometimes wonders what she started. But actually all she did was tell him what he was looking for, make conscious to him his desires, because, actually, though he didn't know it, he has always been on the tail of this particular monster, this fox of the psyche which runs his small, lithe figure ragged, which sets him painting his own things at night, on week ends, after the hours at his studio devoted to satisfying the demands of his agent and his customers. He follows the elusive fox to all the galleries and museums, the concerts, where he watches the efforts of other men to capture the monster. It makes him alert to what all the other hunters are doing. He knows the work of other painters, the big-name boys like Braque, Picasso, Matisse, Rouault, Bonnard, and so on, and he knows the work of the now well-entrenched galaxy of American artists, Avery, Evergood, Tschacbasov, Weber, Botkin, and most of the others. He doesn't go off the deep end with enthusiasm. He examines their efforts with honesty and humility. He tries to appraise their efforts as they, themselves, would appraise them, judging how near they have come to getting the world of color regulated on canvas so that it will mean something to you and me when we put aside those 19th-century steel-rimmed specs which we're still wearing, even though a lot of men have proved that we'll see much better without them.

Braque and Picasso have had, still have, a strong influence upon him, as they have, for that matter, on nearly every living painter who wishes to enlarge the boundaries of human expression. Subtle color relationships abound in his work, the Hungarian in him gravitates to lyrical color but he fights hard to keep this subtlety out of the realm of mere prettiness. His hard delineations of form struggle against a natural propensity for sweetness. He believes in making every square inch

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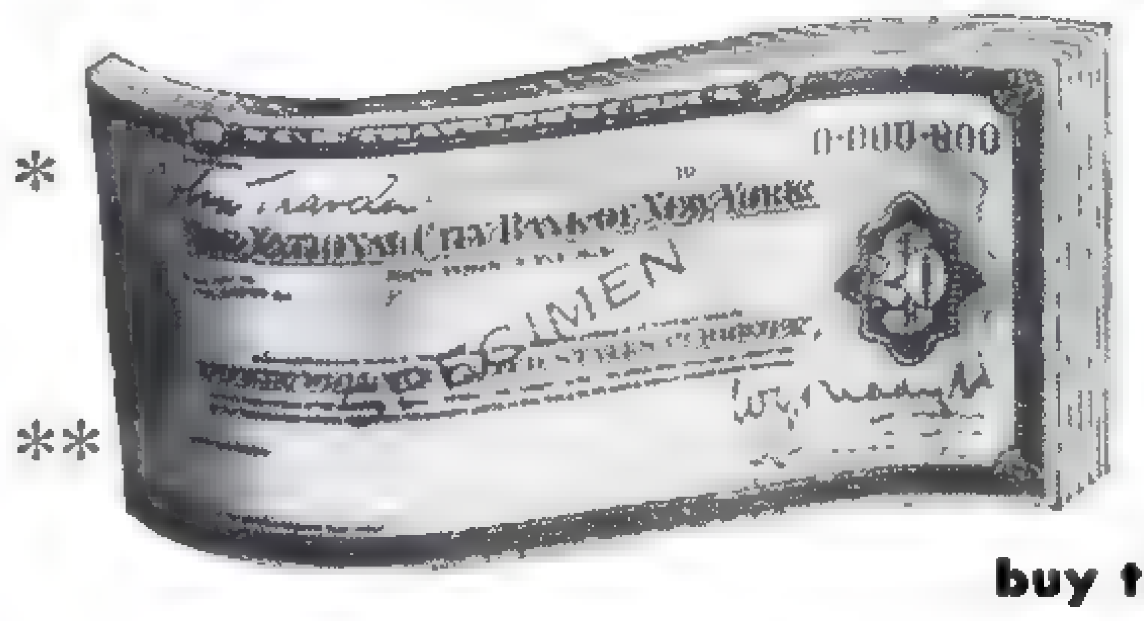

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of his canvas work for him. Large, seemingly empty areas are functioning parts of his design. Henry Moore, the great British sculptor showing at the Museum of Modern Art as these words are indited, makes empty areas work for him in the same way. The letter "O," like the doughnut, is inconceivable without the hole in the middle. The hole has function. A flat area in a painting must be made to work, to modify the form it juxtaposes, to emphasize, decrease, excite, depress the areas with which it comes in contact. Its form and the tones with which it is comprised will determine the effect it will have on the whole. You will find in most of Várady's best canvases these large, functioning areas of color forcing the rest of the composition to work in a certain way. The effect of such areas is usually, on the surface, a bland one, relieving the eye like a country vista after a crowded street; and by the same token it makes more dynamic the smaller, tighter forms which constitute the central elements in his painting. Those central, tighter forms come at you, in the midst of the comparatively undisturbed, bland areas, like a fist when it's least expected. These are dynamic attacks on the sensibilities, they are crescendos in a musical composition. In the work of the great Picasso you will find the same unexpected pounce.

There is in Várady, as you will perceive in some of his paintings, something of the lyric poet yearning, perhaps yearning backward (and that is a thing to guard against) to a time of peace. You will certainly find it in the man if you have the pleasure of meeting him. But in the midst of this yearning, this Hungarian melancholy, there is the other, the dynamic element, an almost angry searching for order, this ruthless Ahab stalking the inaccessible ideal, which makes him throw a tight fist of indisputable form plunk in the middle of his composition, to startle you, to make you stop where you are, to jog you out of your large, bland areas of self-complacence. ⧻

Continued from page 73

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The Mighty Mites

Continued from page 93

be so quick to hold a man's size against him. Maybe you haven't heard of Wee Willie Keeler or Rabbit Maranville? Or Joe Tinker and Johnny Evers? Or Pee Wee Reese?

I kinda remember, I say.

Let me buy a drink, he suggests, and I'll get you straight on your baseball.

We go into the bar and find a corner. Strictly on the house, he says, I run this place for Pop, who is sitting over there. He owns it.

Tell me about this Pop, I ask.

Pop is a foreigner, he begins, being born in New York State . . .

I say, I thought a foreigner came from across the ocean.

No, he says politelike, a foreigner is anybody not born on the Eastern Shore, just like you're a foreigner.

Oh, I say.

Pop shows up here when he's a youngster, playing ball. A good second baseman, and a sweet little hitter, the old-timers around here will tell you. Pop had a tryout with practically every major-league outfit in his day, but they'd always turn him down because he wasn't five feet high. They'd keep him around a game or two, and then the fans would rag him so much for being a runt they'd have to let him go. If Pop coulda delivered on his short stays, he'd maybe got by, but he never could seem to hit when he got into the actual big-league exhibitions. You know, like some bull-pen pitchers with more curves than a scenic railway until they face a batter.

Like I say, the guy continues, Pop plays ball in our league and gets by pretty snug. The club is owned by a businessman who has a tall, good-looking daughter Pop falls in love with. She's at least a foot taller, but Pop keeps pegging roses at her until she gives up, and Pop takes on a wife. Pretty soon they have a son, and Pop teaches this kid all he knows about baseball, which is mucho.

Pop keeps playing ball a long time, being one of those guys whose legs don't cave under, and about the time he quits, his kid is ready to take his place. About that time the club owner dies and the daughter inherits the club franchise.

The daughter'd been around the baseball lot all these years, and she elects to run the club herself. Right off, she goes and works a deal with the Athletics that makes her club a sort of farm outfit for them, and they begin shipping in all kinds of players. Naturally, all these guys are big. You know how it is with the big-league clubs. They like big guys. A little guy has to be twice as

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good as a big guy to get a break.

Pop's life got awful sour. He stayed pretty much on the farm and ran it, and every time he heard her team had won, he'd have fits. Danged if she didn't win the pennant!

Pop says to her, next year let's give our boy a chance. Mom says, no, the Athletics wouldn't approve because the boy is too short. I been teaching him baseball from the day he was born, Pop declares, and he can pitch a good ball game, good enough for this league. Mom says, no, positively, the majors only want big guys.

Pop says, if that's how you feel about our son, I'm ashamed of you. She says, I'm running a ball club, and there's no sense getting a lot of sentiment mixed in. Pop says, I think I'm moving. Mom says, Pop, now take it easy, but Pop packs up and leaves. Their son packs up, too, when he finds what the argument's all about.

This league we had then has ten clubs, and Pop hies himself over to the next town and buys the franchise. That's in October. Pop looks over the roster and he starts cutting off every ballplayer more than five and a half in height. By January, the only ones on the roster for this club, the name of which Pop changes to the Little Giants, is a right fielder who just got under the line, and Pop's son.

Pop and the boy beat it out for the South, watching the major-league tryouts, and every time some youngster looked good but was being sent home because he was a runt, Pop grabbed him. Better play Class D than no ball at all, Pop argues with the players he picks. Well, sir, Pop got seventeen ballplayers just that way, and the tallest guy was exactly five-and-a-half feet tall.

Everybody on the Eastern Shore laughed when Pop opened the season. All these little guys on one club! Right away, they got the nickname Singer's Midgets. Howd Conley, who'd been managing for Mom, sent a picture of that theatrical troupe to Pop, just to burn him up. Know what Pop did? He hung that picture in the locker room, with a note: "Napoleon was small, too."

That ball club hustled. There wasn't anything like it in the history of baseball. Every little guy on there was sore because he couldn't make the majors and wanted to prove that a little guy's as good as a big guy. That's what Pop wanted to show Mom, too. He got busts of Keeler and Maranville and put them where the Little Giants could see them. He tacked up Keeler's batting average. He fed them daily reports he'd dig out of statistics on how little men knocked the daylight out of big men on the diamond.

After their first couple sorry games together, the Little Giants started teaching the league how

Continued on page 206

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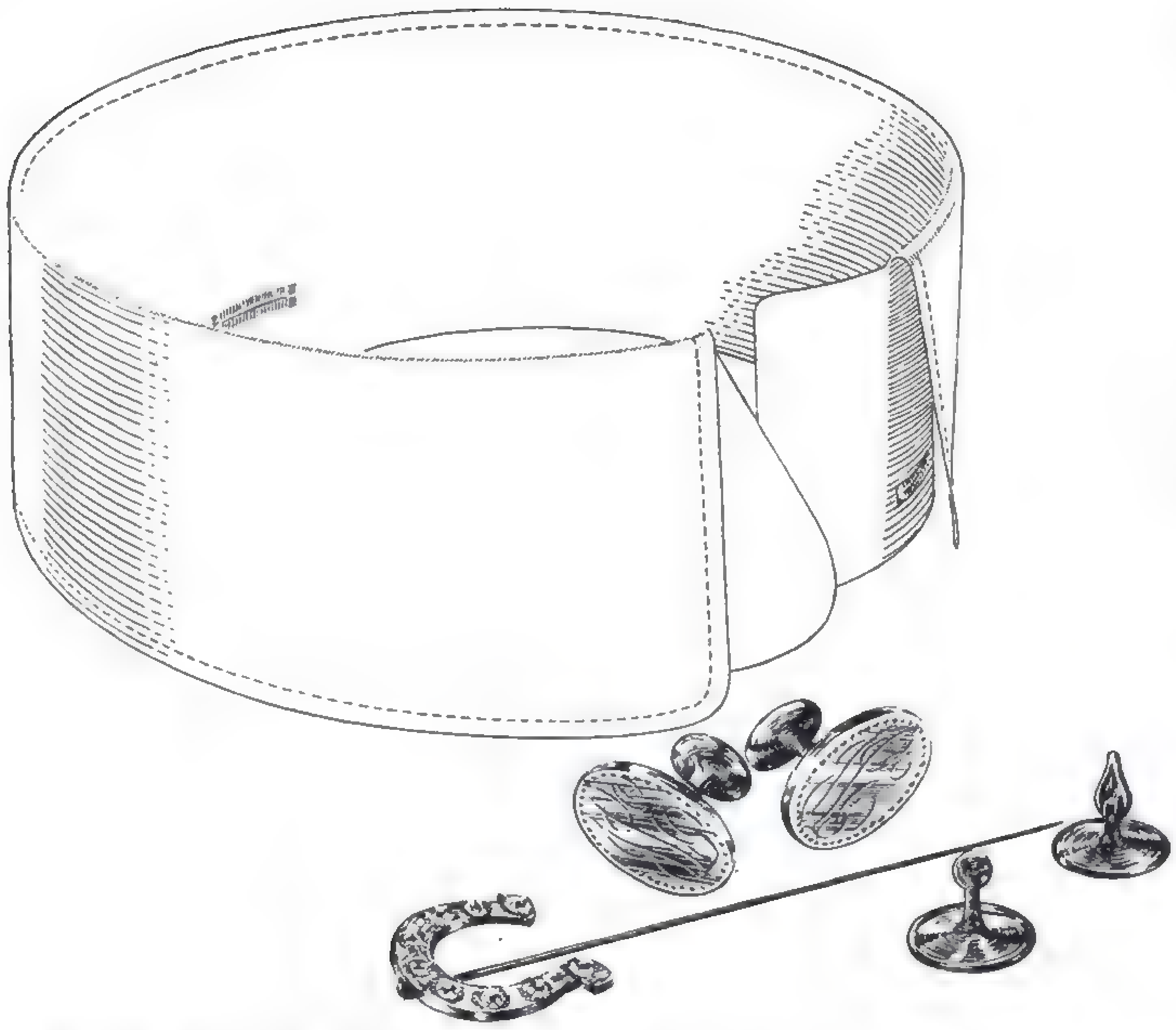
Lion of Troy

SHIRTS AND SPORT SHIRTS



Life with Father —When father was a gay young blade his taste in clothes may have been different, but not his choice of a fine cigar like Dutch Masters. Then, as now, this great cigar was one of the better things of life —a pleasure father and son can always share.

DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS

The Mighty Mites

Continued from page 205

to play baseball. They could have used a Keeler though, because hitting was their weak spot. But on the field there wasn't a ball they couldn't stop. The outfielders scurried around like rabbits, being helped a lot by the pitchers because Pop wouldn't allow a fast ball to be pitched and them flies came out to the field way, way up.

Every pitcher, just like his son, was a small guy. It seemed to other clubs that the ball was shooting up from the ground. Pop's boy threw a cross-fire submarine ball. When it came up to the plate, it looked like a kitten ball thrown from third base. It came slow, too, and batters would try to dig in, but they couldn't get hold of it for any distance. They'd keep waiting so's they could time the pitches by the son and the other four runts, but just when the batters thought they had it, up would come a slow ball. These guys would swing and sit down and watch the ball come up and creep over the plate.

The team worst hit was Mom's. They had no trouble with anybody else in the league but Pop's Little Giants. The little pitchers drove those big hams crazy at bat.

And every Little Giant hitter who came up acted like a lead-off man. If you ever pitched to a little guy, you can figure quick what misery that could be. Those big guys had enough trouble shooting at that small strike zone but Pop made it worse, schooling his boys to crouch and wait for a walk. There wasn't a man on the club who didn't get more than 140 walks that season.

These big pitchers got so they wanted to get on their knees and eat mouthfuls of grass. Pop would open a bunt barrage that set them absolutely crazy. Not a guy on the club would swing at a bad pitch. If the opposing pitchers eased up, hoping to push a called strike over, the Little Giants stepped up and lobbed them over the infield. If the infield went back, Pop's boys had orders to bunt. Mom's best pitcher won twenty-four games that year and lost seven. Every loss was to the Little Giants.

As could be expected, the league race ended in a knot. They had a three-game series. Pop's son pitched the first game for the Little Giants, and he hog-tied them with three hits and not a run. The Little Giants lost the second game, and the third one is still spoken of in these parts as the greatest game of baseball ever.

Pop's son gave four hits in that last game, which Mom's outfit turned into two runs. Mom sent her star pitcher out to get them or

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die trying, and he went along beautiful, laying the ball across the edges at their knees, fast and hard. Pop's Little Giants were stuck. This pitcher, whom I could name for you since he went on up to the majors to become known as one of the best control pitchers of the decade, was out for revenge. He weighed each pitch. He didn't waste a ball. Pop's eyes were popping out of his head, he was so excited now that it seemed what he'd been demonstrating about little guys all summer might not prove true in the big clutch.

Mom sat on her team's bench, but she admitted later she was kinda hoping that her boy would pitch himself to victory. Pop didn't know that at all. He'd missed Mom's love and company, but he was a man with a mission. In the eighth inning, he sent a man up in the stands, back of the plate. The guy came back red-faced and excited. Pop, he said, that big punk is pitching nothing but his straight one every time.

Pop's team came up in the first of the ninth trailing by two runs. Stand back a little from the plate, Pop said, and swing. The first guy up caught one and sent it over first. The next guy pushed one over third. The third guy bunted right in front of the plate, and though they got him at first, the first baseman had to leap high to nab the pitcher's desperate throw.

Pop sent the next guy up with instructions not to swing at anything, no matter how good. The big pitcher was shaky and these two little guys on base was insulting him and pawing up the dirt, daring him to throw for them. He tried to settle down, but the guy Pop had up there was only four-feet-nine. The guy walked. Pop switches hitters and puts in a kid who's only 17, who never got off the bench all summer. He was the smallest guy on the club, being four-six. He don't swing either, and a run walked in.

The catcher talked with the pitcher. Howd Conley tramped out and talked with him, stalling and hoping to settle him down. Pop's son went up to the plate. Pop ordered him to hit the first ball and run like hell. The big pitcher let go of one two feet over this kid's head, but the kid swings up after it and it connects and caroms out over short and into center field and two runs came in. You should have heard that crowd.

Well, sir, Pop's boys stopped them again in the ninth and the Little Giants took the league championship—that's why I say you got to ease up around here when you talk belittling about small men on the baseball diamond. Down here we know they're pretty good. It's been proved.

I keep looking straight at this gent, whose long legs are sprawling way out up against the bar. Did Mom and Pop make up their

Continued on page 208

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SHORTS • PAJAMAS
SPORTSWEAR

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The Mighty Mites

Continued from page 207

differences then, I ask him?

Sure, he says, there she is coming in the door. I look up. She is a big woman all right. Hello, son, she says to the big guy I'm with, how you feeling? Fine, Mom, he says. She sits down with Pop.

What became of their son, this little guy the old man made a pitcher out of, I ask him.

That's me, he says.

Haw, haw, haw, I laugh, you been pulling my leg, huh?

No, he says, smiling softlike. The summer after Pop's Little Giants took that title I pitched an exhibition game against the Baltimore Orioles. They'd won six International League pennants in a row up to then and that year they got their seventh. A left-hander named Grove pitched for them against the Little Giants that day.

You mean Bob Grove, I ask?

Bob Grove, he replies. I beat the Orioles up in their park that spring 3 to 0 and we make all our runs against Grove by the walks we work him for. You could look up the records.

But I thought you were a little guy, I tell him.

I was, he says, that's why I mention this Oriole game. Right after that I got sick, some glandular trouble. I was 18 then, and I grew a foot and a half in six months. A specialist at Johns Hopkins pulled me through. Usually in cases like that the guy dies.

No doubt, I say, no doubt.

When I got on my feet again, he goes on, I couldn't throw a baseball to save my neck. I was all skin and bone and pretty weak. I gave up baseball. Nigh to broke Pop's heart. He and Mom both sold their clubs after that.

We're all interested again, he says. I teach my son to pitch and Pop teaches him, too. You saw him working tonight, my kid, the same old stuff we usta use on the Little Giants. That boy's going up to the majors, you can be sure.

Before I know what I'm doing, I get out a contract, and he gets the old man and Mom and the boy over and I sign up a pitcher that is only five-feet-two inches tall!

Mac may try to kill me for this, being that it's his money I'm signing away, but I don't give a dang. He's six-feet-four and I'm only five-feet-eight, but if he lays a hand on me I'll whack him on the shins with a baseball bat. If you hear of a peewee pitcher making good in the majors during the next few years, you'll know I'm still making a living out of baseball. If you don't, watch for a little guy with grey hair in the stands, yelling, PEANUTS! ANYBODY WANT ANY PEANUTS? #

Continued from page 93

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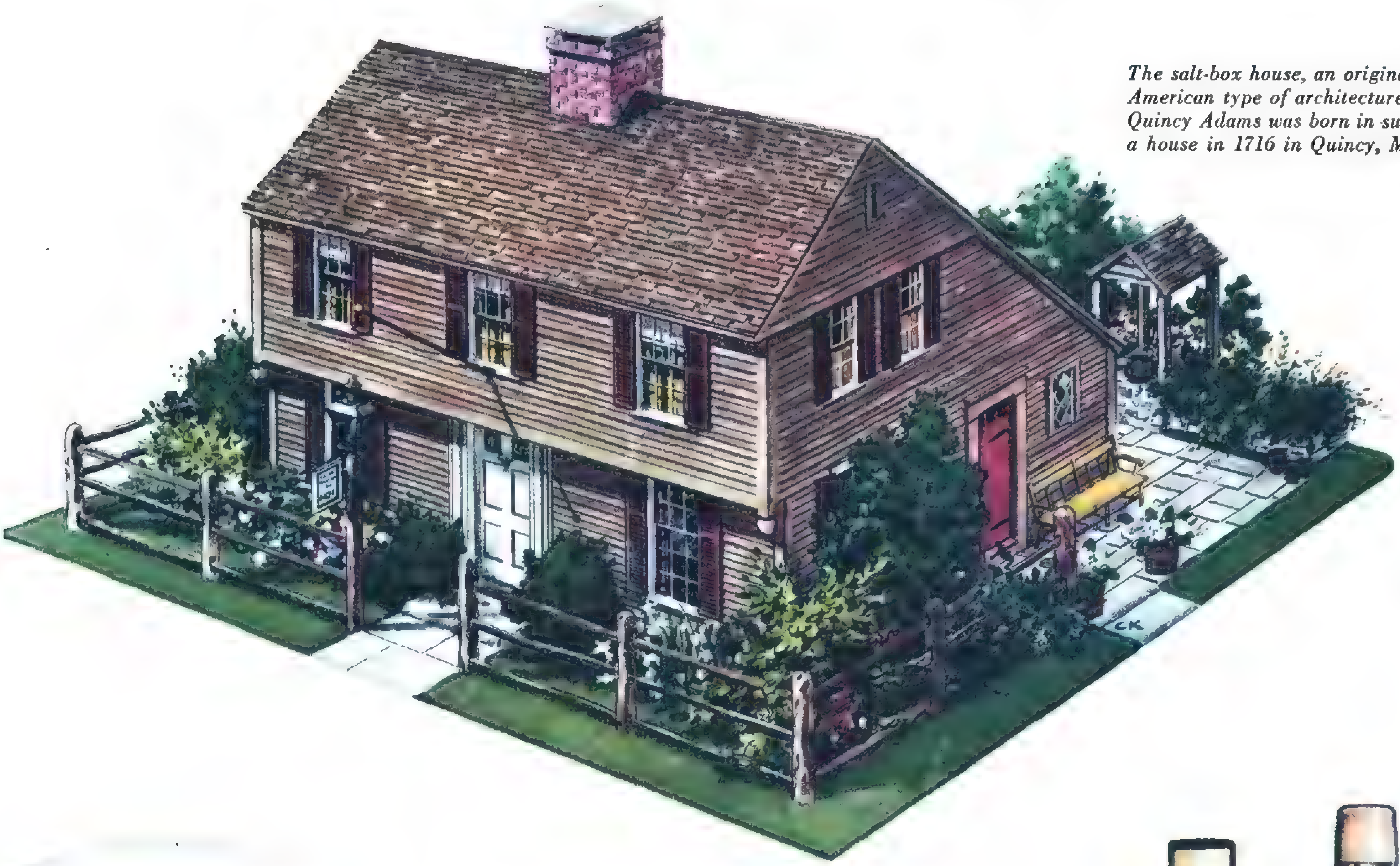

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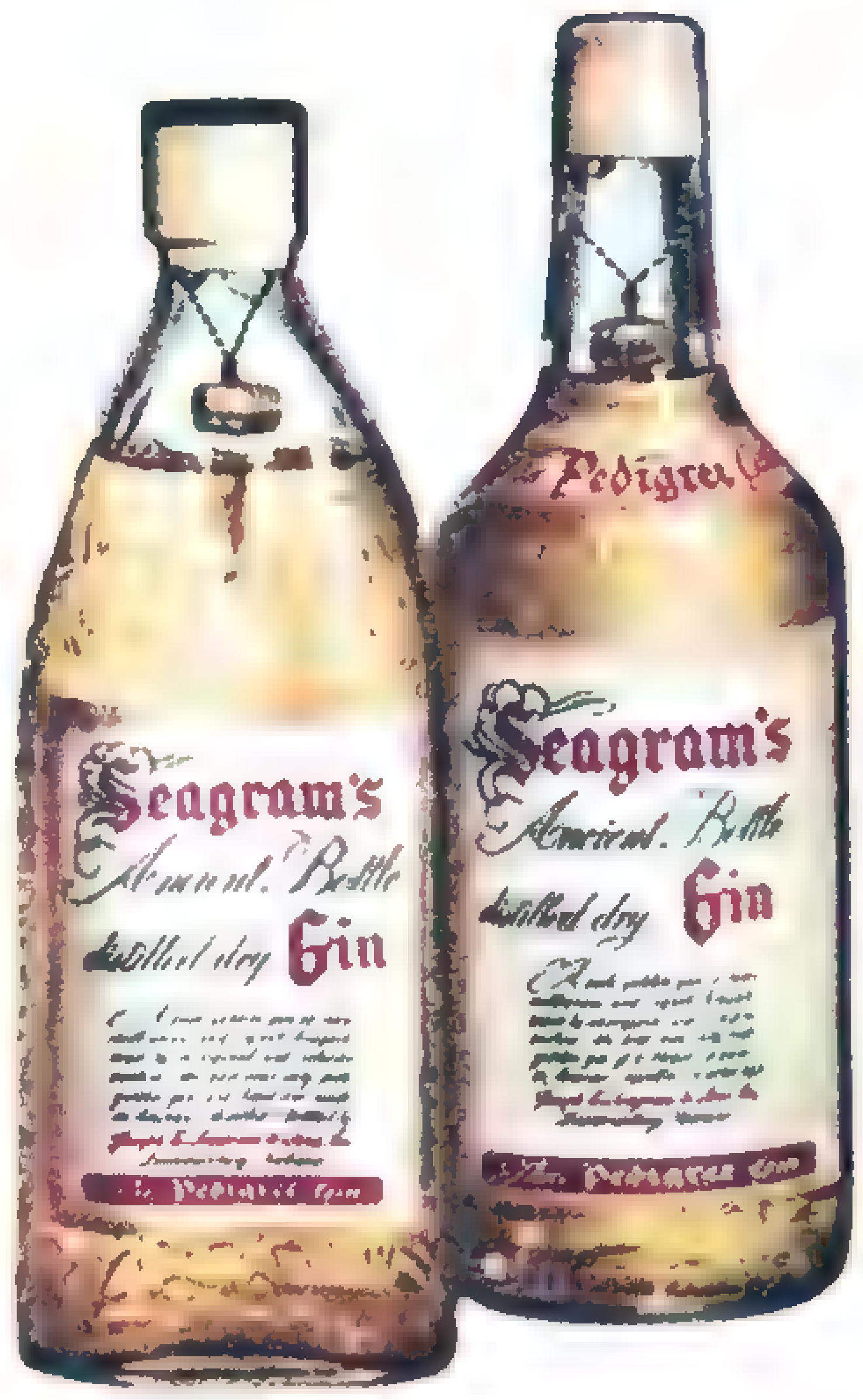

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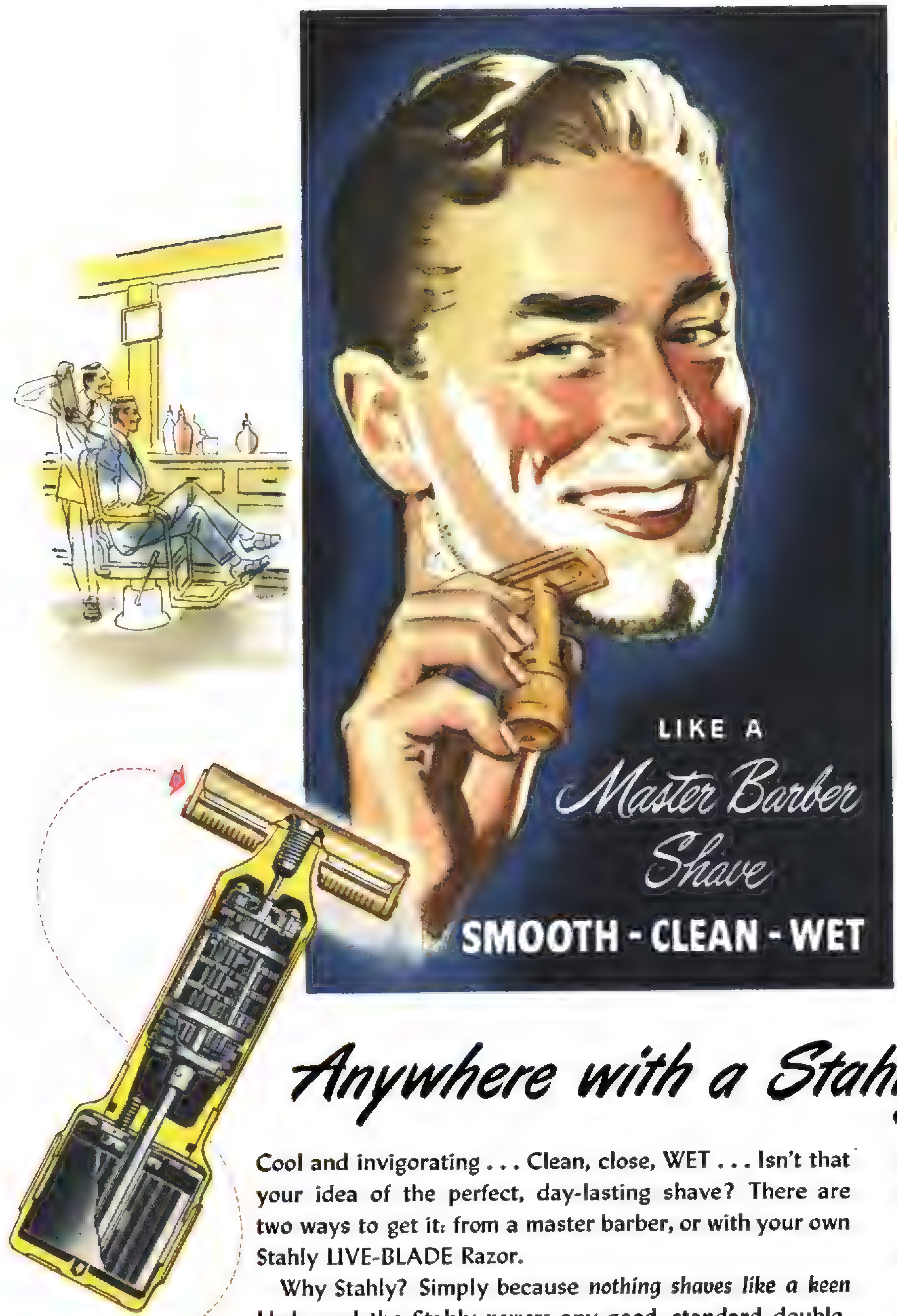

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3000 VPM*

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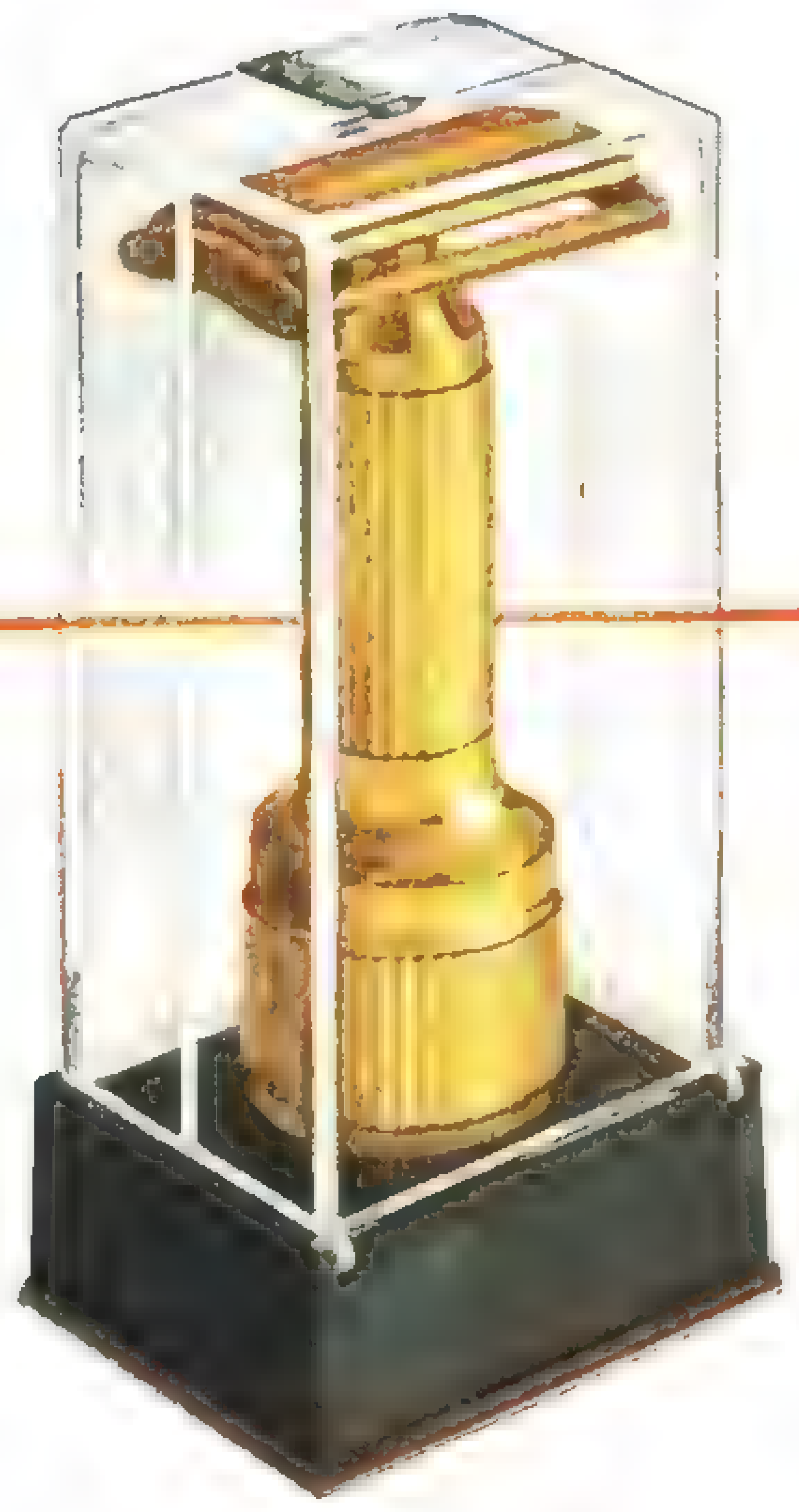

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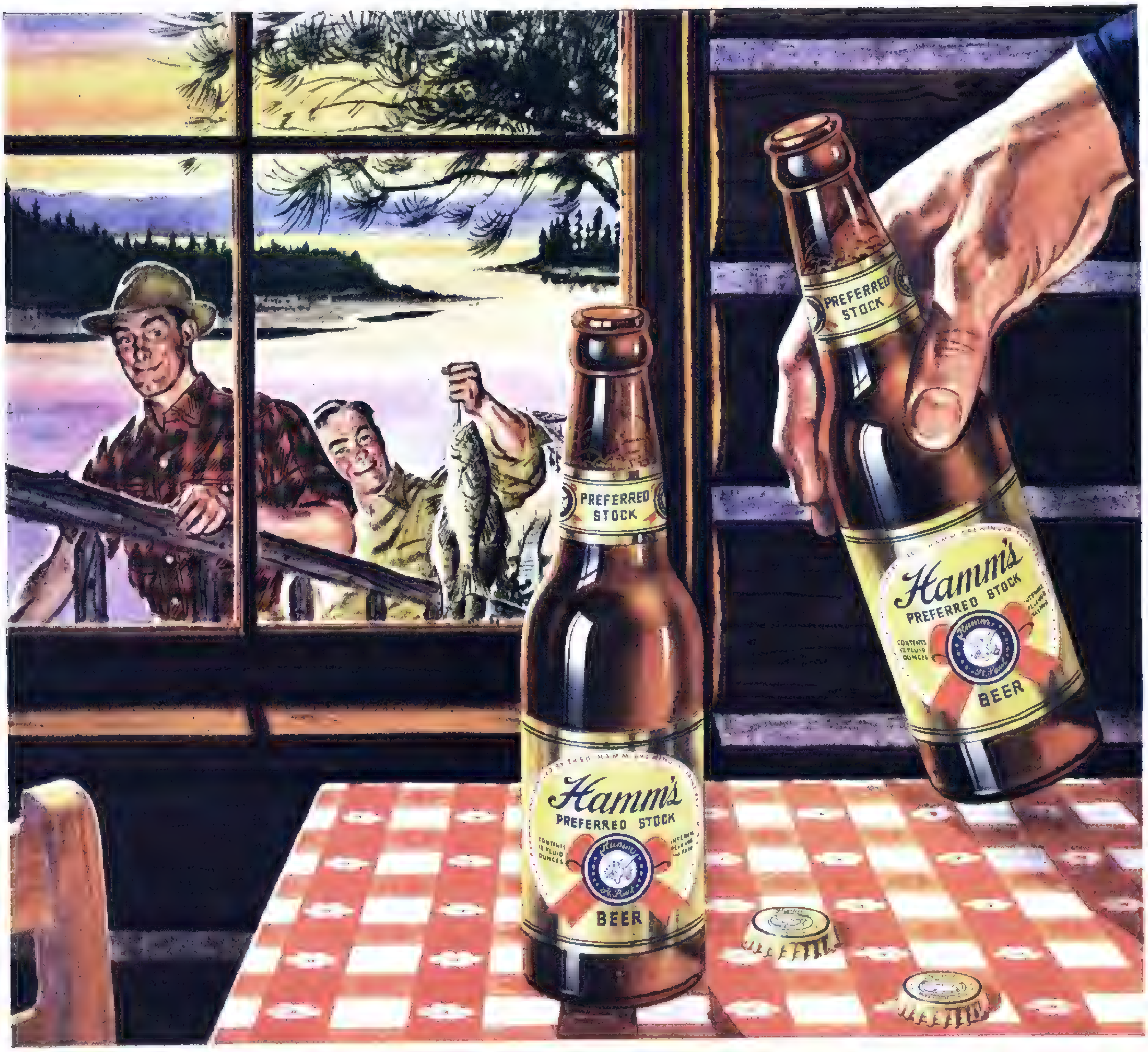
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This has been our custom for 81 years: to malt our own prize barley, reaped in the fertile fields close by, to use crystal-clear artesian water, to brew our beer with surpassing skill under the guidance of a brewmaster who carries on the tradition for Hamm quality established by his father and grandfather.

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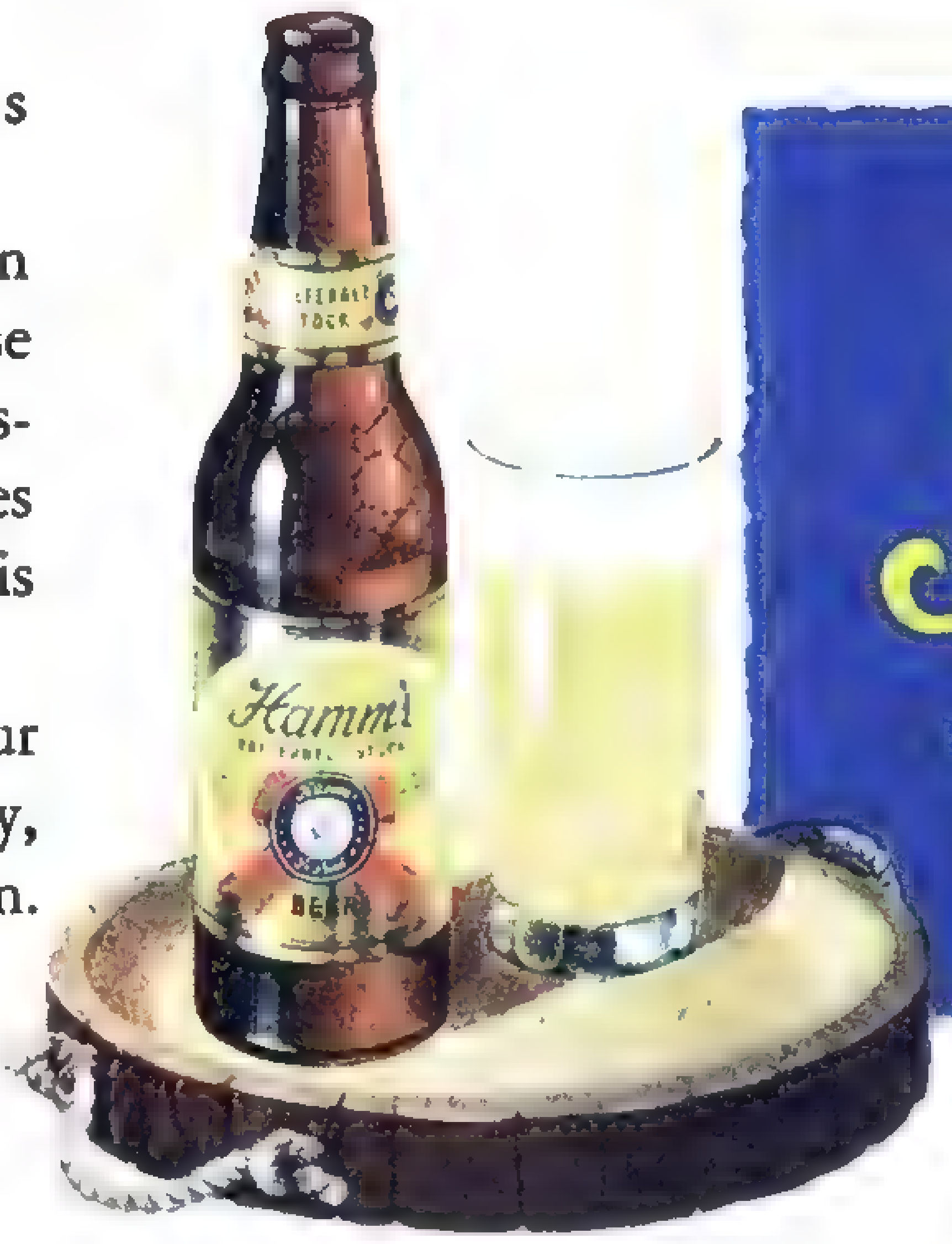
For your mellow moments, you too will prefer Hamm's, the smooth and mellow beer.



Hamm's

Smooth and Mellow Beer

Theo. Hamm Brewing Co., St. Paul 1, Minn.

Down with Out-of-Town

Continued from page 76

to it (again like the people in *All the King's Men*). It is probably that mountain air, or the Pioneer Spirit.

If I mention De Voto's book, which is published by Little, Brown and Company and will cost you $2.75 if you are foolish, it is only because I have been burning for years at writers (and nonwriters, an increasingly rare breed), who profess to find some mystic, healing virtue in Out-of-Town, a region which surrounds New York City but is easy to keep out of if you have any sense. Their writings are manifestations of yokel-worship, a cult which in America is almost as strong as that of the dog in England. Like the majority of religions, it rests heavily on the guilt feelings of the devotees.

The writer is a boy, or rather more frequently a girl, who has abandoned his or her youthful associates in some dreary portion of Arkansas or Iowa to come to my native Babylon, generally without waiting for an engraved invitation. He consoles himself for his desertion by saying, "They are better off than I am," (the familiar "This hurts me more than it does you" of the man who has just hit a little boy in the pants). Next he begins writing, "I wish to God I were back in them brambles again," like the palace-hotel rear-area officers in the Army who would sob occasionally that they wished they were up in the shooting war. Then he begins hollering that he hates New York, which has no stockade around it—he can go back to the veldt any time he wants to. He tries to invent a regional cookery that he can say was better than that of the restaurants he continues to eat in. "It was a dinner in the Custis culture, with chicken and a gelatine salad and hot biscuits by Hattie and icebox cake by Josephine," says De Voto describing a meal in *Mountain Time.* A gelatine salad part of a culture! It is like calling Pepsi-Cola a *vin du pays.* If by opening a Café Iowa or an Indiana Restaurant, with regional cooking (whatever it is) a restaurateur could attract half of one per cent of the Iowans and Indianans crying nostalgically in the beer they buy from Tim Costello on Third Avenue, said restaurateur could pack out a big hall every night. Nobody ever tries it, because there would be no customers. The boys from Out-of-Town want no part of those gelatine-culture dinners. But the worse they loathe wherever they come from, the harder their conscience pricks them to yell hurray for it. Only why pick on New

Continued on page 214

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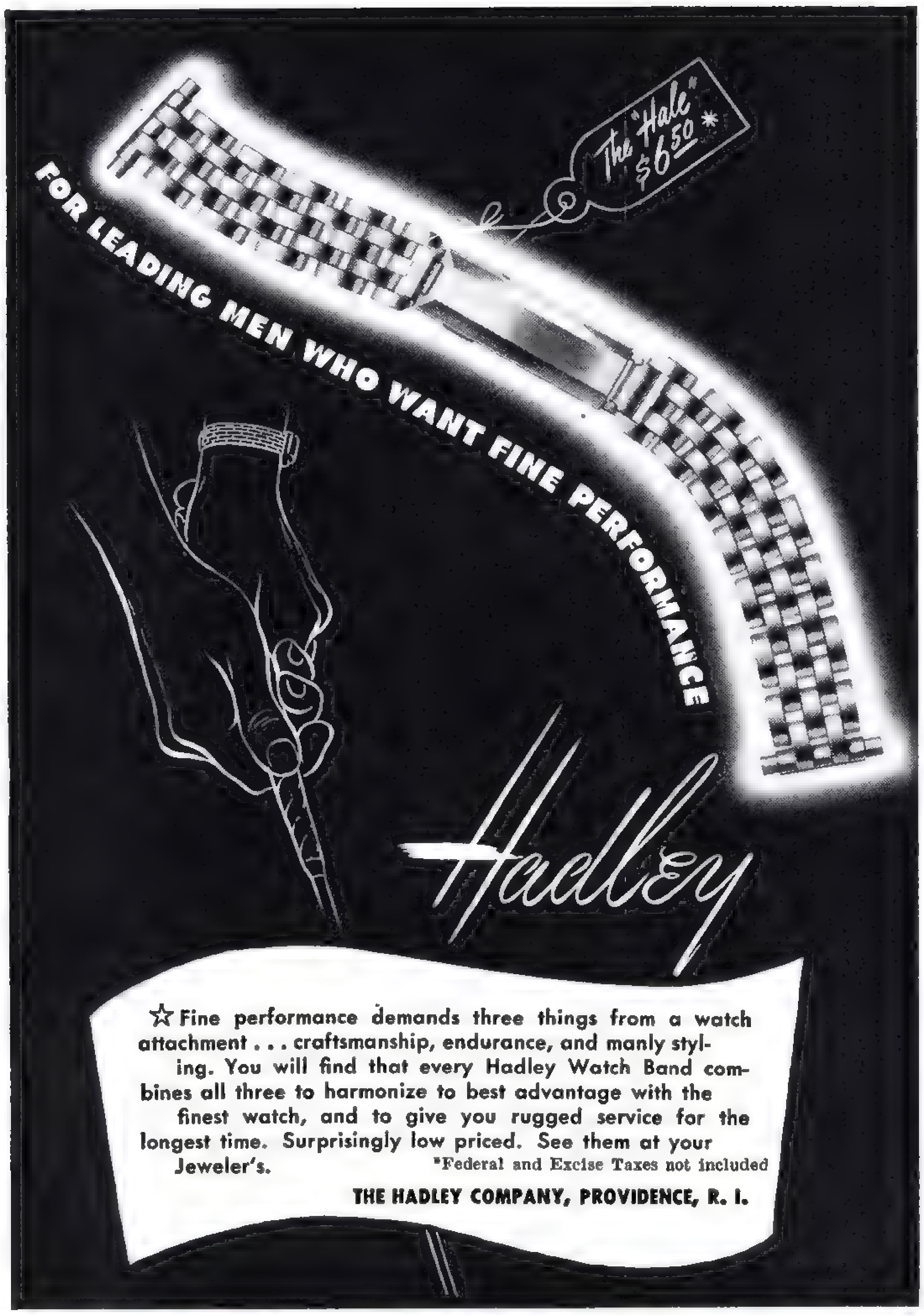

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THE HADLEY COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Down with Out-of-Town

Continued from page 213

York? Their quarrel is within themselves.

The runaway countryman's guilt feeling has historic roots; his confused attitude toward the city is not the result only of his individual decision to flee his *kraal*. Domesday-Book England was predominantly rural and servile; most Englishmen by the eighteenth century were urban and free. A major reason for the change was the fact that all through the Middle Ages serfs had been skipping out and losing themselves in the cities, where they became free men. The runaway serf knew that he had exposed his family to retaliation by his overlord. That made him feel guilty indeed. He was subject to recapture by his old master, although if he had taken the trouble to go a fair distance, it wasn't likely. Still it made him uneasy. And in the free town he was a member of the lowest group, a servant or odd-jobman. It would take his descendants generations to win their way into a guild. Worst of all he was in conflict with Church teachings; God was at the apex of the feudal system from which the poor devil had deserted. Out-of-Town, when he dreamed of it, had the terror attached to an offended parent.

To atone for their repudiation of the country, city dwellers for centuries have felt impelled to profess a great admiration for it. In England, even during the war, thousands of people scuttled from the discomforts of London to the greater discomforts of the country every week end. It is considered bad form to say that Out-of-Town is a dull place, a fact which 7,000,000 New Yorkers tacitly acknowledge by not living there.

The city's self-abasement before the country is expressed in politics. A rural background is considered an asset for a Presidential candidate, and if he hasn't any, the publicity boys will fudge one for him; we all remember Willkie, "the barefoot boy from Wall Street." In no case, however, have the press agents for a genuine rube candidate thought it necessary to claim he had had a rugged childhood in the Bronx. Truman, the farm boy who could plow the straightest furrow, gets more press notices than Truman, the expert necktie salesman. There was always more poop distributed about Coolidge the Vermont Yankee than about Coolidge the Boston lawyer.

When, last fall, cattle manufacturers Out-of-Town said they would send no meat to market until the Government lifted the OPA ceiling prices, the *city* newspapers

Look Right Feel Right
Wear WRIGHT!
Right dress calls for a hat . . . summer calls for a straw. A quality-made Wright straw is the perfect answer to smart good looks and summer comfort.
THE WRIGHT HAT
ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS HAT COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS • CHICAGO

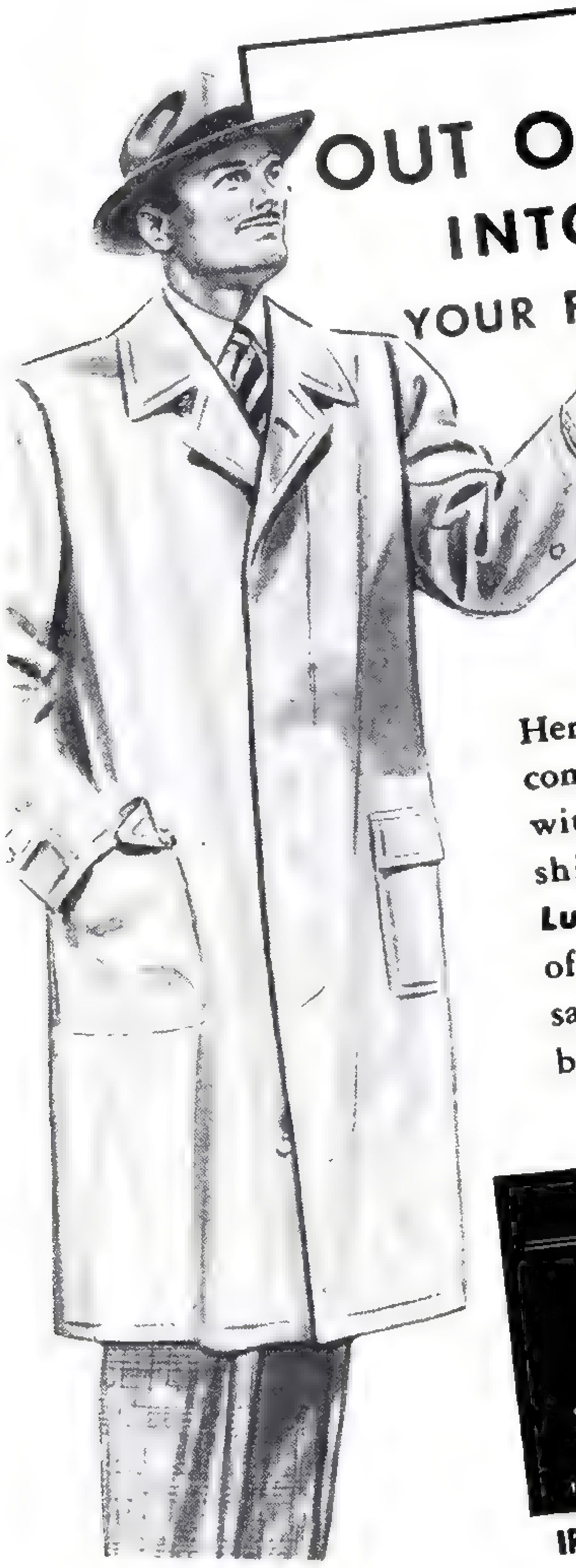
treated them as honest, droll, hearty fellows, spearheading individual enterprise; it was the Government that the editorialists kicked hell out of for not wanting the prices to go up. But when the coal miners, not long afterward, refused to dig coal until they got their price, the newspapers screamed as the pigs had in the stockyards on the day the ceiling went off. Newspaper cartoonists have stock concepts of an evil labor leader, a fat, corrupt politician, and even a nasty capitalist (top hat, cigar clenched in stubby hands, big belly, frock coat), although the last has not been used often of late years. But there is no conventional figure to represent an evil farmer. In American folklore all farmers, like all mothers, are good. Yet the farmer furnishes the political support for every demagogue out of the South; he is the archisolationist, and is not above rigging the milk market to get an extra cent a quart out of city kids. Roosevelt saved the farmers along with the rest of the country in 1933, when the banks had been selling foreclosed farms in the face of rioting Iowan hog-jockeys. The farmers quit him in his later years while labor stayed loyal. If it had been the reverse, some editorialist might have accused labor of ingratitude.

When two New York Giants failed to report a bribe offer last winter, the assistant district attorney, prosecuting the man who tried to bribe them, said they were "just a couple of country boys." Nobody said to let the other guy off because he was only a city boy.

The "independence" of the country cousin is a joke. The farmer's stranglehold on the American meat market is maintained by forcing Federal acquiescence in a fiction—that hoof-and-mouth disease would come into the country with Argentine beef. The United Kingdom and a large part of Western Europe have been eating Argentine beef for years, and no epidemics have ensued. The law, or ruling or whatever it is, is about as sensible as one to protect American writers by keeping foreign manuscripts out of the country, on the ground they might infect readers with eyestrain.

Every once in a while an Out-of-Towner thinks he will put the blast on New York in print and make an easy dollar. Stanley Walker, who should know better, did it in the *Saturday Evening Post* not long ago. But let a New Yorker approach an editor with a blast on Out-of-Town and what happens? In the first place, all the editors come from Out-of-Town, and probably should have stayed there. Secondly, they are not startled by a lead like this: "I would not live in the rest of the country if you gave it to me." They just say: "Who would?" ⧻

Continued from page 76



OUT OF THE RAIN
INTO THE SUN
YOUR FINELY TAILORED
LusKoat
IS ALWAYS READY

Here's a man's raincoat that combines the finest of fabrics with the superior workmanship of master tailors. The **LusKoat** illustrated is tailored of **Hego Paratwill** — tops in satin twills. You will find it at better stores for about $21.50.

Be sure to look for this label

ALL-WEATHER LusKoat STYLED FOR DRESS WEAR
TAILORED BY IRVING LUSK • NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

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FOREST FRESH
Spruce
TOILETRIES FOR MEN

From deep in the heart of the forest comes the scent of fresh-cut Spruce . . . bracing, masculine, vibrantly alive. Packaged with classic simplicity, Spruce Toiletries are the instinctive choice of men whose flawless grooming reflects their easy self-assurance. In sets or singly, at one to three dollars.

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Spruce
Spruce
Spruce
SHAVE LOTION
Wrisley

SOAP, SHAVE LOTION, TALC, SHAVE BOWL, DEODORANT, HAIR DRESSING

In Convention Assembled

Continued from page 87

his glass and gets back into the argument.

One of the great mysteries of conventions is why hotels have continued to solicit them in times when the hostelries have been so crowded that even the pigeons have been pushed off the eaves by hotel guests desperate to get sleeping space. Every nomad of commerce has seen in hotel rooms such signs as, "Avoid Soot City August 3-6. Convention International Roundup of Wowsers of the World," and "This room reserved week beginning September 11. Convention for the Advancement of Anything." Travelers wonder why, with rooms so hard to get, any hotel would want a mob of one-timers stampeding in to shove the steady customers out. It may be that a hotel gets tired of seeing the same faces or the house dick is suffering from lack of exercise or things are settling down at the bar to just routine drinking. There is nothing like a convention for a hotel to pep itself up without having to worry about service.

Certainly, in soliciting and receiving conventions, the hotels do far more good for the other businessmen and women in the convention cities than the hotels do, financially, for themselves. Room and meals in the convention hotel account for but a fraction of the cash conventioneers leave behind.

Railroad and plane passenger men again are making coy solicitations of what are deemed in the unflattering parlance of the transportation trade "convention movements." Of late years the conventioneer has considered himself lucky to get even an upper, whereas in the antebellum years a group of convention tourists did not have much difficulty in getting one car for the crap and poker games, another for the bar and a third for those who were ailing or had to be lifted into the sack.

The prevailing situation constitutes a great hardship on the conventioneer inasmuch as it precludes any advance training to get conditioned to convention hardships. Now a conventioneer gets on any train or plane in which he can get space and has to go to sleep fairly sober and silently like any passenger. Then, when he gets to the convention hotel and finds no room available per his reservation, he sees Joe—good old Joe—in the lobby. He has not run across Joe for several years and good old Joe says, "Come up to my room and shave, etc. while you are waiting for a room."

So the arriving conventioneer goes up to good old Joe's room where Joe has ready a shaving kit

...FOR THE MAN WHO DEMANDS PERFECTION

Slacks by Gilbert

Fashioned of fine gabardines, doeskins, flannels, coverts and tropical worsteds . . . in new California Desert colors.

Created by master tailors—men whose meticulous workmanship and skilled craftsmanship are reflected in the cut and drape of every pair of slacks. Fashioned in lines typically California to bring you freedom, ease, and style you've never before enjoyed. At fine men's shops and department stores everywhere. Write for name of nearest store.

Gilbert
OF CALIFORNIA

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2209 SOUTH SAN PEDRO STREET • LOS ANGELES 11, CALIFORNIA

CRAFTSMANSHIP

. . . Smartly styled and superbly finished of rich leathers . . . J & M shoes have earned their reputation as the Nation's finest shoes for men by giving many extra days of steady reliable service.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE

THE ENSIGN: *This custom-style brogue is a shoe model that's a model shoe . . . because it's a fine example of what a shoe should be . . . so correctly proportioned it looks as comfortable as it feels.*

JOHNSTON & MURPHY, NEWARK 3, N. J.

consisting of rye and ginger ale. The room shows signs of having been used the night previous by early arrivals among the conventioneers. Ashes are all over the floor. There are cigar and cigarette butts in glasses containing partially consumed drinks.

Then the arrival belts a few with good old Joe by way of a shave and breakfast and talks about conditions. By 10:30 a.m. the recent arrival is

(a) stony stiff, or

(b) tripping through the rosy clouds and not giving a damn, or

(c) realizing that he's got to sober up and go to work, both being distresses that force him on his wretched way.

In case the conventioneer is in condition, he wanders around seeing fellows whose names he cannot, but should, remember, and that always is a painful nervous strain on the ordinary citizen.

Often attempts are made to alleviate this suffering by supplying to the conventioneers badges on which are typed their names and outfits. Typewriter type on a lapel rarely can be read at normal conversational distance through the close-up lens of bifocal glasses. By ducking and weaving, the perplexed party may get the type into proper range and determine to whom he's talking, but by that time the other guy has walked away to spread the story that he was just talking to Damocles Burp of the Gigantic Gadget company and old Burpie is either stinko or the victim of a serious nervous malady in its last stage.

Even worse for old Burpie's already tottering reason is the conventioneer who greets him with, "Hello, Burpie, you old bastard, I'll betchya don't remember me."

Burpie stalls and tries to avoid confessing that he not only doesn't remember the name, but suspects that he made a mistake if he ever did know it. The customary method is for Burpie to act as though he and the disturbing party were practically Siamese twins and it's a huge jest to think for a moment that old Burpie didn't have the other guy's picture over the Burpie household fireplace.

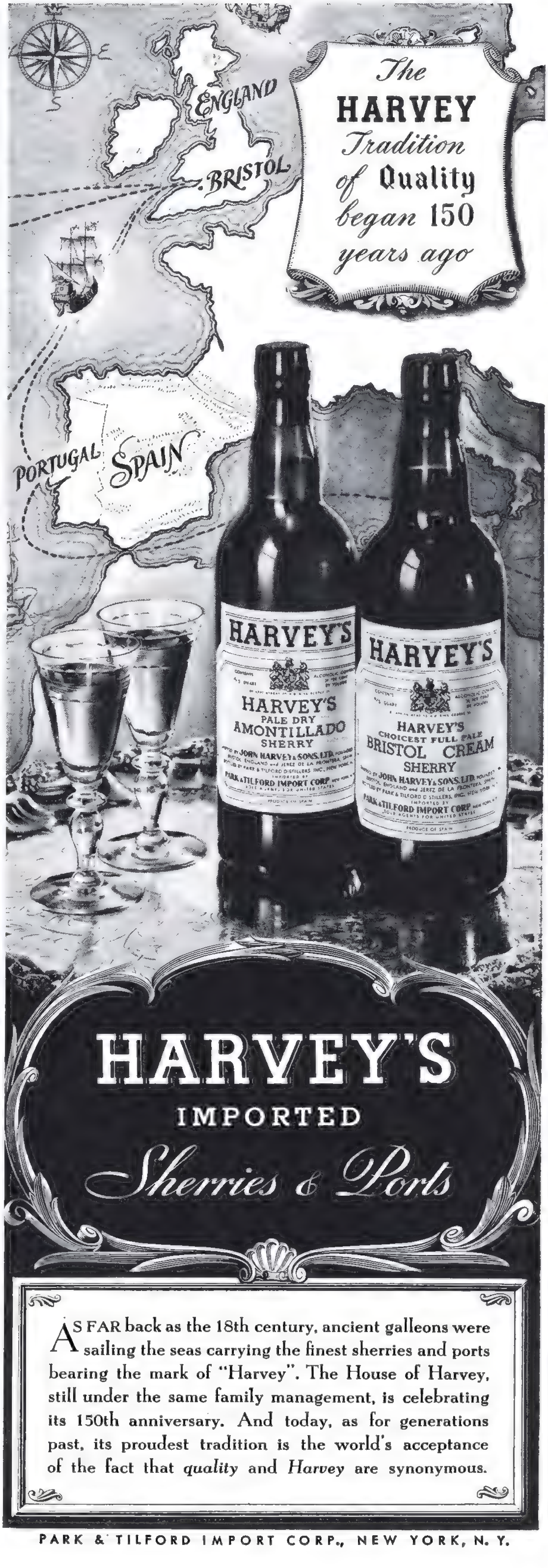
So it turns out that fifteen years ago the other guy and Burpie went out together during a convention at Oshkosh with two frivolous and high-spirited blondes and that Burpie, as usual, got the lousy one who was a lady wrestler with halitosis and she got full of beverages and hostility and broke the bartender's arm and the coppers came and nailed Burpie, who told them his name was John Smith and there he was with his convention badge on, big as a Broadway sign and saying Damocles Burp, and the other guy and his blonde took a powder to the other blonde's flat, where she cooked him a very swell meal and fed him refreshing drinks and they

Continued on page 218

HYLO
Hylo SPORTSWEAR SALL-STEARNS
Hylo SPORTSWEAR FRANK INC HACKENSACK, N.J.
Hylo SPORTSWEAR KESSNER & SON ELIZABETH, N.J.
Hylo SPORTSWEAR JACK PENDOLA TAMPA, FLORIDA
Hylo SPORTSWEAR A.J. LESTER NEW YORK
Hylo SPORTSWEAR TARNY'S TOGGERY NEW LONDON, CONN.
Hylo SPORTSWEAR H. KOSITCHEK & BROS. LANSING, MICH.
Hylo SPORTSWEAR Swift LIMITED SAN FRANCISCO

All roads may lead to Rome but only one road leads to quality. It's a familiar path to Hylo Craftsmen who travel it with skill and conscientiousness. That's why you'll find HYLO SPORT SHIRTS only at better stores.

HYLO SPORT SHIRTS by LARRY R. ENGELSON of NEW YORK and CALIFORNIA



ENGLAND
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HARVEY'S CHOICEST FULL PALE BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.

The HARVEY *Tradition of* Quality *began* 150 *years ago*

HARVEY'S

IMPORTED

Sherries & Ports

As far back as the 18th century, ancient galleons were sailing the seas carrying the finest sherries and ports bearing the mark of "Harvey". The House of Harvey, still under the same family management, is celebrating its 150th anniversary. And today, as for generations past, its proudest tradition is the world's acceptance of the fact that *quality* and *Harvey* are synonymous.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Trade Mark
The Edwin Clapp Shoe
Established 1853
America's Finest Shoes for Men

EDWIN CLAPP & SON, INC., EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

In Convention Assembled

Continued from page 217

had such a nice time they forgot all about Burpie being in pokey.

Through the long and healing stretch of years, good old Burpie has wondered who the cad was who plied him with liquor and deserted him in his hour of need. Since the information has been supplied by a loud and disconcerting recital, good old Burpie is very sorry indeed he did not recognize the companion conventioneer and go to extremes to avoid him.

What always makes it worse is that Mr. Burp, having been worn down to respectability by the erosion of many conventions, is on the program to address the victims on the code of ethics recently compiled for the industry by a committee headed by Burp.

In industry conventions generally there are exhibits to add to the expense and travail of things.

At recent conventions the sight of the equipment and materials displayed is very exciting to prospective customers, and to keep them buoyant they are promised deliveries within a few months or years, depending on conditions beyond the exhibitors' control. That is an improvement over the prewar convention exhibits. There, salesmen would be talking fast to visitors who were about ready to order when some passerby would pause, survey the exhibit and audibly remark, "I have used that stuff and it is not worth a damn." That often was a disguised blessing for the salesman, as it gave him an excuse to slide out to his room, where he could corral a buyer and work on him and a few quick snifters in secret.

One customary feature of conventions that I have not mentioned is the address of welcome which the program says the mayor of the host city will make. At very rare intervals a mayor does appear, but most of the time the remarks concerning the far-famed hospitality of the city, its other charms and its overwhelming delight at the presence of the members of whatever the hell these people are members of, are delivered by some lightweight around the city hall who has absolutely nothing else to do. Any mayor who does show up makes a friendly chat about giving the conventioneers the keys to this fair city. The keys do not have material weight and so weigh as much as the money the conventioneer is able to take home with him.

There are some deviations from the foregoing principles and practices of holding a convention, but what has been outlined gives you a fairly accurate notion of the time-honored procedure in this great American game. ⵌ

Continued from page 87

Columbia
DIAMOND RINGS
Gems for Lady America

In Ensembles, Solitaires, Wedding Bands Sold by Leading Jewelers Everywhere.

So you're getting married? You'll want that fascinating, revealing book, titled "SO YOU'RE GETTING MARRIED."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Columbia Diamond Rings, Div. of AXEL BROS., INC.
21-10 49th Ave., Long Island City 1, N.Y.
Gentlemen: Yes, I *am* getting married. And here's 10c to cover mailing of my copy of "*So You're Getting Married.*"
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... *State*.......... V3

It's a Wild Business

Continued from page 100

treks through the bush in search of game. Carefully trained over a period of years, the agent must be a jack-of-all-jungle-trades: a linguist, a businessman, a diplomat and a hunter. He must be able to deal with a Hottentot chieftain as easily as he butters a colonial official.

Many professional hunters donned uniforms during the war, or looked for other jobs when business went slack. The present scarcity of agents has caused dealers to seek new connections. However, the unsolicited collect cable from Rhodesia: "HAVE PYTHON ANSWER IMMEDIATELY," still goes into the wastebasket. Dealers can't afford to gamble with unknown amateurs. However, they are supplementing their forces in the field by trading with reputable natives.

"This is one of the original members of the herd"

The shortage of reliable agents is not the only problem. G.I. gold found its way into every corner of the world. As a result, natives are no longer interested in beating the bush and hauling animals for ten cents a day.

Political unrest in many areas is making it difficult for agents to resume operations. The Netherlands East Indies is typical. Natives in Java and Sumatra have set up an Indonesian Republic with their own government. The Dutch, faced with major revolt, have 90,000 troops to bolster their Acting Governor General. You can't hunt animals without an official permit, and when Monday's government is out on Tuesday, the agent has a hard time knowing whether Wednesday's catch will even be legal.

The uphill fight to deliver the goods doesn't end at the water front, for steamship companies are leery of hauling wild animals. As one steamship official said, "We don't like to carry them. They smell. They need special attention, and if an animal is danger-

Continued on page 220

"There's something about a Sportsman"

Full Bent Shape

The man who knows his dogs, or horses—or pipes, recognizes almost instinctively the fine points of a champion. For instance, this one!

From $5 to $15, at better stores. Write for booklet illustrating available shapes and styles. Address Dept. E-2, John Hudson Moore, Inc., 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York

SPORTSMAN

Champion of Pipes

BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.
Preferred the world over-

VAT 69

-the finer-tasting Scotch Whisky!

"Quality Tells"

LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF a great new idea in shoe comfort

"Slipper-Free Where Your Foot Bends"

BATES

Originals

Enjoy the invisible extra width across the ball of the foot . . . in all Bates Originals. Model illustrated: brown and white wing tip.

Made in Webster, Mass. Since 1885.

Most styles $10.00 to $12.95 in the U. S. A.

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It's a Wild Business

Continued from page 219

ous enough to be interesting, no one wants him as a traveling companion."

Some liners have facilities for handling small pets belonging to passengers; a few contain stalls for race horses en route to foreign tracks, but anything wilder is dynamite to the mariners.

Some months ago representatives of Meems and Ward appeared at the New York docks with instructions to pick up three giraffes. They found one live animal and two pairs of ears—mute evidence of death at sea. The ship's captain had followed the usual custom of saving some portion of the animals' bodies in order to satisfy port authorities who check every item on the manifest. It was an old story. Members of the crew had cleaned out the cages with water from a high-pressure hose. In their haste and ignorance they had forgotten to replace the straw which had been put on the floors to prevent the animals from slipping. Tossed about by the motion of the ship, two giraffes had broken their necks.

Recently a freighter docked at Boston with three baby elephants. A seaman explained that when the ship left India there had been five young pachyderms named Dewey, Bricker, Taft, Stassen, and Saltonstall. A reporter asked which two had died en route. "Can't tell you that," snapped the crewman; "the political implications are too obvious."

Even when precautions are taken, animal mortality at sea runs about ten per cent. Jungle cargo is generally carried above deck, and this situation increases the likelihood of trouble. Zebras, restless in their confining quarters, kick the backs out of their crates and break loose. Penguins have a talent for unlocking their cages and strolling to the nearest exit to the sea. Pandas and bears get violently seasick at the least roll of the ship. Even snakes must be coddled, as they are highly sensitive to temperature changes.

Insurance companies, like steamship operators, consider animals a bad risk. A few issue policies, but premiums are high and contracts so carefully worded that protection is generally restricted to "direct causes"—in other words, death resulting from fire at sea or the sinking of the ship.

One dealer wanted a policy to protect a trainload of giraffes being hauled from the interior of East Africa to the Coast. A policy was issued, but in addition to the usual ifs and howevers, the dealer was required to furnish an attendant for each animal. The at-

in good form

Smartly Sarby

SWIMWEAR

Any place under the sun, Sarby Swimwear passes every eye test with flying colors. Be Smartly Sarby in style, design and comfort.

New favorite in swim trunks is the "Surf Rider" in bold Hawaiian and Teca prints. About $4.00 at fine stores everywhere.

Sarby Sportswear by Ess-R-Bee

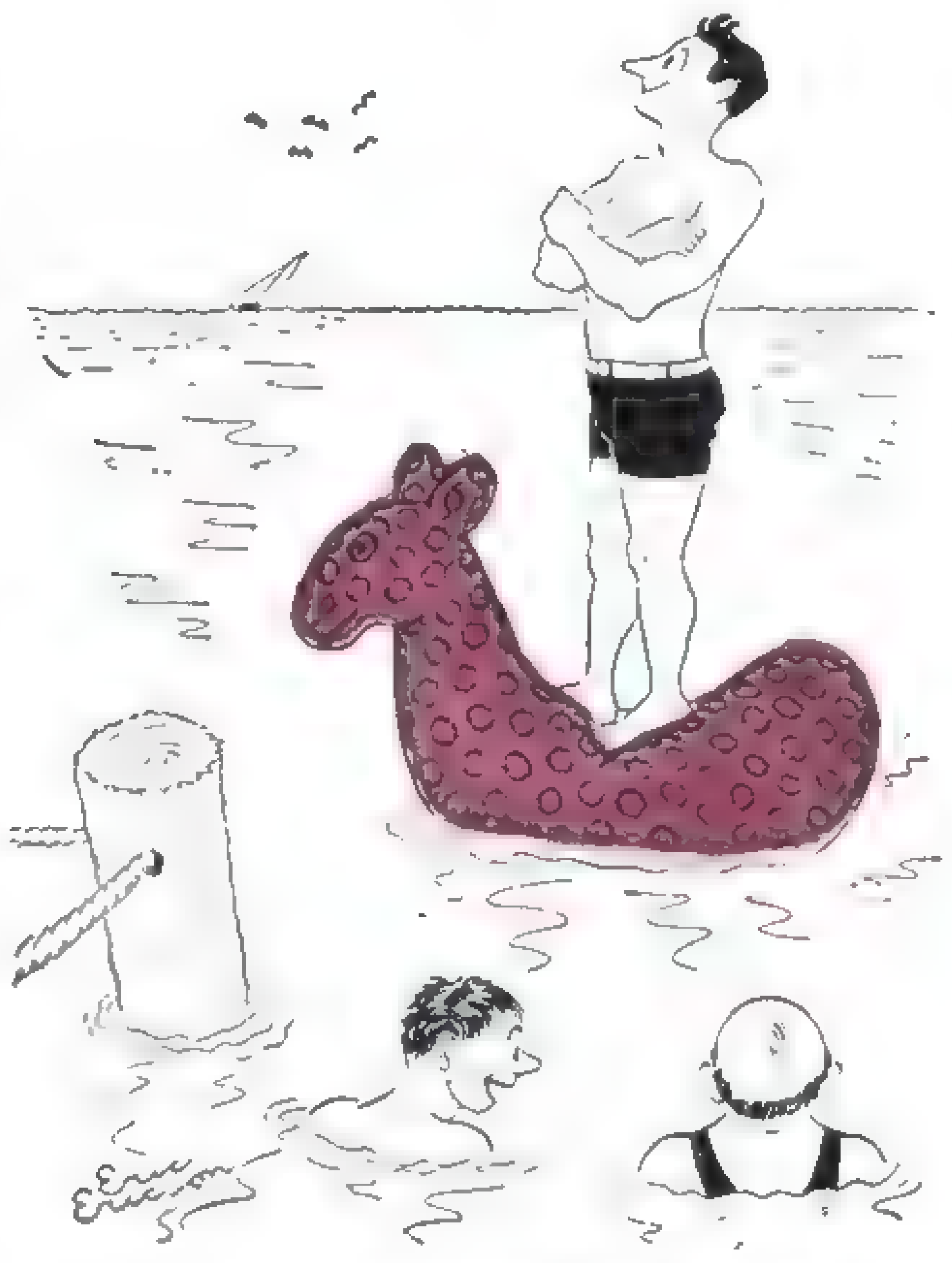
SCHULTZ ROSKY BLOCK CO. 101-111 S. FRANKLIN ST. CHICAGO 6

tendant's job was to clamp a half nelson on the giraffe to make sure that the long neck was floored every time the train went through a tunnel.

Insurance difficulties and high mortality at sea have made animal dealers eager to experiment with shipment by air. In 1937, Susie, the famous gorilla of the Cincinnati Zoo, was brought part of the distance from Africa on the maiden voyage of the *Graf Zeppelin*. Ten baby antelopes, each requiring three quarts of milk daily, flew from their home in Pitchfork, Wyoming, to the airport at Newark. From New Jersey they boarded the dirigible *Hindenburg* en route to Germany. Most dramatic of all animal flights was that of the fifteen jibbering passengers of American Airlines who were sent from Henry Trefflich's New York farm to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Chicago. Doctors hoped that their experiments on these monkeys would save the lives of eleven babies suffering from a rare disease. Small mammals, birds, and snakes are taking to the air in increasing numbers. But until the skyways produce arks large enough to ferry rhinos, the dealers must cope, to a great extent, with the perils of the sea.

Adolf Krone, Ruhe's New York manager, recently ate one of the most expensive meals in history. The firm had imported a pair of gnus, rare African antelopes. Before the animals could be shipped to their ultimate destination the male, in a fit of anger, cornered his mate and gored her to death. The meat shortage was still in full sway, so Krone decided to make the most of the ration-free commodity. "It tasted just like venison," he explained, "but a thousand dollars is a little high for any steak!"

Escape, though rare, is always colorful. Some years back six pythons were being packed for shipment at Trefflich's establishment, located near the financial district in New York City. Somehow they managed to wriggle out



"I understand he's with the circus"

Continued on page 222

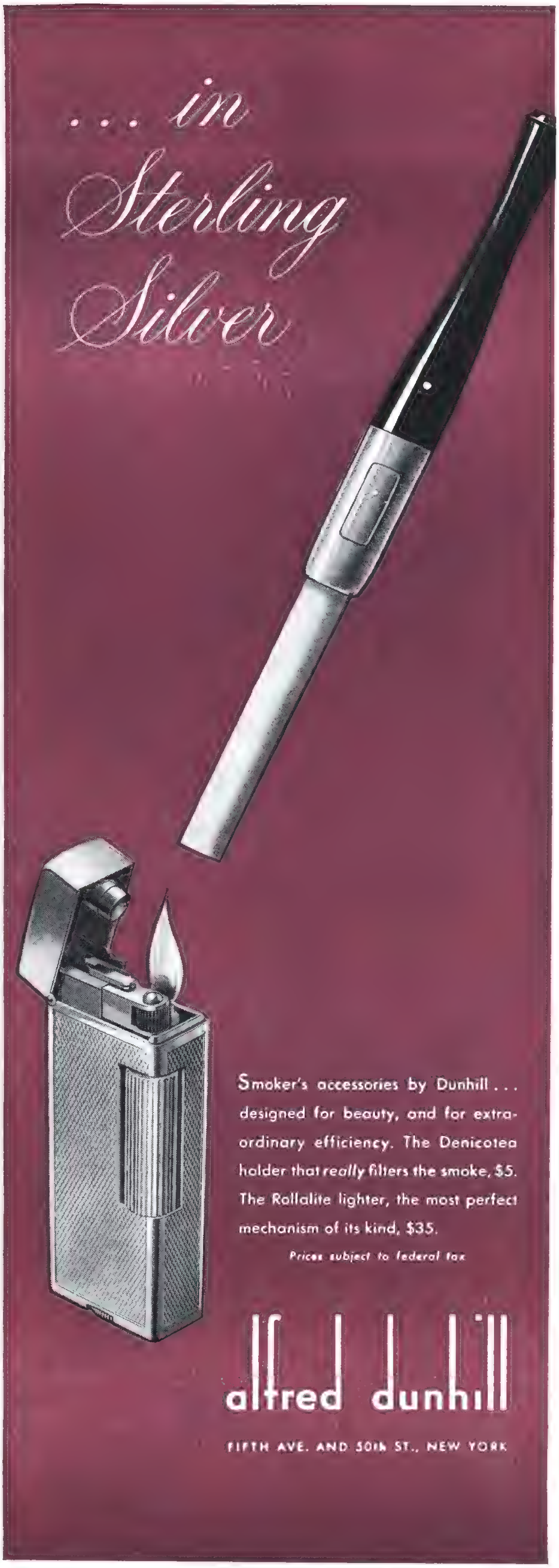
Fated not to be mated? . . . Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Alter your figure— it may be the first step to the altar! Get the Ry-Krisp Plan (for those in normal health). See how easy it is to lose fat while you enjoy delicious meals. Choose what you *like* from long lists of foods (in given portions) — with Ry-Krisp as bread.

Delicious Ry-Krisp has a flavor that satisfies! Each crisp, golden-brown, wafer-thin slice has vitamin B1 and minerals. And only 23 calories (per double square wafer).

REDUCE AND LIKE IT!
Tuna souffle, fresh peas, cauliflower, watercress and carrot curls, Ry-Krisp, peach halves, skim milk.

FREE! "DESIGN FOR REDUCING," gives complete reducing plans for men and women. Write RY-KRISP, 200 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MO.



Smoker's accessories by Dunhill . . . designed for beauty, and for extraordinary efficiency. The Denicotea holder that *really* filters the smoke, $5. The Rollalite lighter, the most perfect mechanism of its kind, $35.

Prices subject to federal tax

alfred dunhill

FIFTH AVE. AND 50th ST., NEW YORK

PLEASANT SURPRISE...

when SPRINGMAID joins AIRMAN* a great line of men's shirts

"Springmaid," one of America's top-flight fabric mills, makes the lustrous cotton broadcloth for these handsome shirts. And "Airman" does the rest, with these four important quality features: 1. Smooth-Set Collar. 2. Body-Shaped Cut. 3. Fine-Stitch Tailoring. 4. Sanforized for permanent fit. It all adds up to a real surprise in shirt value.

*Tailored by

SHIRTCRAFT

Empire State Building
New York 1, N. Y.

SPRINGMAID FABRICS

SHIRTCRAFT AIRMAN SANFORIZED

It's a Wild Business

Continued from page 221

of their crates, and for several hours a snake hunt was underway. Finally three of the evaders were captured and recrated, but the others had disappeared.

Recently employees heard wild screams coming from a room where monkeys were kept. The reason for the commotion was apparent; dozing peacefully on a radiator cover were two of the long-lost pythons. Trefflich welcomed them with mingled emotions. "They upset my inventory for the season," he said. If you have an X-ray eye or an inclination for crawling through rafters, he has a job for you—somewhere in the building python number six is still on the loose.

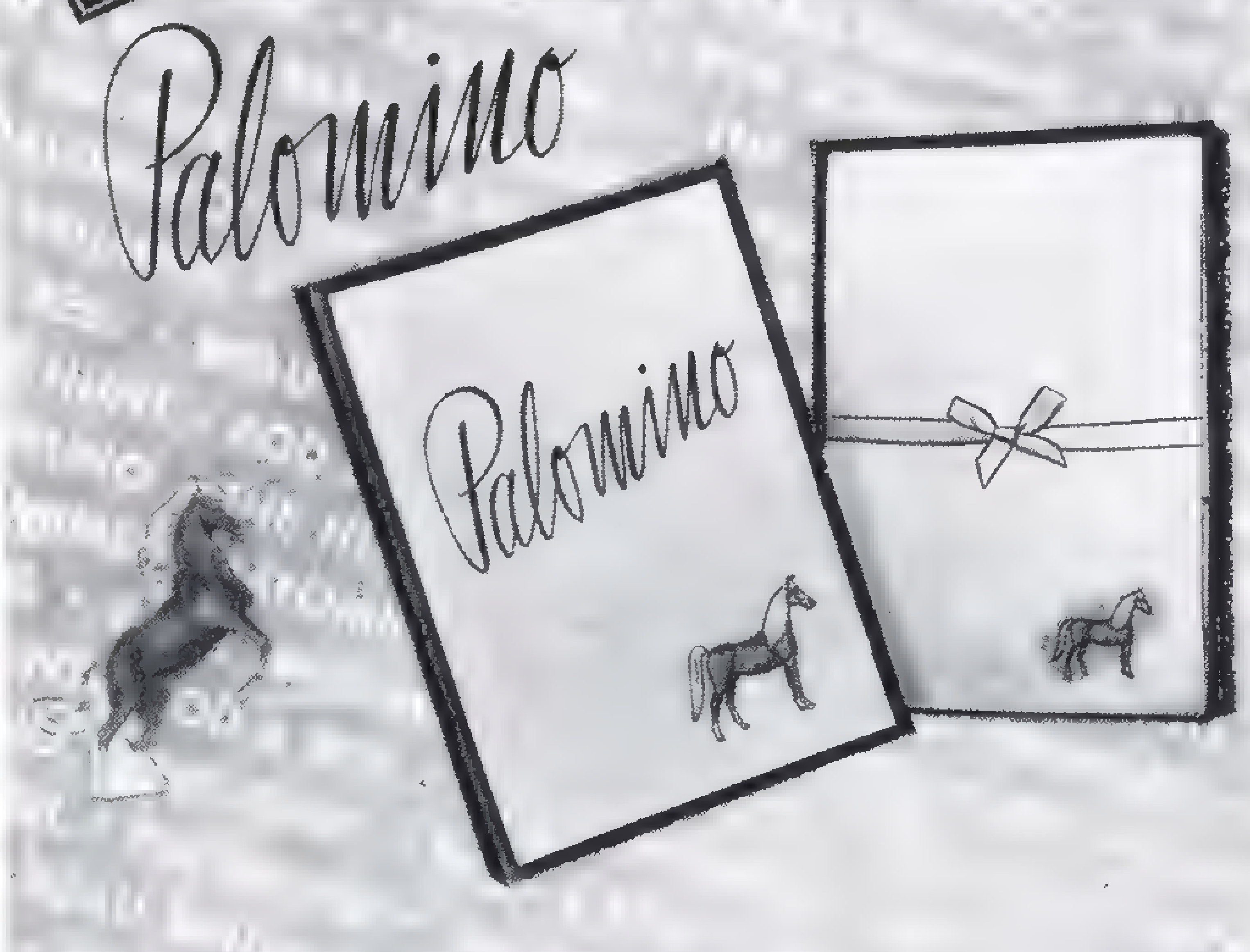
Trefflich was on the losing end again last May. A wise little East Indian monkey broke from his cage and released a hundred of his companions from their bolted crates. Within a few minutes staid Wall Street bankers were surrounded by bedlam. Monkeys scrambled down Church Street, swung blithely from window to window on Greenwich Street, and scampered up the Hudson and Manhattan Terminal Building as frightened stenographers rushed from their offices. Twenty monkeys entered a fire station and led firemen a merry chase up and down the shining brass pole. Another group stormed a neighboring bar, throwing a counter full of beer drinkers into utter confusion. Dogs took to the fun and followed close on the heels of a party of East Indian invaders as they tore into a grocery store. The proprietor retreated behind the flour sacks as the monkeys began hurling bananas and canned goods at their canine pursuers. Trinity Church boys, practicing *Ave Maria* in the mission house, joined in the chase and, with the help of slip covers, bagged several of the escapees.

The next morning Trefflich was delighted to reduce his inventory by one baboon. A gentleman took it home as a hint to a mother-in-law who had outstayed her welcome. But the lady was not impressed. After seeing the baboon, she turned to her hopeful son-in-law and announced, "One of you will have to go!"

Like the tenacious mother-in-law, the dealers won't be downed by obstacles. There's lots of money to be made in the wild business of wild animals, and they'll find a way to deliver their fancy goods: the Peruvian Viscacha, the Flinders Island Wombat; the Gaur and Little Grison; the Bongo and Flamingo; the Okapi and the Dingo . . . dealers will fetch them all, by jitney or by jingo! ⧺

Continued from page 100

Exclusive Stationery, Styled by Freund



A distinguished writing paper dedicated to "Palomino", the golden-tan saddle horse, one of the finest bred in America. The steel "old type" banknote engraving in golden-tan on white 100% rag paper makes this the ideal gift (Fathers Day), for the horse lover—the man of action. Two other gift boxes are "The Hunt" featuring Game Birds and "Rod and Reel" featuring Game Fish. Thirty sheets and 30 envelopes. $2.50

An unusual blotter, telling its own story adds to these attractive ensembles "Styled by Freund".

At fine stores everywhere or write for name of nearest dealer.

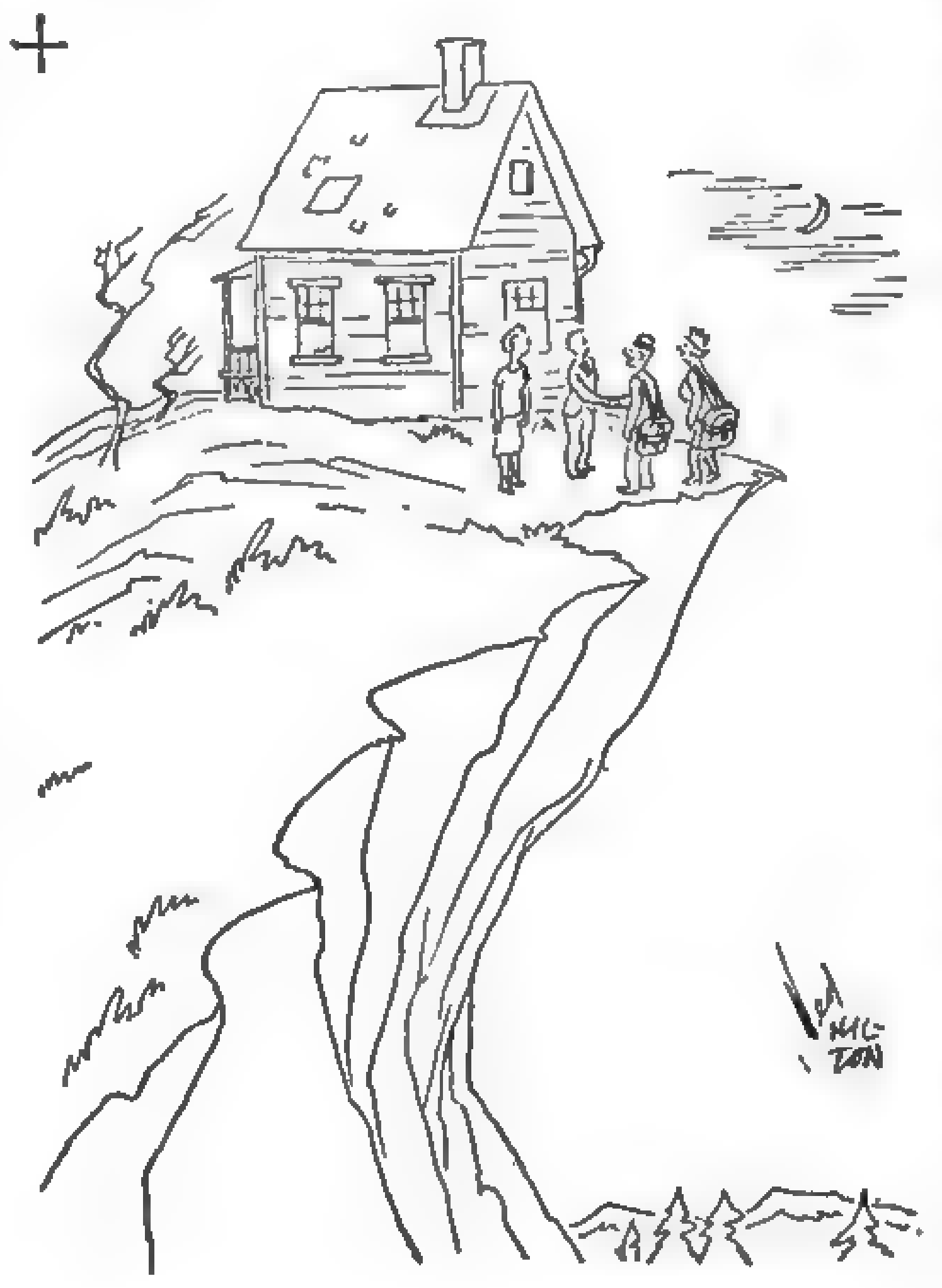
T. M. Freund & Co., Inc. 419 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Signor Cannelloni Takes a Ride

Continued from page 98

rules Cannelloni later explained to me, was quite unorthodox.

There were three things a teller could imaginably do in that circumstance. They were: a) Hand the money over. b) Hand the money over, then step on the alarm bell. c) Grab a gun and fire. Sig. Cannelloni was ready for any of these eventualities. Instead, the man grabbed the box, pressed it to his chest and ran out the back door chanting a *Miserere*.



"Well, so long, folks—we're taking the short cut home"

Baffled by such unsophisticated conduct, Cannelloni was slow on the trigger. He fired twice, but too late. Some people screamed. Those close by ran away. Those far away hastened close. For a moment even Sig. Cannelloni seemed at a loss. Then he made a brilliant comeback.

He smashed the glass partition and gallantly swung himself into the tellers' section, firing a shot into the group of cowed clerks.

"Get those bags over," he shouted, waving the smoking gun at Gelsomino and me, and we flung the suitcases over the counter.

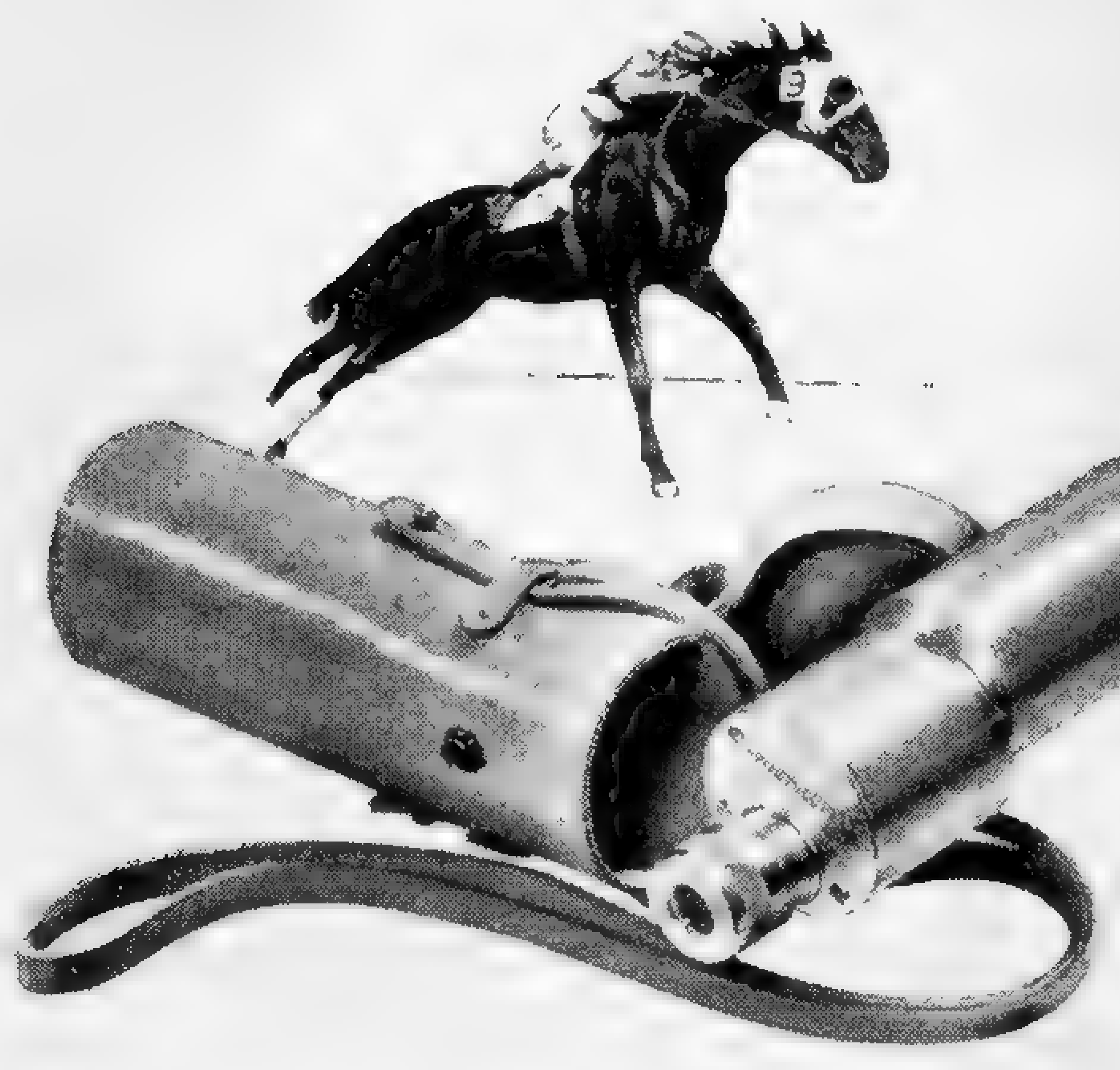
Money was worth somewhat more than paper and each teller kept a big box at his side. Sig. Cannelloni seized all denominations indiscriminately and dumped them into the suitcases.

That bank had more side exits than a motion picture theatre, and everyone but the police trooped in from outside to see what was up. Gelsomino was looking vipers at me. "I can explain," I said lamely. But Cannelloni left me no time. He plopped the suitcases onto our feet and gracefully vaulted over the counter.

"Pick 'em up and look alive, boys," he cried. He pointed his gun at a side exit. "I'll protect you." He fired a shot towards the door and the gaping crowd melted.

The exit led to the alley and

Continued on page 224



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Signor Cannelloni Takes a Ride

Continued from page 223

our car. As we flung the suitcases in and climbed aboard, Sig. Cannelloni cried, "Get going!"

I've never seen twins waken faster from sleep. They quickly rubbed their eyes and one of them jumped out of the car and applied the crank. If he didn't succeed it wasn't for lack of good will. But it was a loss of face for Cannelloni with a crowd watching.

"Why didn't you keep the motor running like I told you?" he roared.

"With gasoline 1600 lire a can?" the driver said.

The spectators increased and a balding man, perhaps the proprietor of the bank, bounced insanely on the steps, shouting, "Stop thief! Murder! Police!" embarrassing Sig. Cannelloni, who hated ostentation and fuss.

"I guess everything's over but the funeral," he said dejectedly.

We climbed out and began to push the car as if we were being paid for it, a group of street urchins helping. At last the motor rattled, and we poured ourselves in.

We were horning our way towards Piazza San Ferdinando when the sound of sirens filled the air and we noticed that we had at our heels two jeeps of the *Celere*, the gang-busting police patrol.

"This wouldn't have happened if you hadn't fallen asleep," Sig. Cannelloni shouted.

"You can't blame us for sleeping," the driver said. "Sleep is a natural thing."

The sirens of the *Celere* were a great help, clearing the way before us. We swung down to Via della Marina, past the Stazione Centrale, and back in front of the Hotel Terminus the driver stopped.

"Keep going!" Cannelloni roared. The jeeps braked sharply as they rounded the bend, tires screeching, just as we started off again.

The *Celere* had almost caught up with us when we reached the autostrada Naples-Pompeii, but then we began to lose them. The jeeps, meant for rough-and-tumble and not for speed, could hit the sixty-mile mark. Our Fiat, built for Italian highways, could make seventy if it didn't fall apart. Sig. Cannelloni was holding on to his hat.

"We're now overlooking Naples' industrial section, wrecked through wartime bombings," said the driver's brother, turning round. "All this expanse of ruined masonry and tangled iron used to hum with industrial activity."

"Never mind the ruins," Sig. Cannelloni snapped.

"For about thirteen miles, as long as this autostrada lasts, we

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are safe," I said. "We can go full blast. Afterwards the road becomes a problem."

"I don't understand," Cannelloni said. "I step into the Maritime Bank one day to cash a Travelers' Check and I see no armed guards, no steel gates, and from the look of things they've never heard of an alarm system. So I decide, now that Italy's a republic and wide open to progress, they must get acquainted with modern methods, and no one's better fitted to teach them than I. Back in the States my band was the hottest thing in New York. We worked sharp as razors, everything figured out and timed to the split second."

"But it was a dirty trick to drag us in," I said.

"A misunderstanding," Cannelloni reproached me. "Why, with you coming from The Ailing Pheasant, I thought you were a regular guy."

A rather steep grade slowed us down, the jeeps gained steadily on us, and large patches of perspiration appeared on the Panama. As the grade diminished, we won back some of our speed, and the interval remained constant.

"The autostrada keeps climbing a little till about halfway," I said. "Then it's all downgrade and we'll lose the jeeps easily."

We were driving between Mt. Vesuvius and the deep blue sea, through orchard country riotous with spring.

"Mt. Vesuvius stopped smoking after the 1944 eruption," the driver's brother said informatively, turning around, "during which the shape of its crater changed. Now to the right you can see Herculaneum, which was buried in the great eruption of 79 A.D., when Pompeii, too, disappeared under a rain of ashes. You can visit its new excavations if you wish."

"Just keep your feet on the pedals," barked Sig. Cannelloni.

The road fell, and the Fiat poured downhill, pitching slightly and rolling some. We bounced over a bump that forced the twins to anchor themselves to the wheel and us to hold on desperately to one another, and Cannelloni lost his Panama. He lost much in prestige, appeal, and authority, too.

"That," said our guide, grinning, "is a very famous bump."

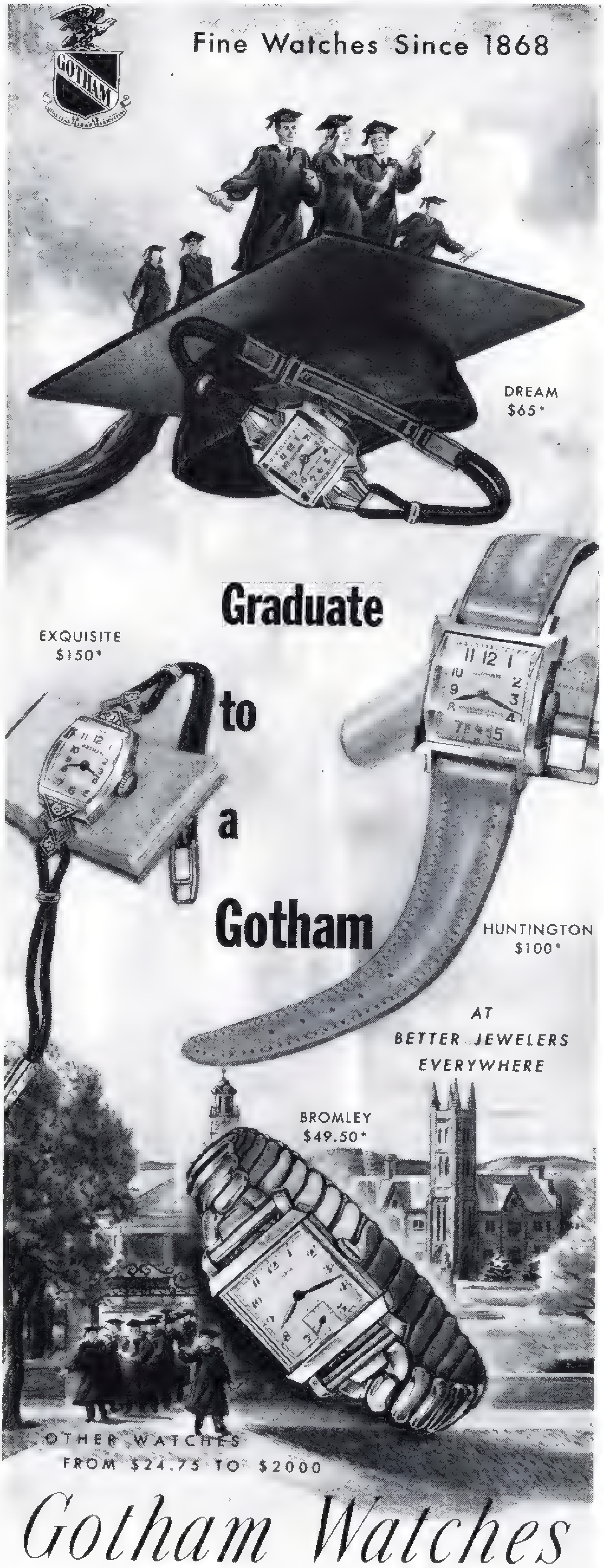
Before the autostrada came to an end, the Gulf of Castellammare appeared at right, the city blazing in the afternoon sun, its castle overlooking the Mediterranean Sea.

"The castle, built by the Emperor Frederick II, has given Castellammare its name," our guide said. "The city's mineral-water baths are the richest in the world. We can stop there if you wish."

Cannelloni didn't choose to stop. But the autostrada ended with a sharp turn joining the public road, and the twins halted. The *Celere* was not in sight.

"We're at Pompeii," our guide said. "At left is the entrance to

Continued on page 226



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Signor Cannelloni Takes a Ride

Continued from page 225

the ancient city. I'd advise you to take a stroll and enjoy the excavations while we look for gasoline."

Sig. Cannelloni implied that he wasn't fond of the twins and didn't consider it honorable to rent out a car that wasn't equipped for a long, fast dash.

"Don't worry, we'll find some gasoline," the driver said.

At the outskirts of modern Pompeii a troop of street urchins gesticulated wildly at passing vehicles, with their thumbs down, which was the sign that they had gasoline for sale, and the twins pulled their brakes. Two urchins jumped on our running boards and directed us to a squalid side alley, into an empty one-car garage where a bedraggled mechanic was dozing on a chair. When the price was settled the man produced a twenty-liter can and began to pour its contents into our gas tank.

Sig. Cannelloni seemed depressed, but revived somewhat when he had to pay for the gas, as the twins didn't carry large sums in those uncertain times.

Before we could start we had to wait for one of the twins, who had gone off to buy some bread and salami. Eventually we all pushed the car and resumed our flight.

"It's impossible they haven't caught up with us yet," said Gelsomino when we regained the road and there was no sign of the *Celere*.

We sped on, tarrying only for water as the twins were thirsty after their lunch, and without major mishaps except a blowout. We had neither jack nor wrench and we stood by the roadside waving frantically at passing vehicles, their occupants joyfully waving back.

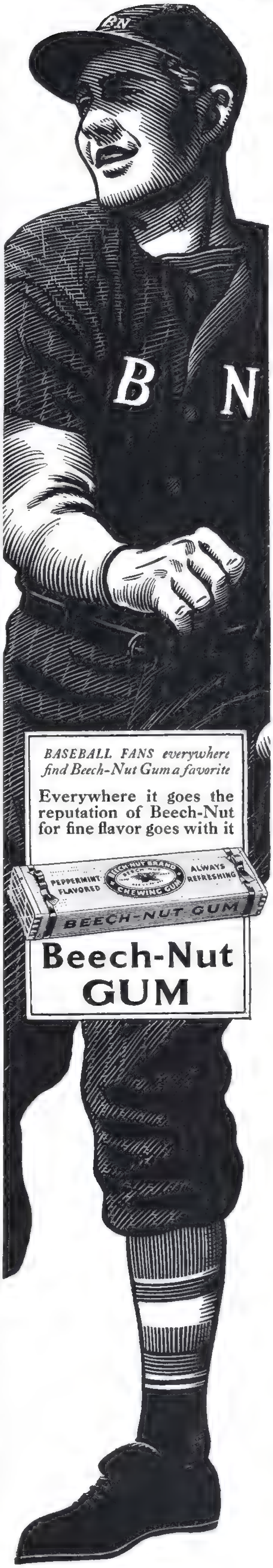
At length a truck loaded with farmhands stopped, they lent us their implements and sometime in the afternoon we resumed our journey. We were getting sunburnt.

The road was winding its way through the outskirts of the small town of Vietri when the *Celere* caught up with us. But they weren't behind us. They were ahead of us, coming our way, and as we passed one another at great speed the *carabinieri* jammed on their brakes.

"They must have passed us by while we were fueling up," Gelsomino said in his observant way.

Vietri was the first coastal town on the south side of the Peninsula of Sorrento. The road through the town's upper section was bumpy, and we slithered around the corners. In the back we could hear the sirens blow again and, not to irk the police unduly with our sight, we swung off the road and plunged down a steep-falling alley roofed with trees.

The Peninsula of Sorrento had only one road and if the jeeped *Celere* had followed us we'd have



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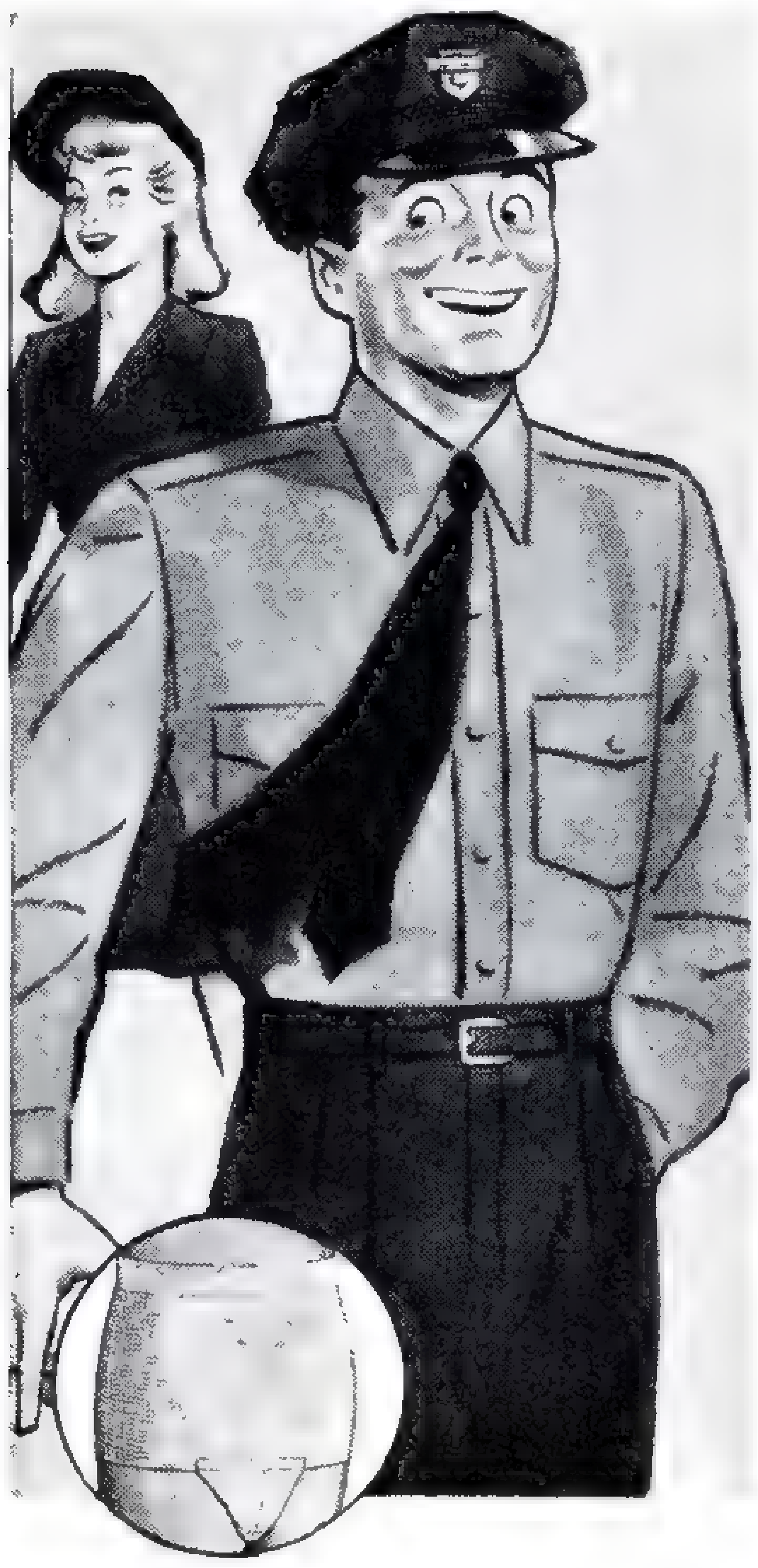

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been lost, for that road was all turns and twists. To the left we could see Salerno sprawling in the sun.

"These towns were once rich mercantile centers," our guide remarked, "and had to fight off the constant Saracen forays, aimed at plundering their riches and carrying off their womenfolk."

"Why don't you shut up and just help pull the brakes before each turn?" Sig. Cannelloni growled.

After awhile the road climbed steeply into the rock. It was so dark that we'd have had our headlights on if we'd had a battery. Suddenly we came upon a car stalled across the road, and the twins put on all brakes to avoid a collision.

Two individuals emerged from behind the car, bearing late-model tommy guns. Three more armed men, whom we didn't notice at once, detached themselves from the mountainside and surrounded us.

"Unsew your linings and out with the moneybag," one of them said, resting his gun barrel heavily on the rim of our car.

"This is a holdup," our guide explained.

We had to step out and line up while they frisked us from left to right. They took our watches, wallets, fountain pens and the change in our pockets. One man ran a flashlight inside our car, spat, and said to his companions, "Nothing there."

"That's where you're wrong," Gelsomino said. "Look into our baggage space for a surprise."

They turned the back seat down and found the suitcases. They opened them, and whistled as if they contained some beautiful girls.

Here Sig. Cannelloni stepped into the picture. "I robbed the Maritime Bank this morning," he said.

"Take those bags and get ready to leave," the leader told his men.

"You can't do this to me!" Cannelloni cried, outraged. "I'm one of yours. I'm on your side."

"Sure," said the man. "So you won't mind letting us have it."

"I'm warning you," Sig. Cannelloni said, his voice hushed by exasperation. "I'll have the whole U. S. fleet down on you, you crooks! I have an American passport!"

"Oh, you have?" said the man in an odd tone of voice.

"Yes, I have," Sig. Cannelloni triumphed.

"Men, take his clothes off," the leader ordered, and soon Cannelloni stood crestfallen in his button shoes and long underwear, as silent and bowed as Napoleon on St. Helena.

We didn't hear his voice until outside Sorrento a road block and several flashlights forced us to stop. That's where Sig. Cannelloni began to laugh—a hoarse, unnatural laughter.

"We're being robbed again!" he exclaimed.

"No, sir. This time it's only the

Continued on page 228

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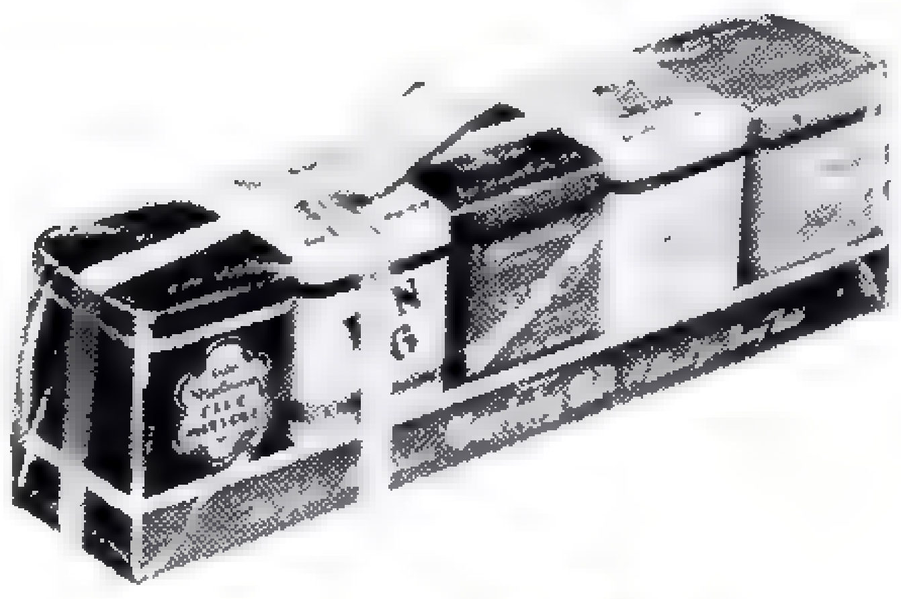

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Signor Cannelloni Takes a Ride

Continued from page 227

police," our guide said reassuringly.

There were half a dozen *carabinieri* armed with old-fashioned submachine guns.

Sig. Cannelloni sighed with relief. "The game is up."

"Your driver's license," the marshal of the *carabinieri* demanded. The twins had no license.

"Step out, all of you, and produce your identification papers." They covered us with their guns.

"We've been robbed on the road to Maiori," I said, getting out. "They took our wallets with all our papers. They took this gentleman's clothes, too."

And after Sig. Cannelloni had stood with bowed head in the beams of the converging flashlights, we were permitted to proceed.

We had our second blowout between Sorrento and Seiano and since we didn't carry another spare the twins had to patch in the light of the stars. We left the car for some exercise. The night was damp and Sig. Cannelloni was shivering.

"Lucky they didn't discover your gun," I said.

"Wouldn't have made any difference if they had," Gelsomino said.

"Why?" I asked.

Gelsomino returned with the gun and fired it point-blank at Sig. Cannelloni. There was a blinding flash and an ear-rending report, Sig. Cannelloni's eyes rolled and his mouth opened in the foolish grin of the mortally wounded, and he began to flop. Halfway down he got a grip on himself and came back up, furious.

"What's the big idea?" he cried, anger strangling his voice.

"Just as I thought," Gelsomino said. "Someone sold you a bag of lemons."

"How did you know?"

"You bought the cartridges here, didn't you?"

"Yes, the cartridges as well as the gun."

"And the gun is a Mauser 7.63 model, for which there hasn't been a single round of ammunition in all Italy for the past three years. So they sold you blanks. See?" He fired once more into Sig. Cannelloni's underwear, and Sig. Cannelloni jumped back.

"Stop doing that! How can you be sure they're all blanks?"

Gelsomino shrugged. "I can't. People are so undependable."

"You've admired both versants of the Peninsula of Sorrento," our guide said while we were nearing Naples. "It's one of the most instructive drives in the world."

A few days later I learned that Sig. Cannelloni had gone to Rome, trying to secure early plane accommodations to the States, where people were punctual, dependable, and played the game according to the rules. #

Continued from page 98

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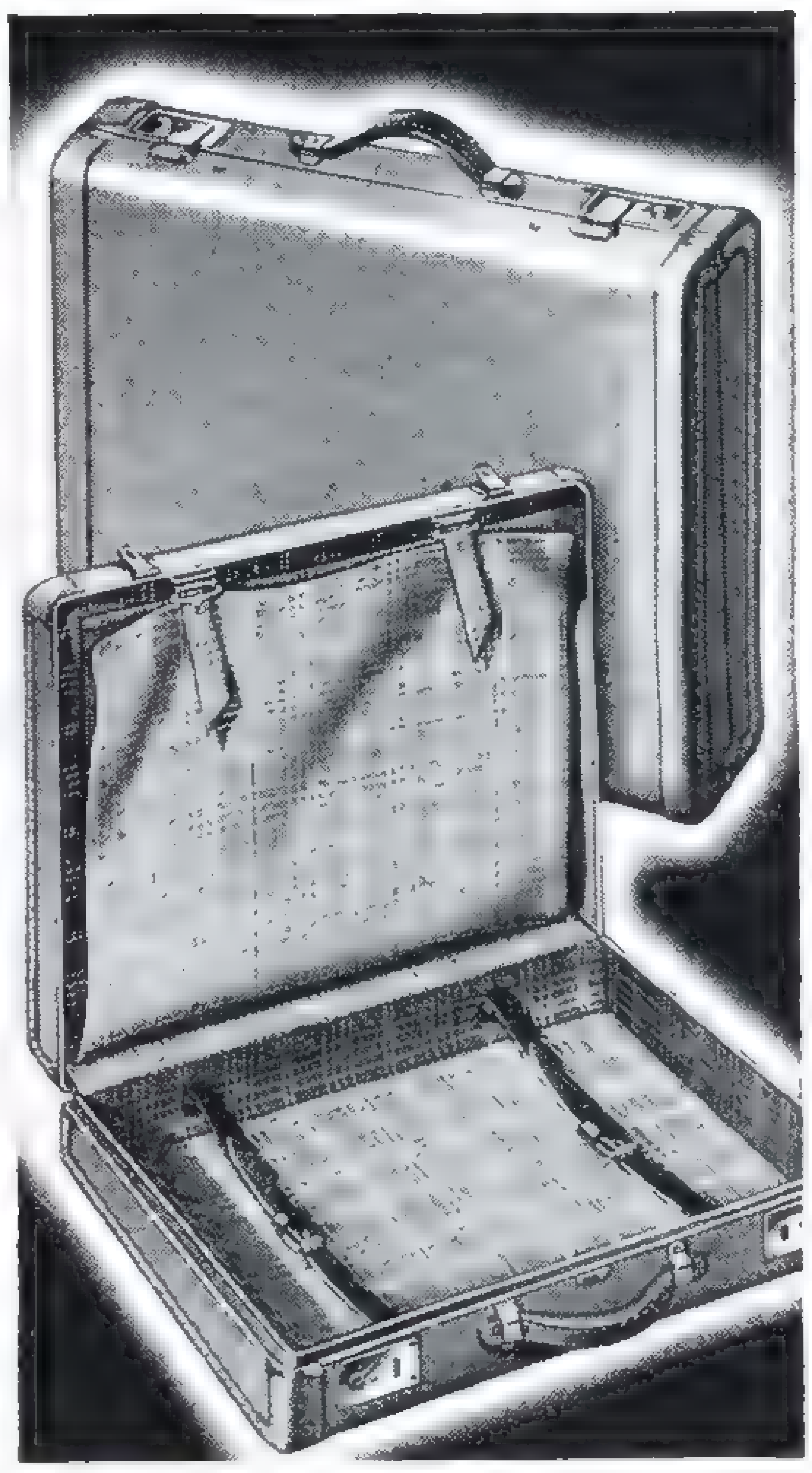

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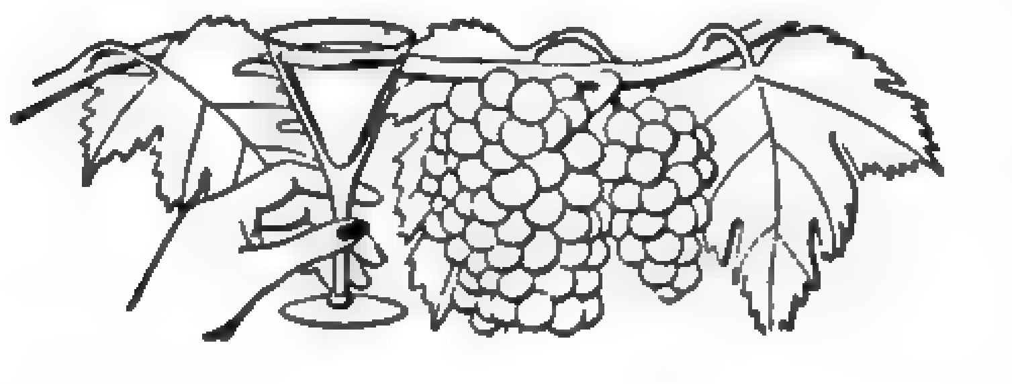
NUMBER I: *On discovering, at long last, the topflight California sherry*

WHEN WE UNCORKED our first bottle of this fine Croix Royale *Select* California Pale Dry Sherry...there, my friends, was a happy day indeed.

We sniffed its delicate bouquet, held its pale jewel-amber color against the light, then sipped. The second that crisp nutty flavor of the true Palomino grape caressed our taste buds, we knew that at long last we'd found *the* topflight California sherry!



DURING OUR THREE TRIPS round the world and throughout the Latin Americas, we find that a good dry sherry of this type is right now rated the smartest possible aperitif by hosts who *know* their food and drink.

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For years we've served dry sherry with delicate soups, white-meat poultry, and all seafoods. And just like every Master Chef since civilized cooking began, we constantly use dry sherry for flavoring cream soups, cooked seafood; in chowders, kidney stews and such.

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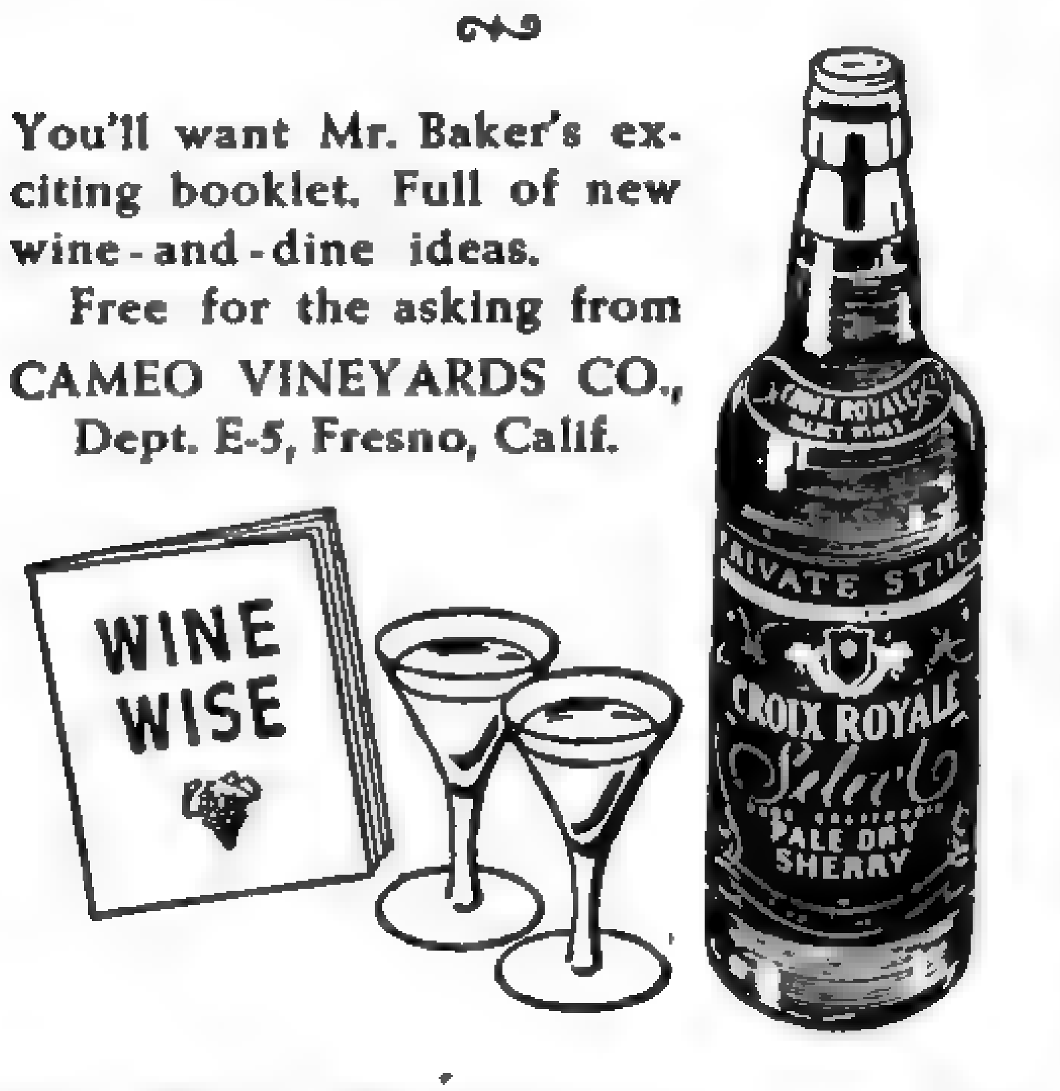
You'll want Mr. Baker's exciting booklet. Full of new wine-and-dine ideas. Free for the asking from CAMEO VINEYARDS CO., Dept. E-5, Fresno, Calif.



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CROIX ROYALE *Select*

WINES FROM CALIFORNIA

The Endless Test

Continued from page 89

words for such beauty, for such purity of line, for such delicacy of hue. Oh, she was like a tower of ivory! Only the man who wrote the Song of Songs could even shadow it forth. I hadn't read the Scripture in years. Now I read it again. Rebekah at the well must have been like that."

He paused for a moment, and put a hand over his eyes.

"She must"—he halted and swallowed hard and then resumed his explanation—"she must have liked me right away. She was so sweet and so docile and before I knew it we were lovers."

I tried to keep my voice flat and unironical.

"Did the chiefs of the tribe take a hand?"

He used his false deep voice again. He didn't look at me. He sat up very straight.

"Naturally, naturally. They're very poor and quite barbarous, you know. They sold her to me for a thousand francs. Fancy, for forty dollars. They insisted that I buy her a lot of silver truck—chains and bracelets and anklets. It came to perhaps another forty dollars. I took her to the American consul in Sfax and we were married there, of course."

"Good God," I said before I could stop myself.

He was more falsely dignified than ever—a very image of defensive insincerity.

"I couldn't see myself acting otherwise," he said stiffly.

"I see." I did see. I saw horrors. "And that's why you stay here all the year around?"

"She has no one but me. Her tribesmen never come near. The town Arabs despise us both. The French are cold and clannish, as you know."

"Has she learned English?" I asked.

He shook his head and kept his eyes from mine.

"Have you learned Arabic?"

"A few words," he answered dully.

"So you and she speak French?" I asked.

He nodded.

I shivered inwardly at the desolateness, the burning desolateness of this human soul. Like an abyss at the edge of which one might stand in terror as well as in despair.

For a minute speech died between us. Then he roused himself from his contemplation.

"But let me tell you one thing. I've made the years count. My day is coming. Will you look at a few things?"

I agreed with an eagerness I did not feel. He went behind the easel at the north window. Evidently the canvases were neatly ranged there in order to be placed on the easel one by one.

He must have shown me at least thirty. They represented every conceivable aspect of the country. But each subject was dreadfully posed as a subject—

Continued on page 230

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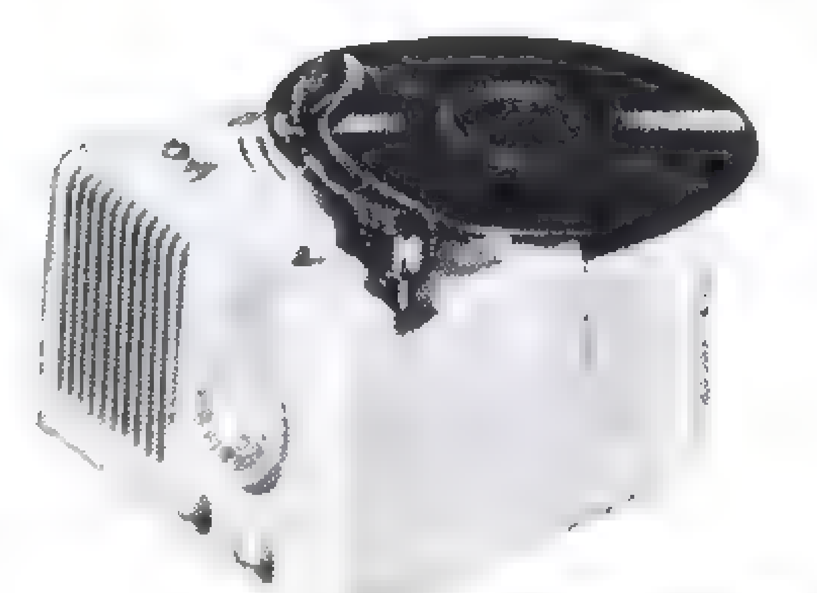

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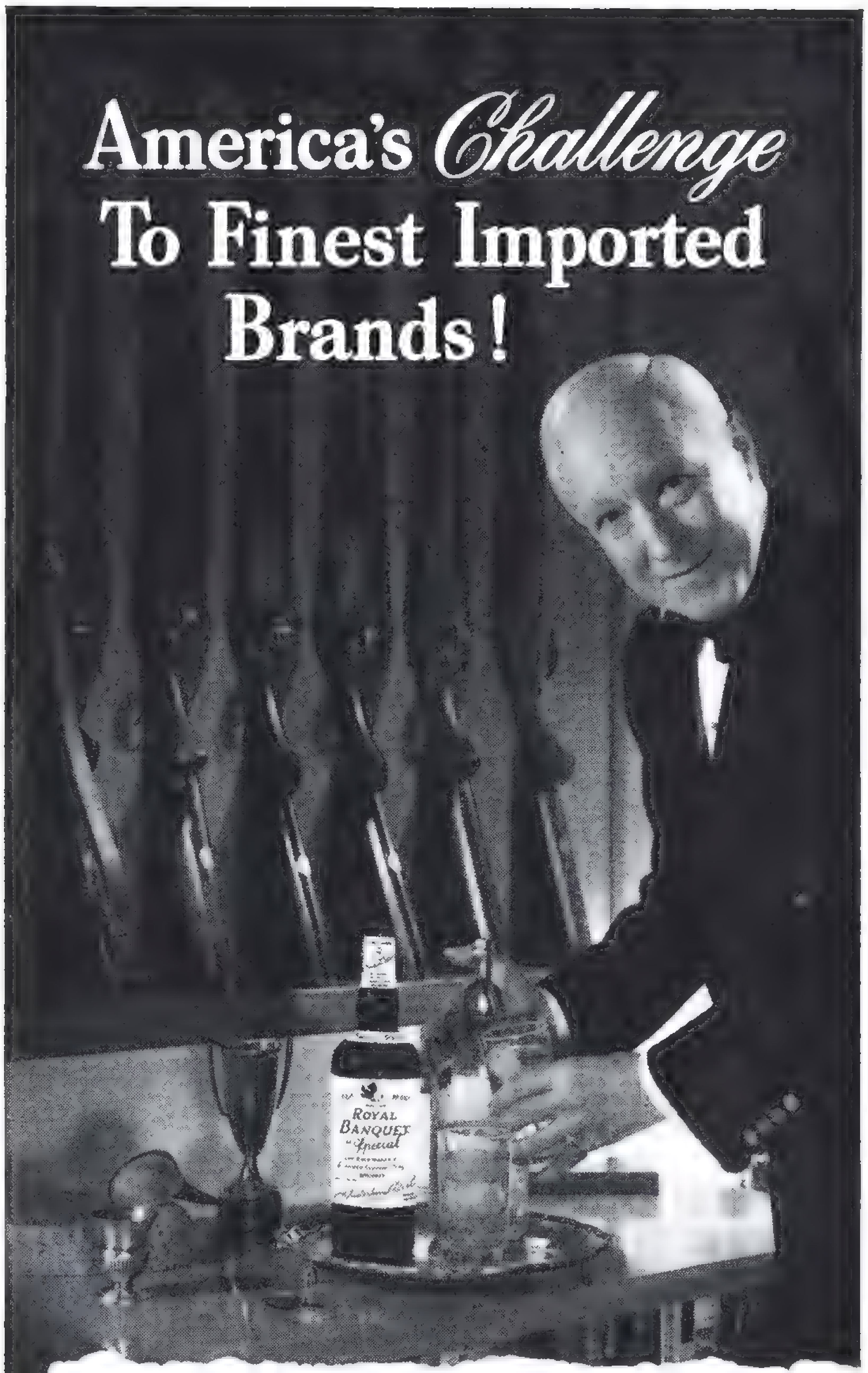

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The Endless Test

Continued from page 229

nakedly, glaringly so. The colors which he thought so bold were both insensitive and conventional. They were not even good poster colors. They were oleographic. There was no mystery and no poetry. The pictures were a sentimental schoolgirl's image of the fabled East. Wilson might have painted them in his native North Carolina with a few hundred pounds of Birmingham accessories. It was a cheap stage East. It wasn't even a sound-film East. My heart sank, but my compassion for Jonathan Wilson was, I am glad to say, greater than my disgust. I did not wait for him to ask.

"You've done everything you could," I said earnestly.

He turned those large blue eyes, now as beseeching as the eyes of a child, upon me.

"If I give a show in New York, then, you're pretty sure the stuff will go over big, aren't you?" he asked.

I shivered inwardly. But the saving answer came to me.

"The public reception of art," I said succinctly, "is no necessary indication of merit. Too many elements involved."

"But good work wins out in the end, doesn't it?"

"In the end, yes."

He laughed with a bitter kind of relief.

"Then there's no hurry. I've made provisions for a show in my will."

He came forward and sat down opposite me and again assumed that almost marionettelike air of false defensive dignity. He turned his voice almost into a basso profundo now.

"The point is, you see, that I face a moral problem. I owe all my accomplishment as an artist to Fatima. To go to New York and give a show, I would have to leave her desolate. You see that, don't you?"

Silently I assented.

"For mere glory I would subject her to misery. And you yourself said—didn't you? didn't you?—that the glory even wasn't too sure?"

He turned his eyes away. He collapsed for a moment, as it were; a momentary pallor spread over his face. The man knew. Somewhere deep within him he knew what his work was like. He would fight putting it to a test by every device he could conceive. Fatima was his shield and protection against disillusion.

"Of course I said that," I answered. "It's very far from sure."

He pulled himself together again. He stiffened again.

"Very fine. You confirm me in my choice. For the present, at all events. For the present. Human values come first. Let's have another drink!"

He gulped his down. He had poured it stiff. It told on him.

"Let's have some fruit or cakes or something," he said and laughed

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feebly and clapped his hands.

At that sound of the clapping of his hands a curtain in the rear of the studio stirred and then opened and a woman stepped out. It was Fatima, of course. Perhaps she was no more than in her thirties. But that is old for a desert woman. For she was small and fearfully obese and her obesity was a withered, slack, pendulous obesity. Her skin was a dirty yellow and her hair matted with filth. In raucous Arabic she asked what was wanted. The words came with a sullen bark. I watched Jonathan Wilson. He was now deadly pale. The liquor had betrayed him into an involuntary gesture. He turned toward the woman. His eyes were ablaze with hatred and disgust—the extreme hatred and disgust of the very timid whom it takes years of intolerable misery to bring to such a point. He barked a word back at her. She went out.

I got up. I had seen enough.

"I must go," I said coldly.

"Must you?" He rose feebly, as though age had suddenly overtaken him. "Must you?" He forced himself to laugh. It was a melancholy laugh. "Anyhow it's good to talk to someone who understands."

"Both art and life, eh?" I asked.

"That's it, exactly that. Both art and life."

He accompanied me out across the veranda to where the little carriage and the two Arabs were waiting. By an effort of the will he had to keep his hands from holding me back.

"I'm not likely to have callers for months now," he said.

There was almost a sob in the man's voice. I thought I had stood enough. I jumped into the carriage. Fradj ben Messaoud climbed on the box beside the driver, who flicked his horse. We rattled on. I looked back. Jonathan Wilson was still standing forlornly in the sand. I turned my head away and faced the intelligent and now frankly ironical eyes of Fradj ben Messaoud, who had swung around from his seat to face me.

"He is a strange type, M. Veelson, is he not?"

Fradj seemed suddenly to have found his French vocabulary.

"He is indeed."

"He pays well."

Again I assented.

"He pays too well," Fradj said ever so quietly and meaningfully, "for everything."

"How true that is!"

"And does not always even get it. When Fatima was young and beautiful, she used to—"

"That's enough!" I interrupted him.

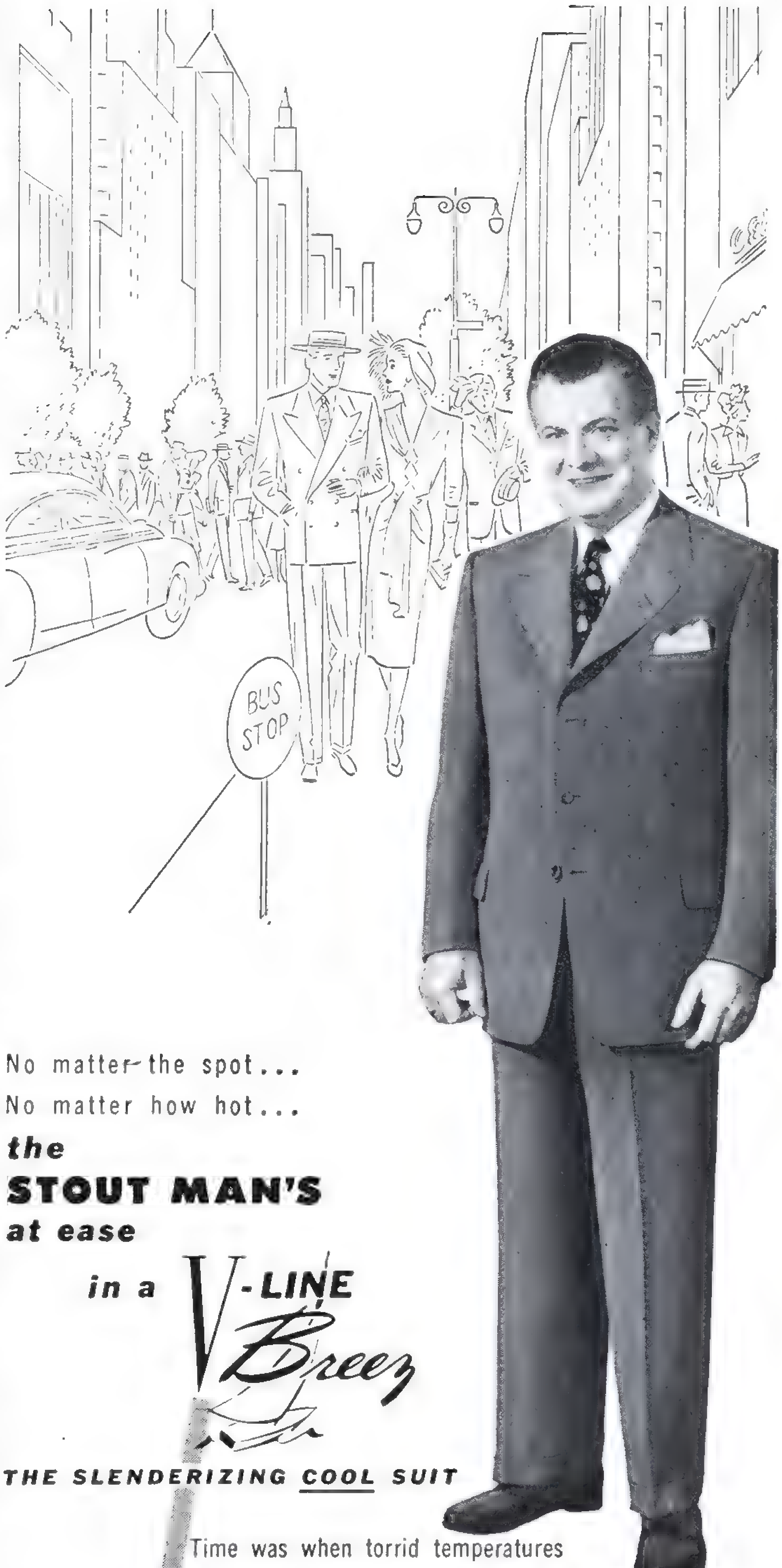
A curtain seemed to be lowered inside of the Arab's face.

"*Im' sh'Allah.* As God wills. If M'sieur comes back here and needs a guide, M'sieur has my card."

"I shall not come back and I need no guides."

"*Im' sh'Allah,*" he repeated quietly and turned his face forward to the road. ⧺

Continued from page 89



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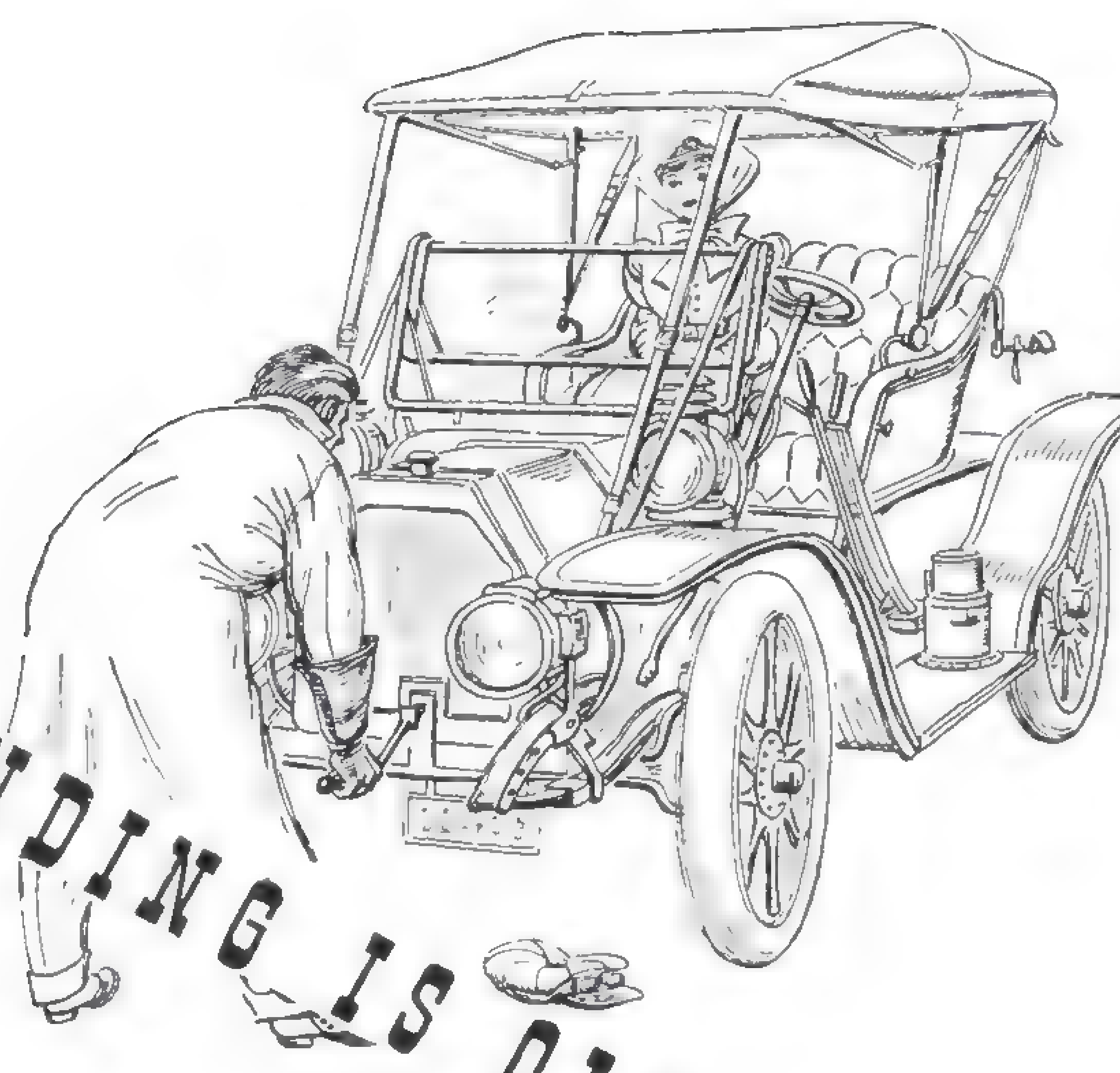

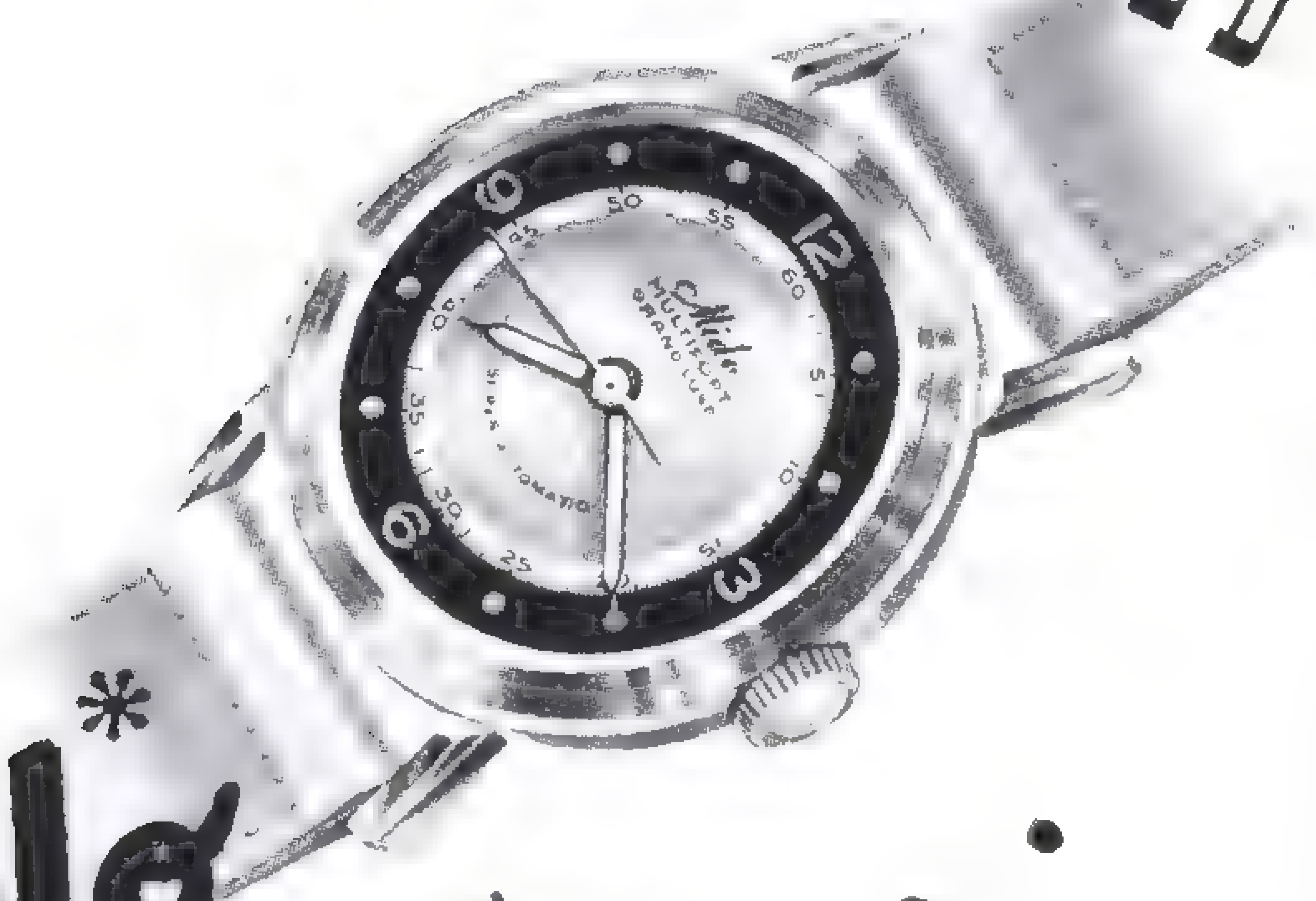

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Lash Up, Fellow Rover

Continued from page 79

again for weeks after they found him."

Little Mike's eyes danced. As it turned out, he'd never been close to a wanderer like Big Mike before, and I was glad Big Mike wasn't stowing his hatches with long talk. Not that it's not fun to grease a lubber, but Little Mike showed in time as too swell a guy. Big Mike asked, "How the hell did you get to be the water-front reporter if you don't know anything about ships?" Little Mike replied, "They don't know that. I told 'em I was in the Navy during the war."

"Were you?" Big Mike asked.

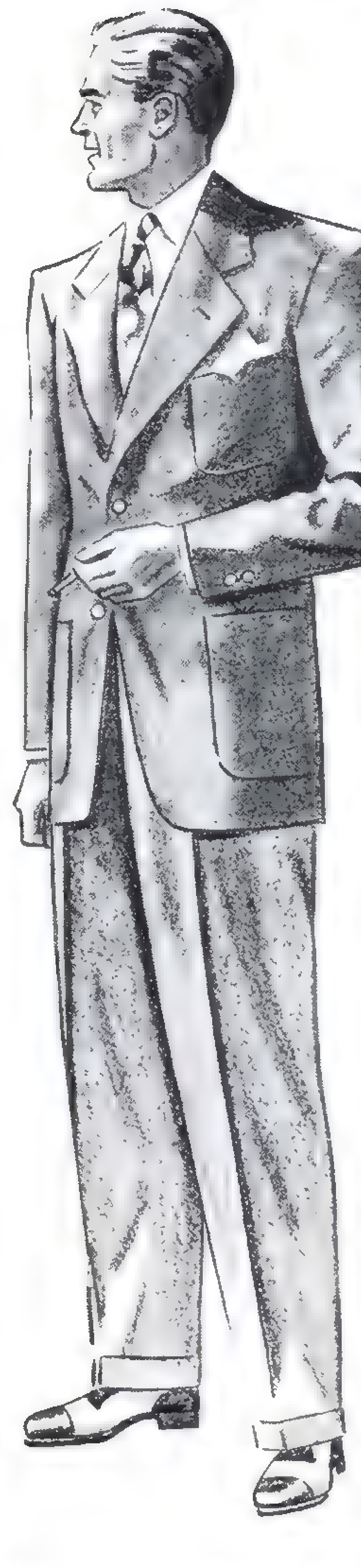
"Yes, but I never got to sea." Little Mike shifted embarrassedly. "I wanted to go," he said, "but no one ever believes that a sailor in the Navy who wanted to go to sea couldn't go. You'll be like everybody else. You'll think I was afraid and ducked it, but I didn't, honest. I got to Great Lakes and stayed there. My skipper wouldn't let me go once he found out he could use me to knock out his reports to Washington."

Big Mike got out the beer and we bulled plenty. Finally Big Mike told Little Mike if he wanted to learn about ships and the sea, why not move to the *Tarpon.* Little Mike said, "You really mean it?" "Sure," said Big Mike, "stick around and we'll make a sailor out of you."

So Little Mike moved in. Some nights they'd be over to the *Helen V* for chow and some nights I'd cook up something on the *Tarpon.* Nine-tenths of the time Little Mike spouted words that sounded like a book, especially poetry, like one night he said, "The harbor is a brown-skinned woman. She has bare shoulders and the landsman looks upon her and is bewitched. She lures him from the land, a siren with untold mysteries. She is an enchantress, and sea gulls nest on her bosom and cry their poignant cry. When the great ships come in from far-off, be they queens or be they frumps, she caresses them with her brown fingers."

When Little Mike chanted like that, Big Mike's great frame stilled. He'd smile like a little boy listening to a story. After awhile, Big Mike filled his pipe and drew hard on it, and sat thinking until he remembered something. "There was an island in the Straits of Magellan where the women were brown," he said. "You know that Magellan story, that he was killed by the natives?" Little Mike sprang to attention. "Yes . . . ?"

"Down there a wizened native chief told me one time that was the bunk. Magellan's sailors came ashore, as sailors have since time began, searching for excitement. Old Ferdinand came in with them, wearing his armored suit, and when the boat hit the beach he fell out headfirst. The sailors



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espied the native women and ran to chase them, letting Magellan stick in the sand in his armor. He couldn't get loose and was drowned."

I lighted Little Mike's cigarette and then my own.

"That's all to that," said Big Mike, rubbing his red whiskers. "Except you might know that sometimes the white sailors would linger on in the South Seas and take several wives. One fellow I heard of in Tahiti had seven of them. He was fifty-two or so. A missionary worked him over about the bad example he was setting, and tried to talk him into giving up all but one, and this fellow would listen politely and never do a thing about it. Then he got tired of all the preaching and he told the missionary, 'Marie is the cook, I couldn't do without her; Rose is the housekeeper, I can't do without her; Emmy does the marketing, and I can't do without her; Brownie prepares my bath and keeps my bed in order, and Anna is trained to add and subtract and keep the books, and I need them both; Queenie's a dancer and she keeps me laughing and happy, and Mary, well, she's my wife. I regret that I cannot bow to your desires.' The missionary decided after that to give up."

They'd jawbone like that for hours, but they were different from anybody I've ever sailed with, because they'd get more kick out of listening than talking. I'd keep the coffeepot on and prime them both. Big Mike, for all his thirty-seven years of batching, knew plenty about the ladies of all shapes and sizes and colors, and he knew the sea and ships, yet those fancy words of Little Mike's would set him to dreaming. Like me, Big Mike was lying on the beach, kind of weary of water after the war and three torpedoings, and you could see Little Mike was curing him. Me, too.

Little Mike began understanding the lingó, and yet he'd see something in ships me and Big Mike knew was there but we couldn't put into words. One night he came in, his eyes gleaming, and said, "At Key Highway today they had a Robin Line ship in the graving dock. Those lines! The architect must have worked hand in hand with Triton, Aeolus and Neptune. Pointed at the bow and slim, with a cruiser stern, every line of her reckoned for speed. Must have stood her owners two million and up."

Big Mike laughed. "You got it bad, do you know that? Why don't you get your papers? If anything should happen now to keep you from going to sea, you'd never be happy again in your life."

"As soon as I know a little more," he said hesitantly, "I'll ship."

"Don't wait too long," Big Mike advised. "Too many guys do that. They talk and dream and all at once a girl flits by and makes goo-goo eyes at them and before they know it they're anchored."

'I'm only twenty-three," Little

Continued on page 234

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Lash Up, Fellow Rover

Continued from page 233

Mike said. "Lots of time for getting married later."

"Remember that," said Big Mike.

Those two got along better than anybody I ever saw. It seemed funny though, Little Mike, all of five-foot-three, and Big Mike, six-foot-four, bulling and teaching and learning. Big Mike taught him to worm and parcel and serve; to use a steel wire brush and scrapers with the least effort and still do the best job; to watch for the rust at angles, edges and bolt and rivet heads, where it pops up first, and to scrub oars and boat-hook staffs with sand and canvas. Little Mike couldn't have had a better instructor, save maybe Dave Jones himself. Big Mike had shipped fifteen years and I doubt if a better bosun ever sailed into Baltimore. Everything was just right until the night Little Mike lost his job.

What a dumbbell! I carried Little Mike over to Locust Point (the *Helen V* was running okay then) and he passed about two minutes with a Norwegian skipper who, I'll bet, didn't say twenty words. The dour old gent had run into a fog off Hatteras and came into port sixty hours late. I still have the clipping, a column long. It started out:

> *"Fog and fate are still man's master," declared Captain James Kildahl when he arrived here yesterday afternoon after a two-and-a-half-day battle with the sea's classic elements, which resulted in the 8,000-ton* Rantanger *sustaining severe damage off Cape Hatteras. "The fog, a sinister grey cat couchant over mountains and lakes and bays, and wedding the earth and sea and sky, grasped us in her merciless clutch. All, all about us was fog. We dared not move."*

What mallarkey! On and on it rolled. Little Mike said it was the best story he ever wrote. The next morning he dashed up the wharf with the morning paper. A columnist had commented on the story. "Captain Kildahl is in pretty good company as a maker of metaphors," the columnist wrote. Then he quoted from Shakespeare, a fellow named Sandburg and another one named T. S. Eliot, all of whom had written stuff about the fog. I stood there laughing, figuring it was a good hoax, when Little Mike flipped his hand in farewell and rushed away. "That should mean a raise," said Little Mike, "now that they know I'm not too bad."

Mike was chafed bad when he came back about noon. "That dumb, stupid city editor," said Mike. "He fired me!"

Little Mike took it hard. Big Mike said, "So what, now you can lash up your gear and see the world." Little Mike looked him in the eye. "Could be," he said. We took Little Mike up to Connie's for sea food. I hadn't even a bone in the icebox. He was miserable, that's what caused the trouble. Margaret was our wait-

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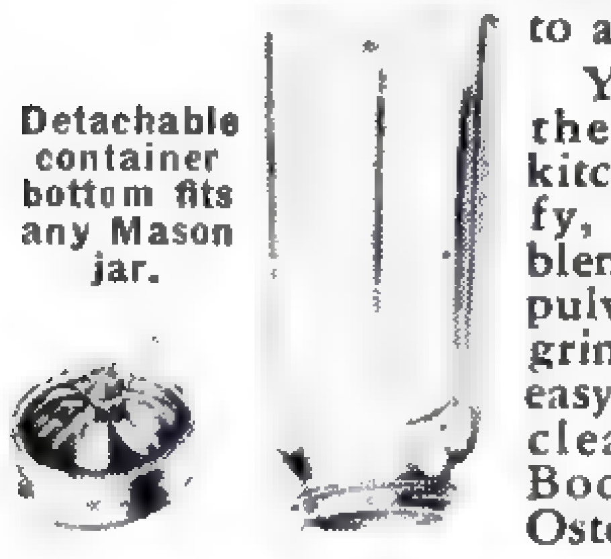

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ress, a good-looking woman, I must admit; a widow of twenty-eight or so, and she listened to Little Mike harping about losing his job. Even then he talked like an angel, and she gave him the look, but a clean, right kind of look, which appreciated the fact that Little Mike's kind was rare in Connie's. He wore a tie, and a coat that went with the pants, and had clean fingernails.

Well, you know how it is; somehow she poked into the conversation and offered her sympathy. Big Mike said, "C'mon, Sister, shove off," and Little Mike, pained and surprised, said, "That's not the way to talk to a lady, Mike. After all . . ." Big Mike, who didn't need to take anything from anybody, said, "I'm sorry," and gurgled down some more beer.

Margaret lingered around and Mike suggested to her that we all walk her home, and it was okay with her. She knocked off at 8 o'clock and the three of us plodded along to her door. Big Mike said, "Well, we're going to a show; nice to have met'cha." Little Mike stalled around. "You coming?" asked Big Mike, and Little Mike said, "No, I don't feel like going to a show." He went into Margaret's place.

Big Mike wasn't fit company that night. He twisted and turned and tapped his foot in the movie, fretting about Little Mike. When we came out, he said, "I don't like the way she looked at Little Mike at all. We'd better get him his papers."

I make a few bucks selling bait, and Little Mike helped me once in awhile. Then he'd roam around with Big Mike, a day's work here or there around the harbor, the way Big Mike believes work should be done. Big Mike took him over to the Union hall, to the Coast Guard and to Shipping Commissioner's Office, getting him all lined up to sail as an ordinary. Little Mike was all set, but he kept hanging around and putting in his spare hours with Margaret.

Then I noticed Big Mike one morning with his hair all slick. My guess was right off that he was late-dating Little Mike. After Little Mike would see Margaret home and come back to the *Tarpon*, Big Mike'd sneak off and I'd see him cutting up through the field. He and Little Mike didn't spend near so much time together then.

I figured Margaret must have liked Big Mike best. When you get down to it, he was older than she was, and if she'd taken on a young guy like Little Mike she'd be always going down the horizon while he was coming up. Big Mike would have been her best marrying proposition.

Little Mike stuck around and, though he'd got his papers, he was content to work a little and sit over there on the *Tarpon* scribbling poetry. Big Mike kept jawing him to find a berth, but Little Mike would say, "Okay, any day now." All the time Big Mike continued telling him about life in

Continued on page 236

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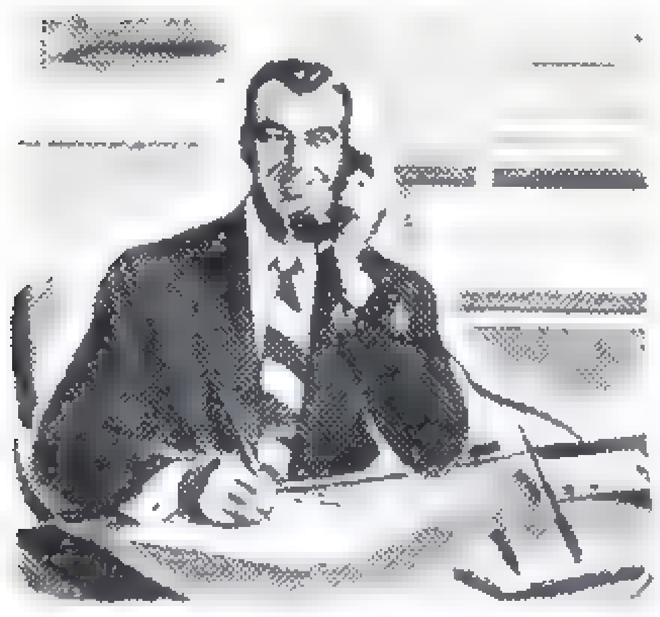

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Lash Up, Fellow Rover

Continued from page 235

Port-au-Prince, Rio, Buenos Aires, Trondheim, Sydney, Calcutta, Belfast and every last port Big Mike'd been in, which is practically all of them.

Then it seemed to me Little Mike dallied because of Margaret. That's about the way it all stood that night we had the last party together on the *Helen V* and Big Mike said he and Margaret were going to get married. Two days later I saw Mike off on a tanker. I trailed her with the *Helen V* as the tugs shoved her into the Fort McHenry channel and on into the Brewerton channel. When she picked up speed I turned back, waving at Little Mike, who stood at the fantail.

What would happen when those two pals met again, I didn't know. When I heard Little Mike's tanker was in at Standard Oil I tried to start up the *Helen V*, but she wouldn't turn over. You know how boats are. So I wrote him a note and gave it to a Coastie on a picket boat at Port Covington, a guy I know, and he said he'd deliver it. Then I yelled over to Big Mike and told him to come over to dinner and I beat it and bought this shad and started cooking, letting Big Mike sit out there quiet and thoughtful.

I heard a whoop and yell and knew it was Little Mike. I quick put the shad into the oven and jumped to the cockpit. It was him, all right, coming down the wharf gaited like an old salt and scending with every step. He stopped dead when he saw Big Mike, and stared at him coldly. Then he leaped down into the boat and shook my hand. Big Mike stood there with his pipe in his left hand. I could see wisps of smoke curling from the pipe. Funny what you remember sometimes.

"How about shaking hands with a friend of mine?" I said to Little Mike.

He turned around to Big Mike and managed a fishy sort of smile. Then he said, "Why not?" and stepped over and put his little mitt into Big Mike's huge pothook. I grabbed a bottle of Chilean brandy I got from a seaman and tossed a couple of hookers into them as fast as I could. Lubrication, you know . . .

I served the soup, hot and steaming, and they smacked their lips, which is the way I like my compliments, but they aimed their conversation at me. The shad was ready in twenty minutes. I shoved it over in front of Little Mike. "Carve," I ordered. He did, giving Big Mike a chunk proportionate to his size, me a smaller piece, and himself the tail end. I kept their glasses full. Little Mike jawed, looking at me while he talked. He'd been to Houston, to Boston, to Colón, to Corpus Christi, to Liverpool, to Houston again and back to Baltimore. "A great life, the sailor's life," he said, "I

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Big Mike was happy. You could tell it from the way he hung onto Little Mike's every word, even if Little Mike would hardly look at him. They ate good, just like the old days, but yet the air was strained. I gave them each a heluva hunk of lemon meringue pie, made from real lemon, of course, and they stowed it away. We went aft and flopped in the cockpit, and finally Little Mike says, like I'd been expecting all along, "How's Margaret?"

"Fine, I guess," said Big Mike. "Married now, you know."

"Yeah, I know," said Little Mike.

"She married Connie, the guy who runs the restaurant," I said.

"Huh?" said Little Mike.

"Yeah," I said.

Little Mike squinted disgustedly at Big Mike. "You lost her?"

I figured it was time for me to straighten him out. "See here, Little Mike," I said, "Big Mike was nearly clawed to death, all for you. He broke off a couple of days after you sailed, but you almost forced him to go through with it because you kept hanging around."

Little Mike's face screwed up questioningly. "I guess I didn't make it plain," I said. "Big Mike did it all for you. He was afraid you'd be spliced. He was afraid you'd never get to sea. He was ready to make the supreme sacrifice for you, that's what."

Little Mike turned red from laughing. "Pour me another drink," he said, "and to hell with the shot glass. Give me a water glass." Big Mike smiled, still rather uneasily. "Get a good-sized drink ready, too," Little Mike said, "you'll need it.

"You big dumb lubber," said Little Mike, "here's to you." He gulped, and blew the fire from his throat. "I knew you double-timed me. I tried everything to stop Margaret from seeing you. I even asked her to marry me. I stalled and stalled waiting for you to get tired of the beach, waiting for you to say you'd ship with me, but instead you chased that dame more and more . . ."

"Holy Hell!" said Big Mike. "Holy Hell!" He threw his big arm around Little Mike's shoulder and they shook hands the best I ever saw. We drank down that brandy and I poured more, and we hooted and laughed and hollered half the night in the cockpit of the *Helen V*.

I've turned her over to an ex-soldier and his wife and they're going to live on her and take care of her, and also the *Tarpon* for Big Mike and Little Mike. Us? Well, Big Mike got his papers in order and so did I and we're lashed up here at the foot of Broadway, waiting for the water taxi to take us out to the Riverview anchorage. Little Mike's waiting out there in a Liberty that's heading for Belfast. I've signed on as cook, so you can be sure those lucky lubbers will eat well, in fact, just right. ⧺

Continued from page 79

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The Nervous Husband

Continued from page 105

tell myself it *was* true—I was alive, and the baby was alive, I was his wife, we were all right. Do you know how it is if you take an ordinary everyday word—did you ever do this when you were a kid? Take a word like eggs, just eggs, and repeat it—eggseggseggs eggseggs—pretty soon you say it and it sounds queer and you don't know what you're saying. I thought I was going crazy too.

"Over six weeks I did that. Then one day, in a moment when I had gone to the window of the private room he was in to look out at the green lawn so carefully healthy and strong, I heard a thin voice say, 'Are you really my wife?' I cried.

"Slowly I told him about all that had happened, and where he was—over a period of another month. He kept getting better, until he was remembering what I said without my having to repeat it from day to day. But it was two more months before they let him out of the hospital."

"You were eighteen then?"

"Yes." She shook her head. "At eighteen I was—I was married to a psychiatric case. I thought it was temporary, and that he would get back to normalcy in a few months. He never has. He . . . if you saw him once . . . what's your name?"

"What's yours?"

"Clara Sackville," she said. "I've told you my life story and all this time I didn't know—"

"Mine's Ralph Logtin," he said. "When did you know you didn't love your husband?"

She seemed to giggle in secret at the question. "I don't know."

"Was it after the breakdown?"

"I don't know," she said. "We moved from California to Kentucky and we stayed there a few months. They couldn't do much for him in the hospitals there, and finally they gave him a discharge. But I didn't love him then, I was—a person hates to break away . . ."

"But you had another baby—seven months old you said. Why?"

"I thought he might get better. I thought that might do it. I wanted to show him I *was* his wife. I was taking a chance on the future."

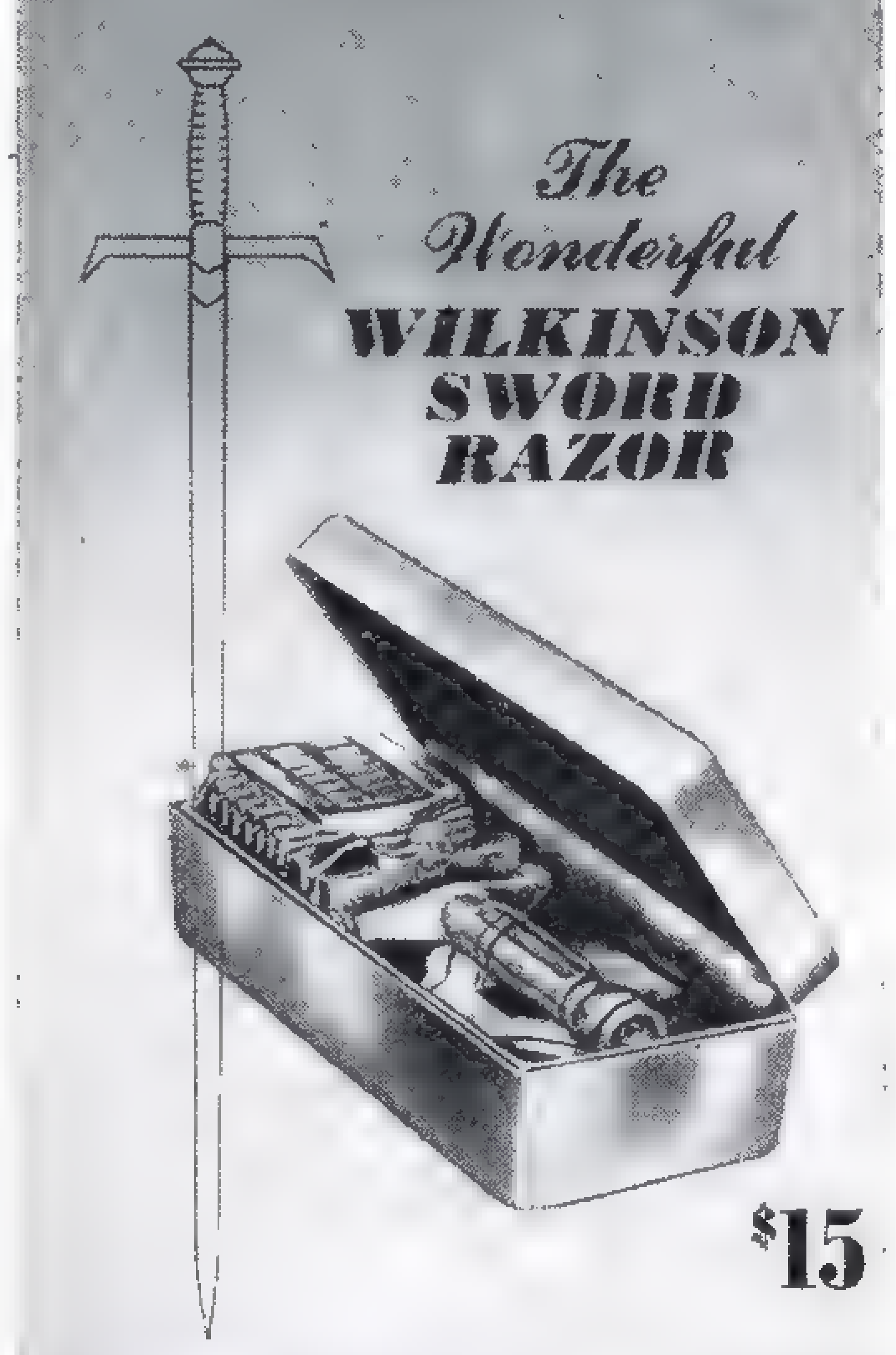
"How do you know you won't have another baby?"

"I won't," she said firmly.

"You've been taught not to believe in it, so you won't get a divorce either, will you?"

She used a handkerchief on her eyes. "A different subject, please. A little humor."

"A person has to be frank," he said, cutting away like a surgeon or butcher. "You didn't know me and I didn't know you, but for this time we've spent talking and smoking we know one another," Logtin said. "I know you by your talking and you know me by my questioning and listening. I didn't think you were going to get



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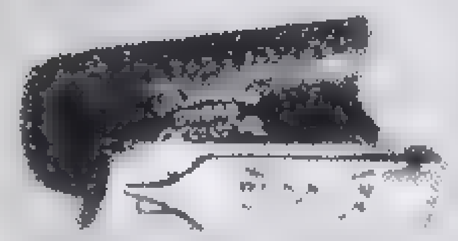

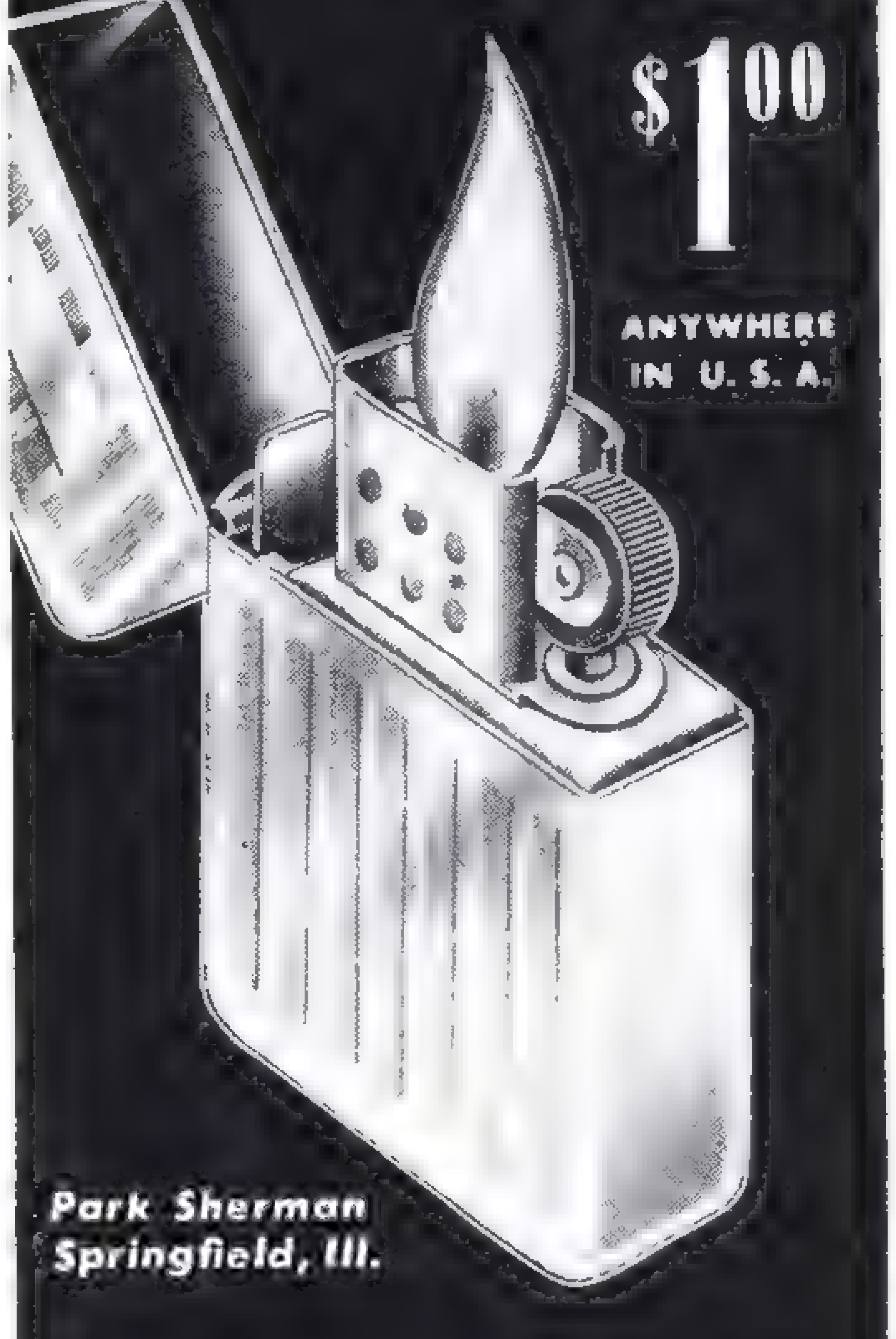

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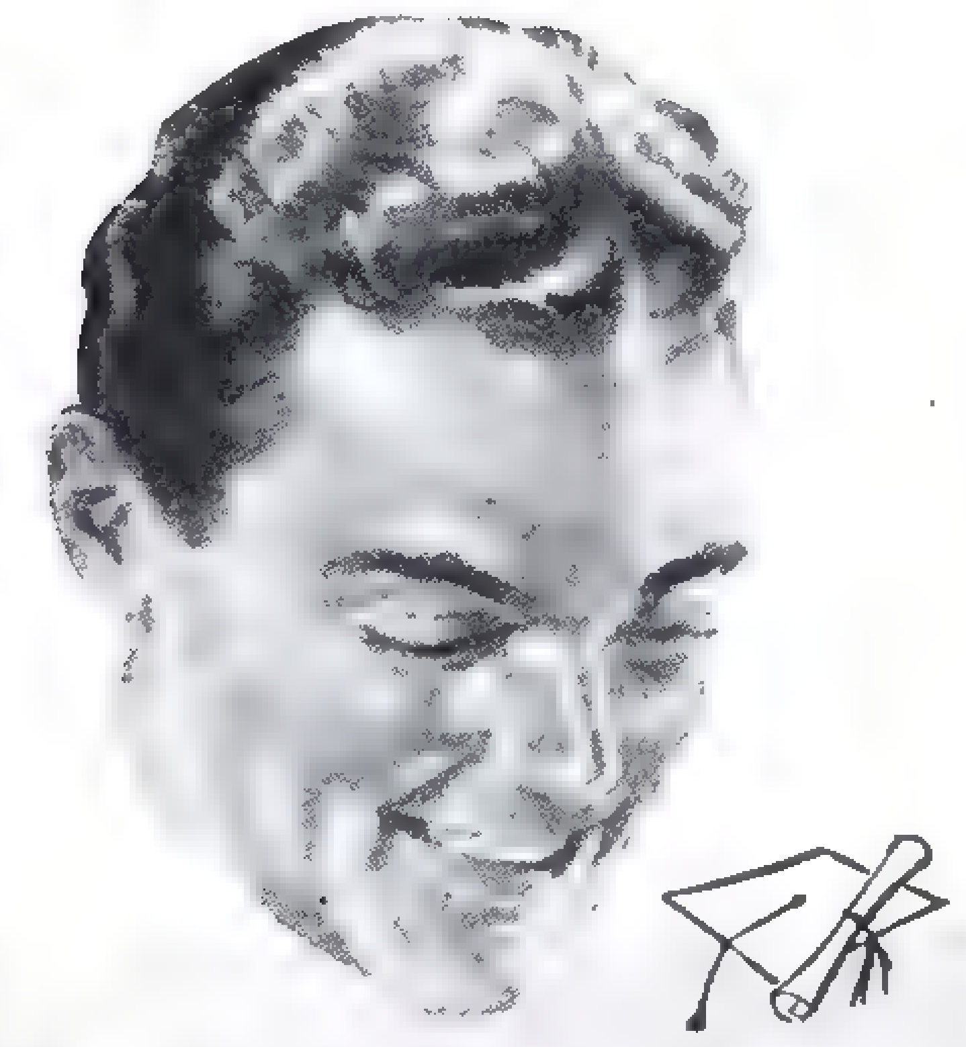

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a divorce, but I wanted to check. What will you do? Get a separation? How will you live?"

"By my playing," she said. "Now, I'm a salesgirl downtown. He stays home, he doesn't want to work. I bring in the money to keep us alive. I'd like to see him on his feet again. I don't want to send him out on his own without his being able to look after himself. I've an obligation to him."

"You won't leave him."

"How can I? I've a little baby. I figure that another year and a half Dale will be two years old, and I can put them both, Dale and Ann, in a nursery during the day, if I want, and it wouldn't be a bother watching them at night. And him, Walter—I'm like a mother to him now. I'm not his wife—I'm his mother!"

"I know what you mean."

"I have to tell him to do this or that; otherwise he would sit about the house—I get so mad at him sometimes, but I remember—"

"Why don't you take him to a psychiatrist, or a psychoanalyst?"

"He won't go. He stays in a blue humor all the time, but he won't go to a doctor any more. The Army says there's nothing at all wrong with him physically, it's all in his mind, but he won't try to help himself. And he keeps getting more and more suspicious of me, every time I go out. I don't like sitting around. I want to dance and laugh and enjoy myself! But he sits in the house and broods. He doesn't want to do anything! I told him tonight I was going to the show, and I hired a girl to watch the kids. I've seen the picture before, so when he asks me what it's about I can tell him—he's that suspicious. That's why I don't want Johnny coming over any more. Walter's too—"

They were quiet, and she broke the silence with an embarrassed laugh. "Now I've told all, doctor. What's your decision?"

"I haven't any," he said. "It's all up to you. You've a problem."

"I have a headache too," she said. "All this smoke, and talking so much."

"I've some aspirin," he said, getting up. "How many?"

"I guess I'll take two."

He took a glass from the dresser and went into the bathroom.

"I'm glad I had these aspirins," he said when he returned. He put one in her cupped hand. "See if you can catch this one." She laughed and turned her head up, and held her mouth open. He dropped in the aspirin, held the glass while she drank, and while she swallowed the second one.

"Better?" he asked. He sat at his desk, and watched her.

"Much better," she said.

"It's the psychology of the thing," he said. "You swallow something and you feel better."

"I feel much—oh!" She tapped her forehead. "It's back again."

"Is it that bad?" he asked. "Have you ever tried massage? Massaging your forehead?"

"No," she said hesitantly.

"Let's try it. I have to get rid

Continued on page 240

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The Nervous Husband

Continued from page 239

of that headache for you," he said. He walked over to the couch. "Now turn sideways, so I can massage—that's right."

He stood behind her and placed his hands on her forehead. Gently he rubbed the tips of his fingers over the slightly roughened surface, placed them at the middle again and repeated the action, talking to her gently about the efficiency of the process.

"Is that better?" he asked.

"Thank you very much." She smiled. "That was wonderful."

"It usually works," he said. She heaved a big sigh and smiled.

"You'll still have to do penance," she said.

He began to curse mentally the time he had lost, but perhaps it had been necessary as a prologue. He sat down next to her. "This may be a long process. Do you think it will be?" He put his arm about her so that he had his hands on her forehead again.

"That depends," she said.

"On what?"

"On the headache." She smiled at him again, and murmured as his hands smoothed her skin. "That's wonderful. That makes me feel so lightheaded and sleepy." Her eyes showed a drowsy effect. Her lips were barely open, full and pouty.

"I'll stop," he said.

"Oh! There's the headache again." She smiled as he started the treatment again.

"What if someone came by the door?" she asked.

"No one comes by the door now," he said. "They don't come by, they don't see anything."

"That's nice," she said.

"I want to stop," he said.

"Then I'll remember I have a headache."

"I'll make you forget," he said, bringing her head around.

"The door's open," she said.

He kissed her.

"No, Ralph," she said, but she stayed in his arms. He put her arms around him and kissed her again, until he separated from her.

"You're not so old," he said.

"You don't make me feel old," she said. "You—"

"I'll make you feel younger." He kissed her and she made him hold her.

"Clara," he said, "there was one thing I was wondering about. You came here to tell Johnny not to come to your house any more?"

"I don't want any trouble."

"But there's a phone here. You could have called him. You came here *for* Johnny."

She kissed him again. "Who's Johnny?" she whispered.

He left her and closed the door. He locked and bolted it.

Before he abandoned sensible conversation he said, "I think he's the father of your first child."

She laughed throatily and pulled him towards her. "So what?" she said. ⧺

Continued from page 105

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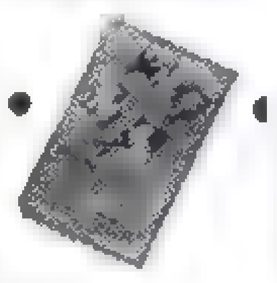

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

eyewitness account

I was very much interested in the story of Death Valley Scotty's dash to Chicago in 1905, as I was a member of the unofficial reception committee that he "ran into" at the Dearborn Station.

It was close to noon when the Special arrived, at a time of day when there was very little traffic in and out of the station. We had had word of his coming and a crowd of us who were working in the express depots gathered on the loading platform at track 1. I was with the Pacific Express Company, and the Wells Fargo Express Company operated in the division of the depot next to ours.

The great moment arrived and before the train had fully stopped Scotty dropped from the step of the Pullman with a mongrel dog under his arm and ran across from the track on which the Special came in to the platform where we were standing. He eased the pooch onto the platform, held up his hand and asked for a hand up onto the platform.

One of the boys grasped the extended hand and hauled Scotty up. He stood there a moment and then asked if anyone would take him up to the Great Northern Hotel. One of the money-wagon drivers offered his services and Scotty gave him a ten-dollar bill and was gone, just like that, with his dog.

We didn't see his wife, but we were told she had braved the crowd at the track gates and was driven to the hotel in one of the old horse-drawn cabs which could be found in front of the depot at any time in those days.

Your story states that Scotty gave the engineer a fifty-dollar bill, but I don't see how he could have. He didn't see the engineer. He dropped off the rear end and came directly to where we were standing. That was almost forty-two years ago.

Sincerely yours,
W. M. Powell
Cleveland, O.

railroad man's reminiscences

The Death Valley Scotty article in your April issue was very interesting to me in that I can remember very well about the run the Scotty Special made in 1905. I was personally acquainted with Sam Fairchilds, the engineer of the train from Kansas City to Fort Madison, Iowa. And I have worked a number of times on the trains from Chicago to Fort Madison with Engineer Locey on the engine. He was on the engine of the Special between those points.

Yours very truly,
George A. Kelley
Galesburg, Ill.

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
JUNE, 1947

Abels, Robert 31
Acme Products Company 31
Adler Shoes for Men 34
Adler Shops for Men 26, 31
Adrian 223
Akom (Associated Knitted Outerwear Mills) 234
Allen Edmonds 243
Alligator Company, The (Galecloth) 149
American Spectacle Co., Inc. 4
Ampco Products Co. (Pak-A-Pipe) 18
Ampro Corporation 204
Ancient Bottle Gin (Seagram-Distillers Corporation) 209
Andover Clothes, Inc. 236
Angostura Wuppermann Corp. 42
Aqua-Pruf (Campbell & Sons Mfg. Co.) 240
Art-carved (J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.) 8
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 129
Associated Knitted Outerwear Mills (Akom) 234
Axel Bros. (Columbia Diamond Rings) 218
Ayrstar (Stern Apparel Corporation) 232

B.V.D. 156
Bachrach 185
Bailey of Hollywood (Desert Club) 183
Bantamac (Marcus Breier's Sons) 183
Barclay & Co. Limited, Jas. (Corby's) 172
Bates Shoe Company 220
Bauer & Black (Bracer) 227
Beau Brummell:
  Ties 27
  Toiletries 53
Beautiator Corp., The 16
Beech-Nut Gum 226
Benner Leather Goods Co. 208
Berghman Co., D. 34
"Black & White" (The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation) 184
Blue Blades (Gillette Safety Razor Company) 201
Blue Streak (Remington Rand Inc.) 186
Botany Worsted Mills (500) 12
Bracer (Bauer & Black) 227
Breier's Sons, Marcus (Bantamac) 183
Bretton (Bruner-Ritter, Inc.) 202
Briarwood Corporation, The (Bryson) 190
British Walkers (J. P. Smith Shoe Co.) 224
Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation (King) 140
Brugal (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 136
Bruner-Ritter, Inc. (Bretton) 202
Bryson (The Briarwood Coporation) 190
"Bub" (John B. Flaherty Co., Inc.) 234
Burger, Joseph (Staturaid) 16
Burlington Brewing Company (Van Merritt) 242
Burlington Mills Corporation 171

Cadie Chemical Products, Inc. 15
Calamatic (Mathey-Tissot) 194
Calendograph (Movado Watch Agency, Inc.) 191
Calvert Distillers Corporation (Lord Calvert) 132
Camel (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.) IV Cover
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale) 229
Campbell & Sons Mfg. Co. (Aqua-Pruf) 240
Camp Trailer (Higgins, Inc.) 195
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.:
  Cinzano 207
  Pedro Domecq 194
  Exshaw 189
  Passport 181
Canterbury 135
Cardean Sportswear 240
Carnival 39
Cash's 31
Catalina, Inc. 225
Chase, Merrill 24
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co. 23
Chrysler Marine Engines 19
Cinzano (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 207
Clapp & Son, Edwin 218
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 129
Cohama (United Merchants & Manufacturers Inc.) 37
Columbia Diamond Rings (Axel Bros.) 218
Columbia Walescraft Ltd. (Tel-A-Key) 184
Comptone Co., Ltd. (Oculens) 241
Concord Shoes 18
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 39
Coopers Inc. (Jockey) 150, 151
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited) 172
Corcoran, Inc. 18
Corsican, The (Wimbledon Shirt Co., Inc.) 206
Crest Specialty (Spiffy) 234
Croix Royale (Cameo Vineyards Co.) 229
Cross, Mark (Cross Country) 3
Cross Pencil Company, A. T. 16
Crown Luggage Co., Inc. (Single Suiter) 228
Crump Company, Inc., B. T. 16
Crystalier Co. 48
Curtis Shoe Company, Inc. 178

Dandy Plastics Co. 26
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's) 233
Desert Club (Bailey of Hollywood) 183
Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) 235
Dobbs (Montego) 130, 131
Domecq, Pedro (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 194
Doppelt & Co., Charles 174
Dunhill, Alfred:
  Rollalite 221
  Toiletries 17
Duralite (Rayno Co.) 241
Dutch Masters 206

Elco Manufacturing Co., Inc. 24
Electronic Specialty Co. 23
Elgin National Watch Company 52
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo) 217
Eterna Watch Co. of America, Inc. 175
Eunice Novelties 31
Exshaw (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 189

Fellman Ltd. 23
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) 168
500 (Botany Worsted Mills) 12

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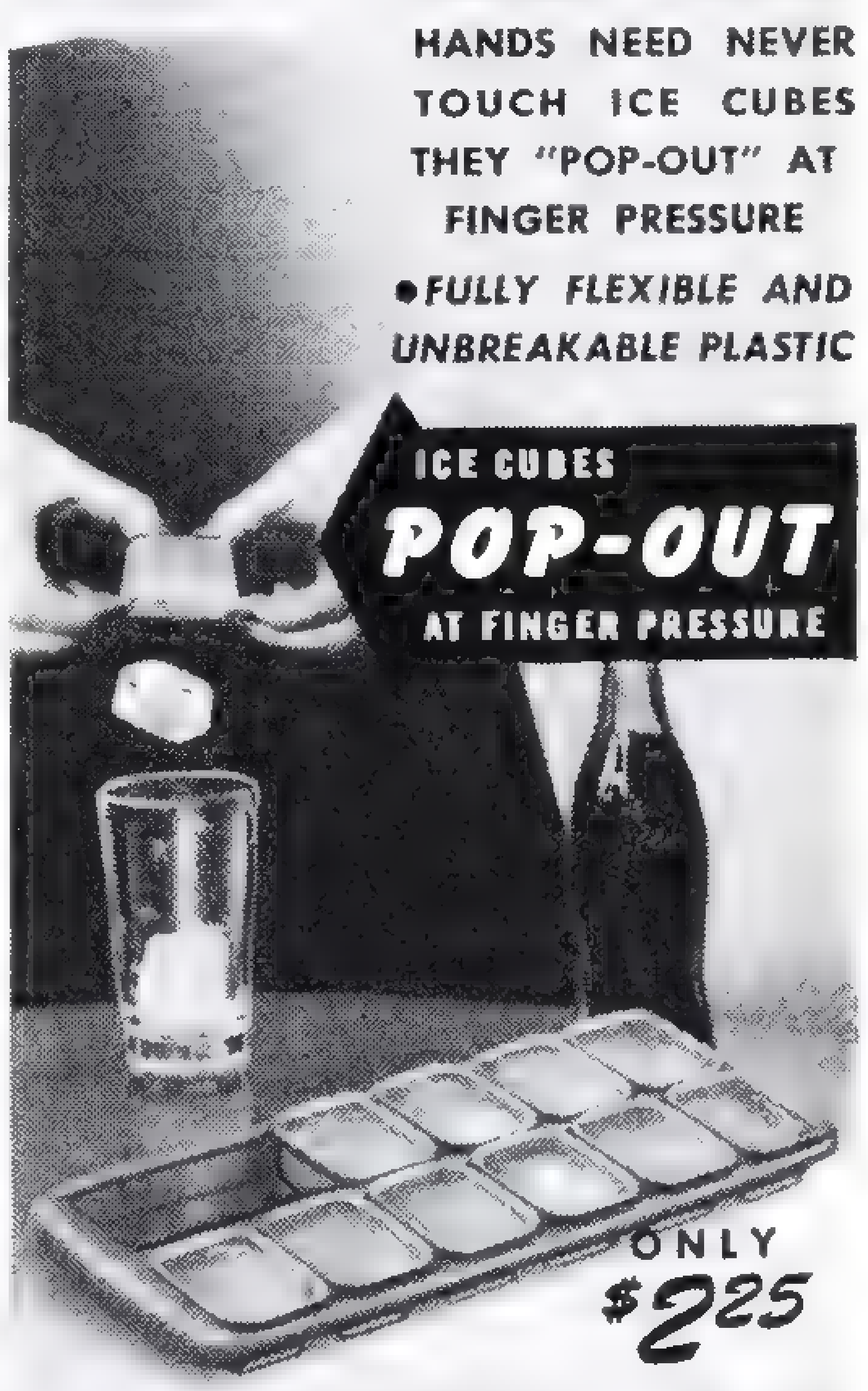

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Flagg Bros. 23
Flaherty & Co., Inc., John B. ("Bub") 234
Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, The:
  "Black & White" 184
  Gin 226
Flex-Let Expansion Products 182
Fligel Co., Inc., Ben (Tune-Togs) 242
Flite Line (King Leathers Inc.) 193
Float-ees Corporation 190
Foot Pals (The Wall Streeter Shoe Company) 196
Forbees 26
Forstner Chain Corporation 34, 173
Foster Sportswear Co., Inc., L. W. (Lou Foster) 198
Frankfort Distillers Corporation (Four Roses) 11
Freeman Shoe Corporation (Kings Guard) 159
Freund, T. M. 222
Frostone (Manhattan Shirt Co.) 139

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) 168
G.G.G. (Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc.) 204
Galahad Tissue (Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc.) 162
Galecloth (The Alligator Company) 149
General Shoe Corp. (Jarman Shoe Company) 36
Gihon, Inc., H. D. 34
Gilbert of California 216
Gilbey's (National Distillers Products Corporation) 161
Gillette Safety Razor Company (Blue Blades) 201
Glenmore Distilleries Company (Kentucky Tavern) 46
Globe Novelty House, Inc. (Royal London) 15
Golden Knight (Speidel Corporation) 38
Goldman & Bros., Inc., Wm. P. (G.G.G.) 204
Golf Secrets 24
Gooderham & Worts Limited (Royal Banquet) 230
Gordon's Dry Gin Co. Ltd. 14
Gotham (Ollendorff Watch Co., Inc.) 225
Grana Watch Corporation of America (Kurth Freres) 166
Grand Prix (Vulcain Watch Company, Inc.) 239
Graves & Sons Co., C. H. 47
Greenwich House Corp. (Thoro-Kleen) 23
Groton Products Corp. 31

Hadley Company, The 20, 214
Haig & Haig (Renfield Importers, Ltd.) 33
Halldon Company, The 26
Hamm Brewing Co., Theo. (Hamm's) 212
Hampden 24
Hanan and Son, Inc. 167
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 18
Hart Schaffner & Marx 21
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 217
Haspel Bros., Inc. 211
Hat Research Foundation 29
Helbros Watch Company, Inc. 199
Hershey Mfg. Co. 31
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F.:
  Club Cocktails 144
  Smirnoff 203
Hickok 35
Higgins, Inc. (Camp Trailer) 195
Holeproof Hosiery Company 192
Holiday Products Co. 34
Hollis Co. 26
Hollycourt (M. Linkman & Co.) 41
Hollywood Rogue Sportswear Corp. 176
House of Crosby Square, The (Pre-Flex) 138
House of Murphy 39
Hull Mfg. Co. 31
Hurd Lock and Manufacturing Co. 224
Hylo (Larry R. Engelson) 217

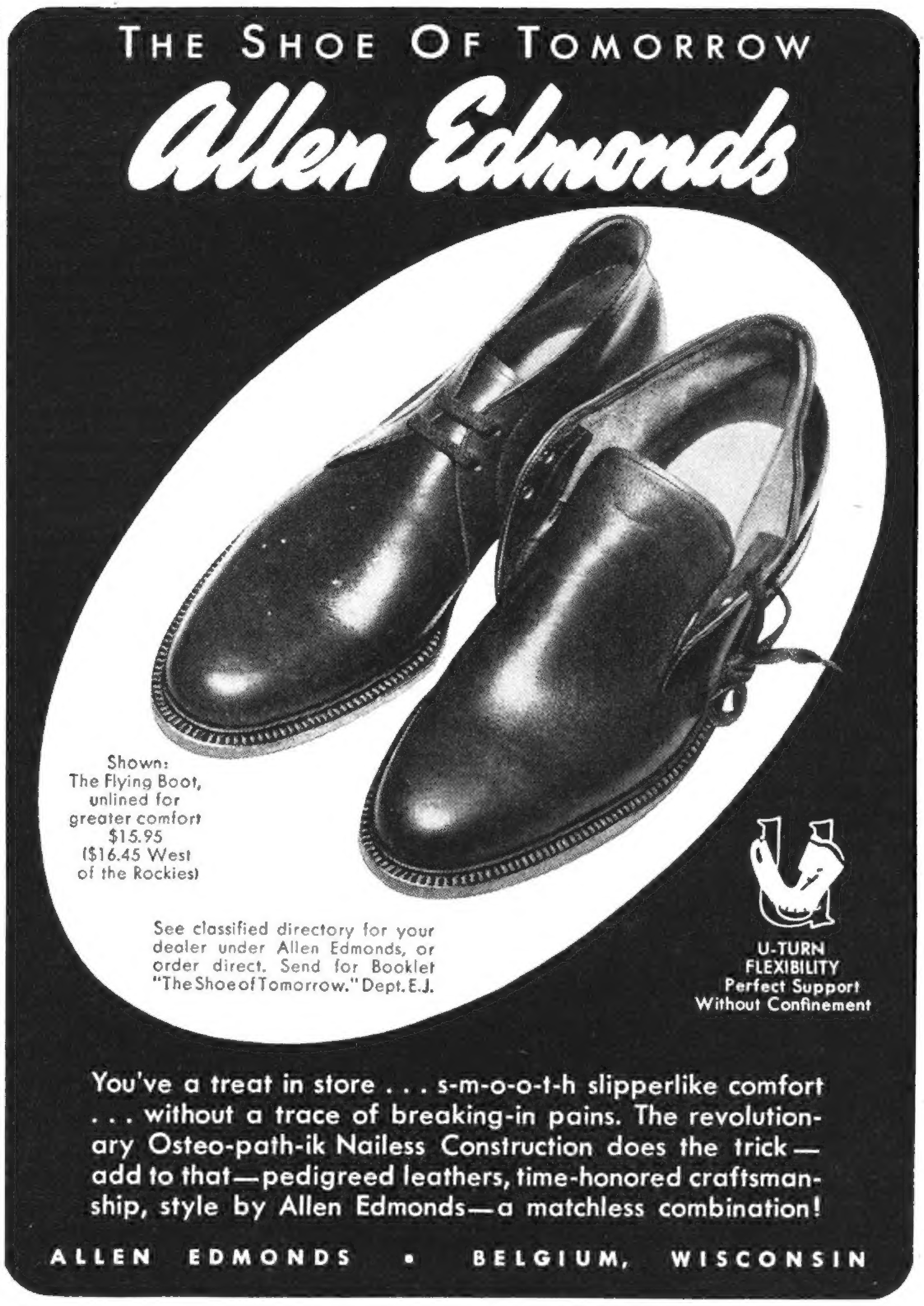
International Headwear Corp. (Rain-Mate) 243
International Shoe Company (Roberts, Johnson & Rand) 153
Iowa Packing Co. 42

Jacobson & Sons, Inc., F. (Jayson) 179
Jacoby-Bender, Inc. 207
Jarman Shoe Company (General Shoe Corp.) 36
Jelenko 243
Jockey (Coopers Inc.) 150, 151
Johnson & Johnson 205
Johnston & Murphy 216

Katz & Co., Inc., Sol W. (Universal Club) 34
Keith Company, Geo. E. (Walk-Over) 189
Kelbert Watch Company, Inc. 237
Kelly's, Jimmy 39
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Company) 46
Kestenman Bros. Mfg. Co. (Kestenmade) 193
Kilgore Mfg. Co., The 34
King (Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation) 140
King Leathers Inc. (Flite Line) 193
Kings Guard (Freeman Shoe Corporation) 159
Kings Men (Windsor House, Ltd.) 44
Kinsey Distilling Corp:
  Gin 30
  Whiskey 177
Klikit (Rau Fastener Co.) 152
Knox .... II Cover
Kover-Zip (Waldes Kohinoor, Inc.) 9
Kurth Freres (Grana Watch Corporation of America) 166

Lamb Knit Goods Co., The 167
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc. 24
Laird & Co. 47
Latin Quarter 39

Continued on page 244



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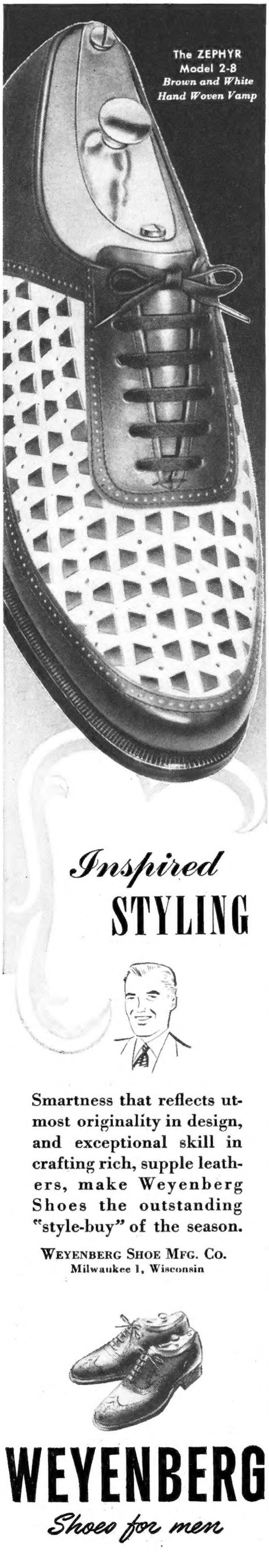
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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
(Continued)

Lee, Inc. 168
Lehigh Handkerchief Co. (Hank Chief) 24
Lentheric, Inc. (Tanbark) 49
Leon & Eddie's 39
Linguaphone Institute 23
Linkman & Co., M. (Hollycourt) 41
Lion of Troy (M. Nirenberg Sons) 205
Live-Blade (Stahly, Inc.) 210
London Shop, The 15
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corporation) 132
Lord Oxford (Oxford-Pyke, Inc.) 235
Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc. (Weldon) 187
Lusk, Irving 215

MacBar Sportswear 16
Mallory Hats 146
Manchester Knitted Fashions, Inc. (Polo-Mates) 228
Manhattan Shirt Company, The:
  Frostone 139
  Mansco 180
Maraca (W. A. Taylor & Company) 240
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc. (Galahad Tissue) 162
Marshall, John G. 16
Martell (Park & Tilford) 191
Martini & Rossi (W. A. Taylor & Company) 164
Marxman Pipes 197
Mathey-Tissot (Calamatic) 194
Mayfair Gifts 18
McCurrach Organization Inc. 155
Meeker Company, Inc., The 173
Mercury Clocks, Inc. (Angelus) 15
Merit Clothing Company, Inc. (Style-Mart) 143
Middleton, John 227
Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc. 232
Millers Forge 18
Miracle Manufacturing Company (Plastikards) 26
Monroe Industries 42
Montego (Dobbs) 130, 131
Moore, Inc., John Hudson (Sportsman) 219
Moore Pen Company 163
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip (Country Doctor) 48
Mosher Moccasin Co., Inc. 24
Movado Watch Agency, Inc. (Calendograph) 191
Multi-Facet Diamond Corp. 233
Myers's (R. U. Delapenha & Co.) 233
Mylish, Mann & Drucker, Inc. (Nelson-Paige) 147

National Brewing Co. (National Premium) 47
National City Bank of New York, The 202
National Distillers Products Corp:
  Gilbey's 161
  Old Angus 244
  Old Crow 25
  PM 54
  Ron Merito 169
National Magic Company 31
Nelson-Paige (Mylish, Mann & Drucker, Inc.) 147
Nettleton Company, A. E. 213
"Nice-Cubes" 23
Nirenberg Sons, Inc., M. (Lion of Troy) 205
Northcool (A. Sagner's Son, Inc.) 148
North Star Woolen Mill Company 154
Norwalk Pipe Co. 26

Oculens (Comptone Co., Ltd.) 241
Ogilvie Method 239
O'Keefe's Inc. 237
Old Angus (National Distillers) 244
Old Crow (National Distillers) 25
Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.) 192
Ollendorff Watch Co., Inc. (Gotham) 225
Oliver Mfg. Co., Geo. R. 24
Omega 32
Oshkosh Trunks & Luggage 233
Oster Mfg. Co., John:
  Osterizer 235
  Stim-U-Lax 241
Otard (Schenley Import Corporation) 201
Oxford-Pyke, Inc. (Lord Oxford) 235

PM (National Distillers) 54
Pacific Mills 28
Pal Craft Company 15
Paris (A. Stein & Company) 141
Park Sherman (Storm King) 238
Park & Tilford Import Corp.:
  Booth's House of Lords 42
  Brugal 136
  Harvey's 217
  Martell 191
  Private Stock 157
  Reserve 175
  Vat 69 219
Passport (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 181
Peerless Fountain Pen and Pencil Co. 18
Pendleton Woolen Mills 237
Peper, Christian (London Dock) 48
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 145
Phoenix Hosiery Company 142
Pioneer 133
Pipe Lovers 26
Plastray 242
Pleetway (Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc.) 7
Polo-Mates (Manchester Knitted Fashions, Inc.) 228
Portis Hats 230
Pre-Flex (The House of Crosby Square) 138
Private Blends 47
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.) 157

Rabsons 48
Rainfair, Inc. (Smartair) 188
Rain-Mate (International Headwear Corp.) 243
Raleigh Cycle Distributors 231
Rarity (Rogers Imports, Inc.) 134
Rau Fastener Co. (Klikit) 152
Rayno Co. (Duralite) 241
Red Top Brewing Co. 238
Reinfeld, Inc., Joseph H. (Rémy Martin) 182
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals) 236
Reliance Manufacturing Co. 208
Remington Rand Inc. (Blue Streak) 186
Renfield Importers, Ltd. (Haig & Haig) 33
Rexon, Inc. (Thorens) 213
Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J. (Camel) IV Cover
Roberts, Johnson & Rand (International Shoe Company) 153
Robinson Reminders 16
Rock Flint Co. 42
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Rarity) 134
Rollalite (Alfred Dunhill) 221
Ron Merito (National Distillers) 169
Rothschild Brothers Hat Company (The Wright) 214
Royal Banquet (Gooderham & Worts Limited) 230
Ry-Krisp 221

Sagner's Son, Inc., A. (Northcool) 148
Sanford's Penit 15
Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.) 236
Schultz Rosky Block Co. (Sarby) 220
Sea-Fare 39
Seagram-Distillers Corporation:
  Ancient Bottle Gin 209
  Seven Crown 51
Sherman Bows 42, 170
Shirtcraft 222
Shoe Associates, The (Strap-O-Wing) 174
Single Suiter (Crown Luggage Co., Inc.) 228
Smartair (Rainfair, Inc.) 188
Smirnoff (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.) 203
Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers) 224
Sonora Radio & Television Corp. 229
Speas Company 196
Speidel Corporation (Golden Knight) 38
Spelrein Luggage Corp. 48
Spiffy (Crest Specialty) 234
Sportscope Precision Optical Laboratories 223
Sportsman (John Hudson Moore, Inc.) 219
Spruce (Wrisley) 215
Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc. (Pleetway) 7
Stahly, Inc., (Live-Blade) 210
Stein & Company, A. (Paris) 141
Stern Apparel Corporation (Ayrstar) 232
Stim-U-Lax (John Oster Mfg. Co.) 241
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald) 192
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators) 15
Storm King (Park Sherman) 238
Strap-O-Wing (The Shoe Associates) 174
Streit Co., Fred H. 16
Style-Mart (Merit Clothing Co., Inc.) 143
Suarez & Crespo 31
Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of Jamaica), Ltd., The 42
Swank 158
Swiss Colony, The 243

Talon, Inc. 43
Tanbark (Lentheric, Inc.) 49
Taperite (L. E. Waterman Co.) III Cover
Taylor & Company, W. A.:
  Maraca 240
  Martini & Rossi 164
Tel-A-Key (Columbia Walescraft Ltd.) 184
TexTan 166
Textron, Inc. 200
Thorens (Rexon, Inc.) 213
Timely Clothes, Inc. 137
Traub Manufacturing Co. (Orange Blossom) 47
Traymore, The 39
Tune-Togs (Ben Fligel Co., Inc.) 242

United Merchants & Manufacturers Inc. (Cohama) 37

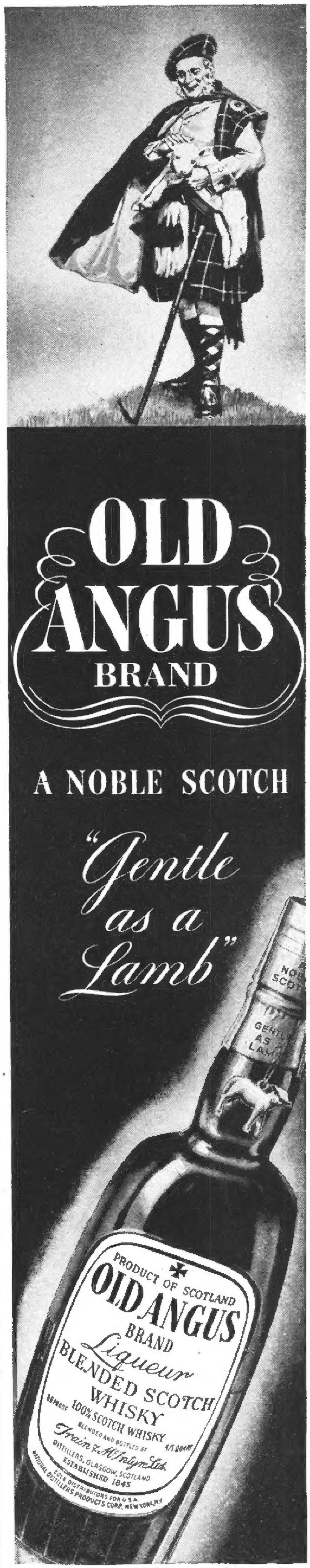
V-Line Clothes Co. 231
Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 145
Vanity Fair 39
Van Merritt (Burlington Brewing Company) 242
Van Munching & Co., Inc. (Heineken's) 48
Vaseline Hair Tonic 181
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 219
Venus Corp 48
Versailles 39
Vulcain Watch Company, Inc. (Grand Prix) 239

Waldes Kohinoor, Inc. (Kover-Zip) 9
Walker & Sons Inc., Hiram (Dry Martini) 22
Walk-Over (Geo. E. Keith Company) 189
Wall Streeter Shoe Company, The (Foot Pals) 196
Waltham 13
Ward Green Company 34
Ward-Nimrod Company 15
Waterman Co., L. E. (Taperite) III Cover
Weber & Co., C. B. 203
Weldon (Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc.) 187
Wembley, Inc. 45
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (The Zephyr) 244
White Turkey Inn, The 39
Wildroot Cream-Oil 176
Wilfred 31
Wilkinson Sword Sales Corp. 238
Williams Co., Jordan 239
Wilson Sporting Goods Co. 165
Wimbledon Shirt Co., Inc. (The Corsican) 206
Windsor House, Ltd. (Kings Men) 44
Wings Shirt Co. 160
Wood & Sons, Inc., J. R. (Art-carved) 8
Wright, The (Rothschild Brothers Hat Company) 214
Wrisley (Spruce) 215

Yogurt Master 236

Zephyr, The (Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.) 244
Zippo Mfg. Co. 195

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.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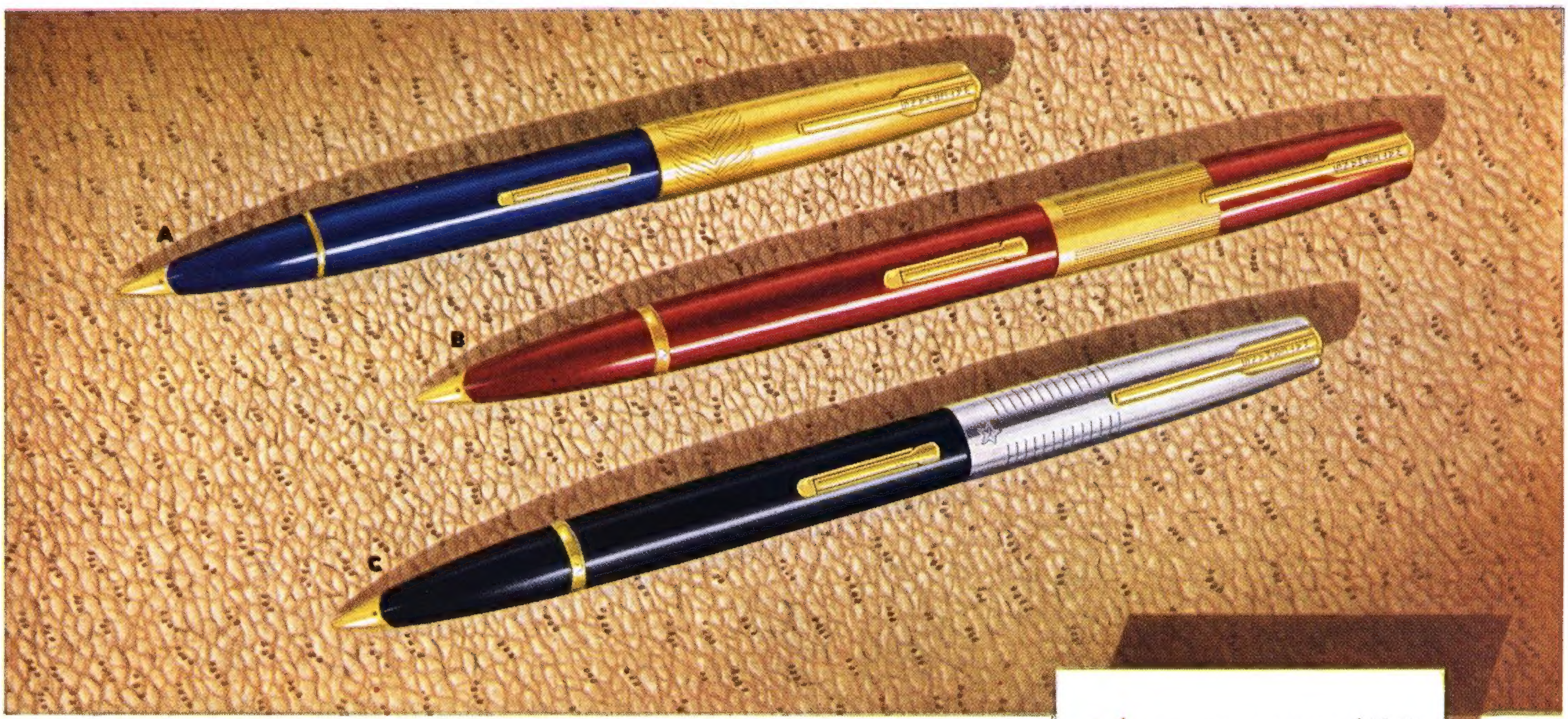
■ Then, listen to what people say on that score. We believe you will soon be convinced that no other pen *writes* like a Waterman's. And why this reputation? For the simple reason that Waterman's still puts writing *first*—still grinds each point till it's *satin*-smooth, still offers a wide selection of points to match individual writing styles. And still provides the dependable Inkquaduct Feed, and the quick, easy One-Stroke Filler, simplest pen-filling device of all.

■ The slim, trim new Waterman's Taperites are the only hooded-point pens that permit real point selection—flexible or firm, fine or broad. Just try a Taperite, and it won't take a thank-you note to tell you—no other pen *writes* like a Waterman's.

■ ■ ■

■ **TUNE IN** *Gang Busters Saturday Nights: ABC Network, 9 E.T., 8 C.T., 7 M.T., 9 P.T.*
L. E. Waterman Co., New York 13, N. Y.



Waterman's *Taperite*

A	THE GARLAND	$13.50
B	THE CITATION	$8.75
C	THE CORINTH	$8.75

(IN CANADA PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER)

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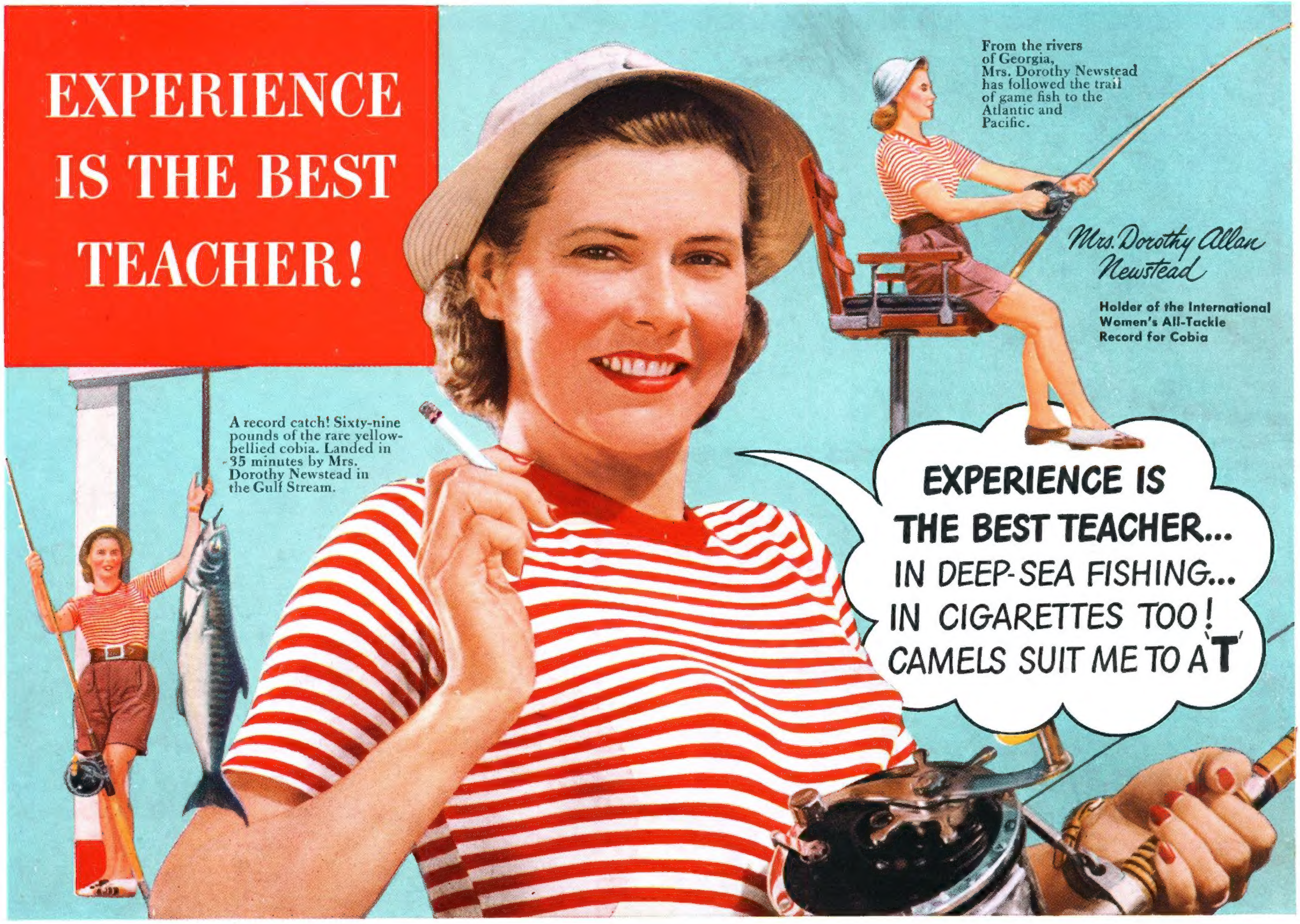
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



From the rivers of Georgia, Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has followed the trail of game fish to the Atlantic and Pacific.

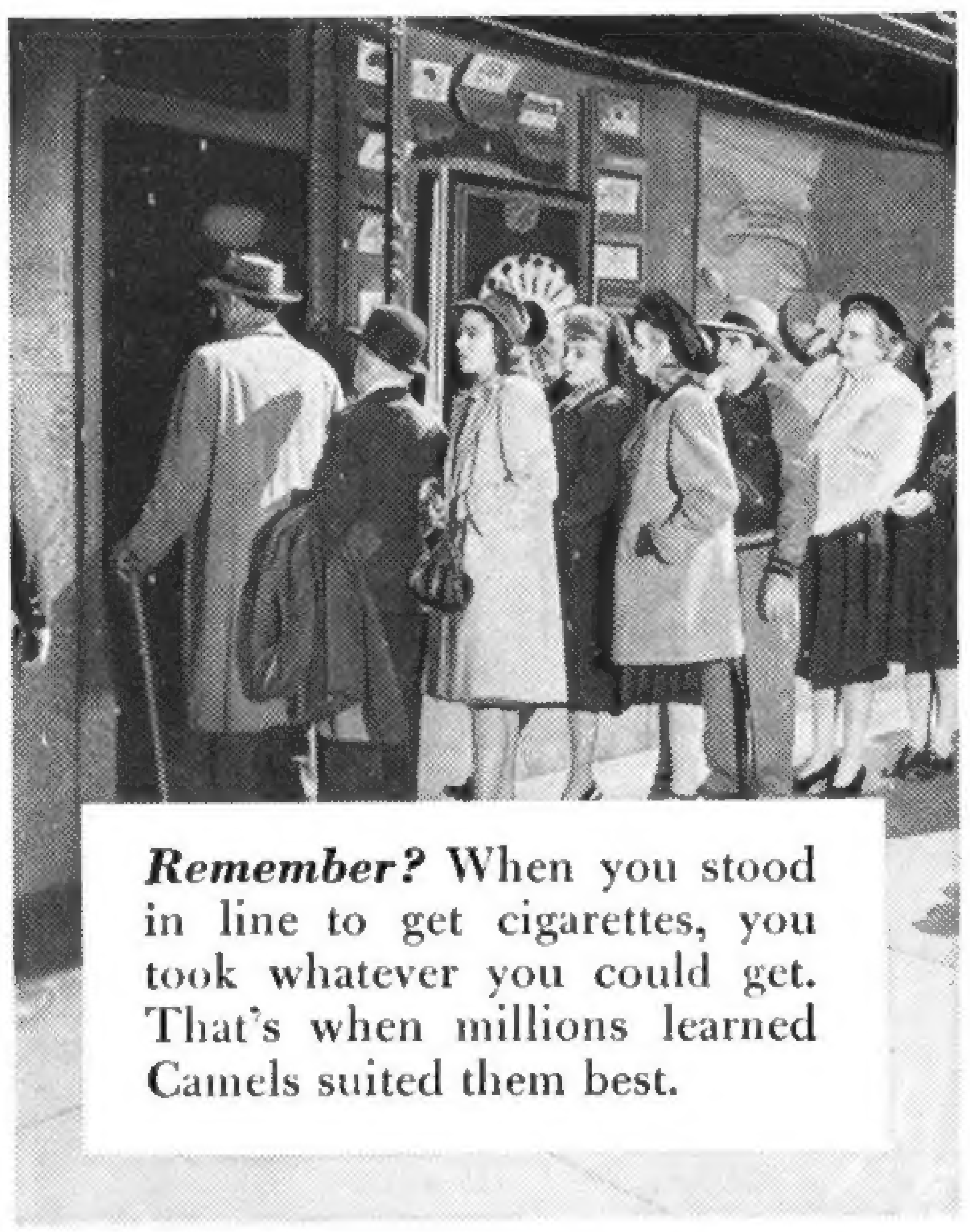
Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead

Holder of the International Women's All-Tackle Record for Cobia

A record catch! Sixty-nine pounds of the rare yellow-bellied cobia. Landed in 35 minutes by Mrs. Dorothy Newstead in the Gulf Stream.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER... IN DEEP-SEA FISHING... IN CIGARETTES TOO! CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before in history!



Remember? When you stood in line to get cigarettes, you took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

● Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. And that's when I found that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

Millions of smokers found themselves comparing brands. And that rich flavor and the cool mildness of Camels found a happy welcome in millions of "T-Zones."

Result: *Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.* But, no matter how great the demand:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

YOUR 'T-ZONE' WILL TELL YOU... T for Taste... T for Throat... That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS *than any other cigarette*

● Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.